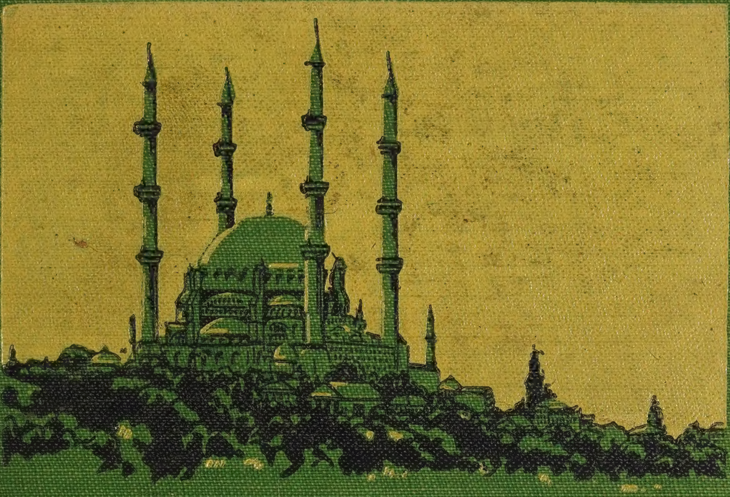


THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

HARRY A. FRANCK

BULGARIA
GREECE
ADRIANOPLE
CONSTANTINOPLE
ISMID
GALLIPOLI
CHANAK
BRUSA
BLACK SEA
ANGORA
SAMSUN
SIVAS
AFIUN KARA-HISSAR
SMYRNA
CAESAREA
KONIA
MARASH
SIS
ADALIA
TARSUS
ADANA
ALEPPO
LATAKIA
HAMA
CYPRUS
HOMS
TRIPOLI
BEIRUT
BAALBEK
SIDON
DAMASCUS
TYRE
ACRE
SAFED
NAZARETH
HAIFA
NABLUS
AMMAN
JAFFA
ES SALT
JERUSALEM
The MEDITERRANEAN SEA
GAZA
BEERSHEBA
DEAD SEA
PORT SAID
ALEXANDRIA
ISMAILIA
CAIRO
SUEZ CANAL
LUXOR

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JAN 8 - 1929
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division DS49
Section F82

Eng. by GEORGE ANNAND ~ A.D. 1928
CASPIAN SEA
BATUM
NORTH
TREBIZOND
KARS
ERZERUM
LAKE VAN
VAN
BITLIS
LAKE OF URUMIAH
DIARBEKIR

The FRINGE of the MOSLEM WORLD

BROKEN LINE [thus ▬ ▬ ▬] INDICATES ROUTE FOLLOWED by H. FRANCK

THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

A chronological list
of MR. FRANCK'S *travel books*

A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD
FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN
TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA AND HONDURAS
ZONE POLICEMAN 88
VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES
WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA
VAGABONDING THROUGH CHANGING GERMANY
ROAMING THROUGH THE WEST INDIES
GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND FORMOSA
WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA
ROVING THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA
EAST OF SIAM (FRENCH INDO-CHINA)
THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

https://archive.org/details/fringeofmoslemwo00fran

Nebi Musa in Jerusalem

THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

Being the tale of a random journey by land from Cairo to Constantinople, with enough of present conditions to suggest the growingly antagonistic attitude of the followers of Mohammed toward those who profess Christianity

BY

HARRY A. FRANCK

LIBRARY OF PRINCET
THEOLOGICAL SEMINA

With Ninety-five Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and a Map Showing His Route

THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK & LONDON

Copyright, 1928, by
THE CENTURY CO.
First printing, July, 1928.

Printed in U. S. A.

TO

HELEN WOODROW BONES

WHOSE SHARP EDITORIAL EYE AND UNERRING
GOOD JUDGMENT HAVE SAVED THIS SIMPLE
TALE FROM MANY A PITFALL

A FRIENDLY WORD TO THE POSSIBLE READER

Let me begin by disclaiming any intention of telling anything worth while in this chatty record of several months of nomading about the eastern end of the Mediterranean. My publishers, my public, in so far as so nebulous an entity is articulate, even my wife insisted it was high time I went away somewhere again. In fact, the most important of those motivating forces was so set on getting me out of the house that she volunteered to assume all responsibility, during my absence, for the four members of the younger generation, only half on their feet, with whom we have cramped our style as vagabonds.

Realizing it inevitable that all those forces, working hand in hand, must sooner or later pry me loose from what I was almost beginning to hope was a settled groove of domesticated security and quasi-contentment, I looked about the world for a place in which to fall. After long balancing of the pros and cons I decided on the Near East. Strangely enough there were reasons, and not merely whims, for this choice. I had tramped through Asia Minor in ancient times—to wit, early in the century, before automobiles and airplanes, world wars and bobbed hair, and a thousand and one other heinous and world-remodeling things had made over the ways of mankind. Though I might marshal many other influences, including the distance from home and the probability of now and then hearing from there, the time such a trip would require, the mixture of security with just a spice of danger, I chose the Near East because I was keenly interested, as in the fate of an old friend, in how that part of the world was faring under the new compact, the almost completely changed conditions within what was once the Turkish Empire, now grievously dismembered; and because I should consider it strange if a reasonable number of other semi-serious-minded persons were not likewise interested.

The choice turned out to be a wise one. Great changes have come, if not over still British-dominated Egypt, at least over Palestine and Syria as mandates of England and France, over shrunken Turkey, now reputed a republic and utterly reformed in character. Once the Near East was considered decadent; the World War and its aftermath have given that region not only new problems but also new blood, new vitality, new aspirations; the Near East is experiencing a revolution in the political order, the social life, the religious and moral outlook of its people. The densest person cannot but sense the greatly changed temper of the Mohammedan branch of mankind toward the Christian world that has so long been its unwelcome master; so that it is of importance as well as merely of interest to see what is doing now, to guess at what is likely to be doing in the near future, along the ancient line of cleavage between the Moslem and the Christian sections of the earth.

If in the telling I have missed some things which a Count Keyserling or a Ring Lardner would have caught and recorded, put it down to approaching old age, to laziness, or to sheer unintelligence: you cannot wound the vanity of one who has been battered about this terrestrial footstool until he has none left.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER | PAGE
I Revisiting along the Nile 3
II Going up to Jerusalem 27
III Easter Days in Jerusalem 42
IV Non-Christian Easter Doings 66
V Beyond the Jordan 81
VI Touring Palestine 95
VII Hither and Yon in the Land of Israel 113
VIII Castigated Damascus 140
IX The French in Syria 169
X Down to Beirut 184
XI Back over the Lebanon 199
XII Upper Syria 213
XIII Into Shrunken Turkey 224
XIV The New Turkish Capital 239
XV In Central Turkey 256
XVI The Turk Looks longingly Westward 281
XVII Back to Prehistoric Times 302
XVIII A Nation on Parole 313
XIX Demoted Constantinople 325
XX The Turk Takes off His Fez 338
XXI Byzantium To-day 357
XXII Prowling about the Bosphorus 368
XXIII A Last Glance Backward 391
XXIV On into Europe 417

ILLUSTRATIONS

Nebi Musa in Jerusalem . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

A symbolical figure at the entrance to the Cairo citadel . . . 4
Even black nurse-girls of Cairo are good Mohammedans . . 4
The overflow mosque annex, made of rugs, when King Fuad comes to pray 5
This is the more romantic form of transportation, but 12
This kind is much more common, in the Egypt of to-day . . 12
The Egyptian fellaheen go their placid way, generation after generation, century after century 13
Across the Nile at Luxor 16
The ruins of Karnak still flame beneath the Egyptian sun . . 16
Just to prove that I was there 17
Jerusalem—the "Mosque of Omar" and the Mount of Olives . 32
Jerusalem—a group of pilgrims 33
The entrance to the Holy Sepulcher 40
Palm Sunday mass in the Holy Sepulcher 41
The Nebi Musa procession entering Jerusalem 68
The seller of colored drinks 69
Orthodox Jews in Jerusalem 69
The Wailing Wall—not easily photographed 76
Along the way of the Nebi Musa procession 76
A Nebi Musa spectator 77
A lady of Bethlehem 77
Es Salt piles fantastically up its bare hills 84
In the valley of the Dead Sea 85
The Roman theater of Philadelphia (Amman) 85
In Cyprus I visited exiled Grand Sherif Hussein, wartime ruler of Mecca 92
The ruins of Jerash 93
On the road near Haifa 96

FACING PAGE
Nazareth to-day 96
Nazareth still carries its water from Mary's well 97
Remnant of the ruined synagogue of Capernaum 97
Old Haifa is a contrast to its new suburbs 112
Nomad homes in Palestine 113
Nursery of the Zionist colony of Degania, on the Sea of Galilee 113
An Arab from beyond the Jordan 128
A Circassian of Transjordania 128
A residence street in old Damascus 129
The central square of Damascus 144
Recess-time in a government school of Damascus 145
An outdoor class; even within, the red fez is never removed . 145
The Grand Mosque of Damascus—half an acre of rugs . . . 160
A mosque yard at prayer-time 161
Ladies leaving the Grand Mosque 161
The street called Straight—after the French-Syrian misunderstanding 176
The French in Damascus 177
Damascus under the French 177
A scissors-grinder of Beirut 184
A candle shop in Damascus 184
Main street of the makeshift town of Armenian refugees on the outskirts of Beirut 185
Armenian girls weaving a rug—Near East Relief establishment in Ghazir 192
Armenian refugee homes in Beirut 193
Baalbek—Temple of Bacchus 193
Baalbek the magnificent 208
Hama—the water-wheels of the Orontes 209
Endlessly the water-wheels of Hama drone on 212
Hama's street sprinkler 212
Elusive to photography, the bivouac villages of upper Syria . 213
In the souks, the stone and earth-roofed markets, of Aleppo . 216
In the streets of Aleppo 217
Departed Moslems of the wealthier class 217
Aleppo's ancient citadel is a ruin inside 220
Spitted mutton is a prime favorite in Moslem restaurants . . 221

FACING PAGE
The chain-maker of Hama curtains his den-shop with his hand-forged wares 221
A properly veiled lady of Konia, whose son is celebrating his painful but important thirteenth birthday 224
A lady, and a famous mosque, of Konia 225
The Roman-fortified rock hill of Angora, about which Turkey's new capital is being built 240
A suburb of the new Turkish capital 241
"The Gazi," Mustafa Kemal Pasha, ruler of Turkey, lives in a simple bungalow in the hills above Angora 241
A cross-section of the capped multitude gathered at Kaiserie for the railway inauguration 272
There was a mile or more of this along the railway enbankment during the ceremonies at Kaiserie 272
Noah, the camel who was sacrificed 273
Kaiserie, backed by snow-clad Erjias 288
Our araba limousine from Kaiserie to Talas 288
The repatriated hodja of Talas, and the mosque keys 289
Konia's bronze statue of Kemal and her new normal school . 289
Troglodyte apartment-houses at Urgub 304
A Greek cave church at Urgub, colors still gaudy 305
On the oasis edge of Urgub live semi-troglodytes 305
The Bosphorus 336
Every true Turkish family is expected to sacrifice a ram during Curban Bairam 337
The fat-tailed sheep of Asia is a great boon to pork-abhorring Moslems and Jews 337
A Turkish hamal—only a load of bricks 352
A Turkish hamal—only six bushels of cherries 352
No, not another Turkish atrocity, but a hamal, or public porter, of now fezless Constantinople, catching forty winks between jobs 353
A check-room outside a Constantinople mosque—modern headgear and shoes or rubbers of both sexes 353
Many descendants of the Jews driven out of Spain some six centuries ago still live in Constantinople 360
A Turkish woman and her Armenian servant—though veils are rare now in old Stamboul 360

FACING PAGE
Khaki-clad Turkish soldiers of to-day are only somewhat less ragged and patched than those of the sultan's time . . . 361
Rare is the station in Turkey without a pair of soldiers striding briskly up and down the platform 361
A Turkish threshing-sledge, studded with flints 400
In Turkey small boys with saddle-bags will carry your purchases home from market for a pittance 400
Turkish wagons are gaily painted 401
Turks—now that the fez is abolished 401
Threshing on the outskirts of Adrianople 416
Adrianople, depopulated frontier city of Turkey's remaining crumb of Europe 417

THE FRINGE OF
THE MOSLEM WORLD

THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

CHAPTER I

REVISITING ALONG THE NILE

IT happened to be the same mid-afternoon express from Alexandria to Cairo that I had taken twenty-two years before. But in this Year of the Haj 1345 my pockets were not quite so empty. I marched boldly up to the ticket window, and traveled second-class—hence, naturally, no adventures along the way.

Somehow the thrill of a return to old and once romantic haunts was not so keen as I had expected. Almost everything looked too familiar; and I have revisited far too many places after long absence to get any kick out of mere re-seeing. The few Egyptians I had already come into actual contact with appeared commonplace, if superficially more polite than average Americans. That seems to be an almost universal impression when we first arrive, or return from, abroad—the general level of rudeness on the surface of American life. Later we come to the conclusion that it is only skin-deep, but that courtesy is a pleasant virtue.

In Alexandria street cars clanged, discharged passengers quite like those at home, except for the red fez. "Fez" is wrong, of course: what we miscall by that name is really the tarboosh. The true fez is flatter, usually wrapped with a white turban, or perhaps green, if the wearer has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. But what more ungrateful task than trying to correct a fixed impression, be it only a single word in the popular vocabulary? Let's go on miscalling it "fez," lest we be falsely charged with highbrow tendencies.

White robes, or robes that would be white after next washday, robes of every color except red, enveloped the population along the way. Women still wore that curious two-story Egyptian veil, fastened together on the forehead with what looks like a dime savings bank. Somehow I had taken it for granted that they had long since abandoned such an eyesore and annoyance. Women working in the fields were a little more open-faced than their city sisters.

All the visible world was flat as the Nile delta. Donkeys and camels, loaded with alfalfa that symbolized the word "green," ambled along. Water-buffaloes loafed at the edges of the green alfalfa fields. Oxen, donkeys, water-buffaloes, camels worked together, apparently in perfect amity. Water-wheels, shadoofs closely related to New England well sweeps, dahabiyas riding across the fields on the invisible Nile when here and there we approached it, broad fields of splendid Egyptian cotton. Wheat, lentils, sugar-cane swiftly alternated, like partners in a dance. Plowing and harvesting both went on at the same time and almost in the same spot. Goats and sheep—those fat-tailed sheep of Asia so useful to Moslems and their Jewish precursors who taboo pork—grazed along the way, some in large flocks, here and there in half-dozens. There were good horses also; after all, Egypt and Arabia are no great distance apart. Men watering horses, oxen, buffaloes, donkeys, camels, all at the same well, goats thrusting their way boldly forward, sheep timidly awaiting their turn or the shepherd's bidding. Whole families riding one donkey; up-to-date motor-buses contrasting oddly with

A symbolical figure at the entrance to the Cairo citadel

Even black nurse-girls of Cairo are good Mohammedans

The overflow mosque annex, made of rugs, when King Fuad comes to pray the costumes of the passengers. A Ford, top down, two bright red fezzes in the front seat, lost ground beside us, for all its efforts.

Toward sunset men were at their prayers—in the fields, beside roads and ditches. In our compartment two mullahs continually clicked their beads and mumbled devoutly. It was near the end of Ramadan, the time when the faithful are doubly faithful in their rites. Now one of the mullahs asked the passengers opposite to move, so that he might say his more formal prayers on the long soft seat across the forward side of the compartment. Solemnly he spread his cloak over it, slipped out of his tan congress gaiters, stood up on the seat, almost touching the ceiling, and, though not exactly facing Mecca, went through his prostrations as leisurely and unembarrassed as in his own bedchamber. I suppose Mohammedans do pray in private as well as in public, though somehow that is hard to believe. The most roughneck Moslems evidently do not at all mind observers during their gymnastic prayers; even Oriental Christians are somewhat more secretive in their appeals to Deity. Does the difference mean anything?

There was such an air of culture, of the gentleman in the best meaning of the word, about the two mullahs that I found myself wondering, as often before, why on earth there is all this antagonism between those of different faiths, such bitterness merely because different peoples happen to believe differently, even as they wear their own styles, or eat with different implements.

From six o'clock on, there was much consulting of big silver or nickeled watches, between the pair. Their beads had disappeared into pockets of their long gowns—sure sign of coming activity. They discussed the red ball of the sun. One of them drew out his watch twenty-two times by actual count during the last ten minutes of the day; the other all but equaled this record. It was probably about twelve o'clock by their antiquated timepieces, for they were conservative enough to keep Moslem time, though it is not official in Egypt. Other passengers joined in their calculations. All were agreed at last, about 6:10, that the sun was officially set; and even as it disappeared below the flat horizon, leaving its ruddy glow for a moment along the lower rim of the western sky, the compartment cleared for action.

Both the holy men had lunch-baskets with them, partly, perhaps, as a penance, making will-power doubly necessary. For you must know that the faithful Mohammedan fasts during the moon-month of Ramadan only from sunrise to sunset, and that he may gorge himself during the equal number of hours between sunset and sunrise. The mullahs ate little, munched a few dates, saving the bulk of appetite, it may be, for a worth-while feast in Cairo, now growing up about us. They smoked a cigarette each—the first of the day if they were as strict Moslems as they appeared—then abstinently fastened their baskets up again. Perhaps their abstemiousness was merely that of the desert, which is satisfied with little even after twelve hours of fasting.

Blood-pink streaks of clouds paled to gray on the extreme western horizon just as we pulled into the Cairo station. Twenty-two years and more since I had last fought my way out with this same surging mob. How many things we would leave undone, how many more we would do, could we drop back! But life is no canoe trip; impossible to back water . . . and a second trial might give an even greater sum total of mistakes.

The year's tourist crop, Egypt's most important harvest, had been gathered, threshed; now was the time for gleaning the last straws; for with the coming of April the tourist season is over. Only a remnant of the mid-winter hordes of money-oozers sauntered along the short, broad sidewalk between Shepheard's and the Continental. The street verandas of the two hotels, their wide halls, the palmy back gardens were only thinly scattered with the last unsucculent fruits of a season admitted good even by the touts who now faced eight months of living on their accumulated fat—even of going to work, if their luck had fallen far below the general average. Somewhat surly and incredibly stupid individuals in frock coats or generalissimo uniforms functioned as of yore, after their time-honored fashion, behind the counters just inside the main hotel entrances; still, after all these years, as weak as ever on information; improved, if possible, in the art of widening the gulf between the traveler and his letter of credit.

But, alas, not a sign anywhere of the Kameraden of those old vagabond days; almost no remains of their erstwhile rendezvous. Passport restrictions, so tightened since that happy-go-lucky time early in the century, may have curbed their picturesque activities; for the moneyed visitors they used to feed upon have certainly not decreased, either in number or gullibility.

Touts in movie-sheik garb patrolled the one real sidewalk, pouncing upon any Westerner whose appearance suggested a not completely flattened pocket-book. Abhorrent proposals were whispered in one's ears from both sides: "Want to" . . . join in, or at least look on at, this or that form of vice, natural or depraved? Yet the law forbids the bashing in of smirking teeth.

Greater equality of sexes among the tourists than in those earlier days. Western women, some of them Americans, hanging rather more affectionately than necessary on the arms of native guides whom some might consider handsome.

Something sturdier than rumor has it that these Cairene tourist-baiters now and then get more reward for their services than may appear on the surface. Slow in all they do, yet practical too; reading in translation "The Sheik" and its even more absurd successors, or seeing them on the screen, and profiting by the information—some with dizzying success.

Open prostitution only a short stroll away, in the edges of the "native" city. Partitions so low that the libidinously curious can peer over them at acts never meant to be seen by third parties. No limit to the demands that may be supplied in Egypt; in Cairo particularly one can see or have done for one's edification (if that is the word) anything one can pay for. Little reticence about the sophisticated, desert-abandoning, lucre-corrupted Moslem. Cairo is less secretive about even the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah than we about our little more than minor peccadilloes.

A more wholesome region by night, though no Methodist parlor, that theater-movie recreation center within natural tourist bounds. Jai alai, or pelote Basque, a relative of tennis from the Pyrenees, draws nightly crowds of cosmopolitan texture. A long, high, narrow hall, three of its walls lined with slate, the fourth with terraced tiers of smoking, drinking, betting spectators. Once more an equality of sexes. Betting no less serious, if less lively, than in Havana. Fortunes swiftly rising and falling, if not changing hands completely, as the four lithe, brightly sashed figures, constantly replaced, dart back and forth, curved basket for right hand, amid the sharp crack of swiftly thrown balls against slate walls. Undress revues not far beyond; lecherously suggestive posters and photographs at the entrances, yet the performances no more Garden-of-Eden-like than may be seen along Broadway, since that would be impossible.

But Old Cairo is still not spoiled, for all the Tom Mix and Harold Lloyd posters. Perfectly harmless, tame as the sightseer's Chinatown in New York. Yet it is easy to understand why the simple, first-trip tourist will seldom tread its soft-paved Oriental streets alone. Every one working, even at midnight. For Ramadan is drawing to a close; Bairam is coming—when every one who can dons new garments, casts out house-worn articles, gorges on holiday food. Everybody is busy, making the most of the certain demand for new things required for that time of leisure. A hive of industry; reminders everywhere that by no means all the 800,000 inhabitants of Cairo live on tourists—at least not directly. Stacks of new tarbooshes, hot brass presses for them steaming. Men ironing new and re-vamped clothing, with huge long-handled irons like big holystones, pressed down with one bare foot, now with the other, the leg another arm, expert and clever. Hand-made close imitations of European shoes, at more than European prices. Men and boys machine-making embroidery; a hundred queer and commonplace things made in a picturesque manner, in den after den of wide-open little shops. Very friendly people; rarely any but a welcoming look, whenever we stop to watch a process still in the Middle Ages.

Invaded now by modern traffic, the older section is not the perfect strolling place it once was. Bicycles, ringing insistent bells, dodge in and out among the foot-going multitude on the narrow streets, in and out of the labyrinth of busy, poorly lighted shops. Sometimes even an automobile crowds its way through imperiously, with hideous blasts of its bulb horn. Incongruous pork-shops in the Moslem bazaars —kept by Greeks or Armenians perhaps. Dry dates among such nuts as we know at home; crude pottery, colored and uncolored. Hollow bread of cushion shape, covered with the swirling dust, swarming with flies even at night. Easy-going the Moslems; fly-scarers, not swatters; and the flies and the touts of Egypt are equally persistent; neither can take "No," or "Get out!" for an answer. Shops whose signs should read, "Modern and Ancient Antiques Made while You Wait." A delightful, dreadful place, Old Cairo, especially in the small hours toward the end of Ramadan, on the eve of Bairam.

Wise the man—the woman too, nowadays—who does not mistake darkness for the time to sleep, in Cairo. An infernal hubbub all night long; atrocious noises, unknown when last I slept there. Such automobile warnings as we use at home are too mild for the Near East. Those abominable rubber-headed bulb horns of continental Europe, with their sickening back-draft, make day and especially night horrible in all the cities of the eastern Mediterranean. Nothing more penetrating to the ear-drums than those diabolical contrivances with their regurgitating afterthought. Clanging street cars, screeching on the curves, incessantly jangling their bells; carriages equipped with both bell and horn; shouting venders, even at midnight; constant, endless, hideous uproar. Worse than China, which would have seemed impossible.

In the morning only a lull in the hubbub. A glaring sun, untrammeled by the slightest whiff of cloud, bobs up almost on the stroke of six. One is soon glad of summer clothes, after all. A funeral passes; a score of men much like Chinese funeral coolies in dirty borrowed finery, each carrying more than his own height and bulk of purple flowers made of paper. Early morning is obviously funeral time in Cairo. Springless wagons mingle with the most modern forms of transportation—platforms on two wheels, drawn by one donkey, incongruous as the wheelbarrows of China in the French and British streets of Shanghai—their floor-flat tops crowded with squatting women and children. Is it because the fare is cheaper, or merely because they do not wish to ride with men, that these veiled figures squat so closely together on their antediluvian vehicles? Yet the drivers the veiled passengers pack tightly against are men; and street-car fares are only three cents; buses even less.

Turbaned Sudanese, perhaps in khaki, with wrap leggings above leather sandals, cartridge pouches diagonally across the chest, dodge inexpertly in and out of the maelstrom. Beautiful jet-black servant girls, of the same up-river origin, wheel white babies about the best residential sections. They cover their ebony faces in public, even as good Moslem custom demands, these beautiful black nurse-maids of Cairo. Yet, the Koran notwithstanding, they are more than willing to be photographed, making absurd one's preliminary stalking. Compared with them, the Egyptian women of the masses impress one as dowdy of garb and more than plain, to judge by the visible portion of their almost pasty-white faces. Among the wealthy, transparent veils still emphasize a pretty face; but the hurrying automobile lends itself less to a public display of beauty than did the old-time carriages.

In this prosperous season Old Cairo is as busy by day as by night. The clever foot-ironer is still ironing; tarboosh forms are still steaming; cross-legged tailors in their open-mouthed shops toil diligently, yet with Oriental calm, over their last orders. The red-light district is as wide open as at night. French, Italian, Rumanian women, outcasts from nearly every land of Europe, stand slightly clad in their doorways, frankly drumming up trade, displaying even the comfort and cleanliness, if any, of their brief nuptial couches. Egyptian strumpets expose their battered charms indecently in the streets, police looking on, striving to be officially aloof, indifferent. Throngs of men, in robes or modern garb, faces debauched and faces ardent with desert living, saunter up and down. Now and then one of them disappears behind a hastily closed door. No true Moslems, these, for in Ramadan even women are taboo—during the daytime. Ten minutes later the door opens again, the inmate once more prepared for callers. Each race has its own section, all verging together. Most of them are "Out of Bounds for British Troops," not for mere morality's sake, surely. But perhaps there is improvement: boy prostitutes are no longer openly housed. "If a pasha wants a boy, he knows where to send for one."

The goatskin water-bag, plump with Nile water, is still much in vogue in Old Cairo; in contrast, traffic policemen, more picturesque but less effective than our Irish variety, seek to untangle busy corners of the more modern city. Money-changers abound along the main thoroughfares. The Egyptian pound is still the equivalent of a five-dollar bill, overtopping its British prototype. The piaster is as real a nickel as of yore, except in its purchasing power. Prices are painful even to the semi-impecunious traveler in a land without currency depreciation. That has come to be an advantage he expects as a natural right, and he resents being denied it. No longer any use carrying ten-dollar travelers' checks, in such a land as Egypt.

El Azhar, "largest university in the world," had but few studying in these last days of Ramadan. Only the poor students, perhaps, who could not afford to go somewhere else for the vacation. The Government furnishes them everything, including food. They sleep on mats on the acres of floors—heavily bearded fellows, many of them, different types or races of Mohammedans in different rooms. Islamic wise men and Koranic scholars come from afar to expound Moslem truths to squatting groups of them.

A street car carries one within reach of the dusty, sandy

This is the more romantic form of transportation, but . . .

This kind is much more common, in the Egypt of to-day

The Egyptian fellaheen go their placid way, generation after generation, century after century place where Moses was fished out. Surely he needed a wash forthwith; even Pharaoh's daughter could not fittingly have delayed in changing her garments. Old Heliopolis, with its Central Park obelisk, the venerable Tree under which the Holy Family rested in its flight into Egypt; this was surely off their course! It is queer, too, that of all such trees this particular one should have so long survived. The Italian churchyard that incloses it has little else that is venerable.

Scotch kilts embellish the scene about the gate of the citadel, from whose walls all Cairo and its surroundings, to far beyond the pyramids, stand out with incredible clarity. The hardy imagination may succeed in harking back, from this desert-wind swept spot, to that four thousand years, ending three centuries before Christ, during which the Pharaohs ruled. But for the average the Greco-Roman-Byzantine time, from the passing of the Pharaohs to the coming of the Arabs in 630 A.D. will be stretch enough. Cairo, it is easy to see, dates only from the Arab period, which has now given way to the British. The city grew up about this citadel of Saladin, the fortress of Mohammed Ali. It was this son of a butcher, probably born in Greece, who, with the stones that once covered the pyramids, built the beautiful alabaster mosque inside the citadel. An Egyptian two-bits gains the unbeliever admission, so it be not service-time on a Friday, when such dogs are as taboo as their four-legged counterparts. And here many a traveler has his first experience with those infernal yellow shoe-covers which no one but a shuffling Moslem could keep on his feet for four steps. More convenient, as well as cheaper, to forget one's Western prejudice to walking in stocking-feet and follow the custom of the faithful in at least this one particular.

It was that same Mohammed Ali, you of course recall, who was sent by the Sultan of Turkey to conquer and govern Egypt, and decided to hold it for himself. Invited the trusting Mamelukes to dinner and killed all but one of them, the marks of whose horse's hoofs are still shown on the wall of the citadel where he jumped over. Some drop! But perhaps not for so gigantic a horse, if one may take the hoof-prints verbatim. To-day barbed wire would hamper his feat. Marks of the cannon-balls of Napoleon still show in the walls of the mosque far down below. Mere visitors wander at will within the citadel grounds, dry and bare as a slag-heap, yellow as the surrounding desert. But most of the place is out of bounds for British soldiers; scandal has it that they were wont to wander off into some hidden corner with a Cairene tutor and fall into depraved Egyptian ways.

The British are more clever, as well as less butchery, than Mohammed Ali. What better scheme for influencing the capital of a sovereign and independent country than this one of having a military hospital inside the commanding citadel? Quiet and repose, fine air, in contrast to the dusty, hellishly noisy city below; and in a pinch even sick Tommies, no doubt, could put up a tolerably good fight.

Unless you have neglected your current-events lectures you know that Egypt is now a free and sovereign country. To be sure, Tommy Atkins, often in his kilted and b-r-r-r-ry manifestation, still holds forth there in numbers. Twelve to fourteen thousand of him languish in Cairo; a regiment in Alexandria; a brigade at Ismailia. But the Egyptian climate is notoriously healthful, for all the persistent flies; and Egypt is a splendid half-way station between Home and India.

Yet Egypt is self-governing now, as any up-to-date work of reference will tell you. Not like those wicked old days when Lord Cromer gave the khedive daily orders. To be sure, King Fuad finds the British High Commissioner's advice worth listening to, with all those Tommies to second his every motion. But the High Commissioner rises to speak only when something of importance concerning British interests, comes up; otherwise the Egyptians may freely govern themselves. Of three evils choose the least, say the Egyptians; if the British get out, in will come the French or the Italians on the double-quick.

The khedive of earlier days, you recall, was against the Allies and for the Germans—not unnaturally, since the British had bullied his country for a generation, and his liege lord, the Sultan of Turkey, was on the German side. So one of the nephews became king; and when he died, his brother Fuad took his place. He is fat and amenable, this present British puppet, listening respectfully to any words of wisdom dripping from the High Commissioner's lips.

Outwardly Egypt is Egyptian. Law and order, sanitation and irrigation, those summer-resorting Tommies, trains on the left-hand track, are almost the only visible hints of British advice. But when the Egyptians three times elected as premier old Zaghloul Pasha, departed this life just the other day, he three times found it impossible to take office. At length a compromise, and this leader of the anti-British party became speaker of the house, the premiership falling to a British sycophant. All quite as it should be, probably; who dreams that Egypt—or any other country, for that matter—could govern itself better unaided than under British tutelage? But why seek to pull the wool over the poor old world's eyes? One likes to find facts, rather than fairy-tales, in encyclopedias.

Queer, yet effective, in their own way, the British. After the sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, was assassinated, Allenby in his oldest and least pressed mufti, an old civilian hat pulled down over one ear, called on Zaghloul Pasha. He rode in the most disreputable carriage to be found in Cairo; but with him went an entire regiment of mounted British soldiers. These were drawn up with their horses' tails to the interior of the court; not a few of the animals were still more disrespectful. Usually Allenby wore court dress and went up in person to call on Zaghloul. This time he had the old man called down into the courtyard, handed him the ultimatum without rising from his disreputable seat or touching his disgraceful hat, and told him to go upstairs and read it.

The French would have shot up the town, officially executed a few of its inhabitants, including perhaps a distant relative of the real culprits. The British got their results without bloodshed. They took advantage of the opportunity, also, to demand pensions for retired British "civil servants" of Egypt, discharged when the country got its "freedom." The request was at first refused. Next morning a British soldier in full equipment was found at every desk in the Egyptian custom-houses; it is redundant to say that the Egyptians thought better of their first impulse. One can hardly blame them for not wishing to pay the pensions; yet the "civil servants," who had grown gray beneath the Egyptian sun, had their rights also. In strict justice, perhaps, England should pay them, for the pensioners had of course served the empire, even while no doubt doing good things for Egypt.

Favored nations still enjoy capitulations in Egypt. That is, if I had been so impulsive as to strike one of those smiling mouths from which ooze indecencies along the nighttime promenade of tourists in Cairo, I should not have been tried and punished by Egyptians. Our own representatives would have taken charge of the matter. For serious offenses, subjects of the capitulatory powers are sent home for trial. If two nationalities are involved, the case goes to the Mixed Court, down in Alexandria. (Much agitation these days to

Across the Nile at Luxor

The ruins of Karnak still flame beneath the Egyptian sun

Just to prove that I was there

have it moved up to Cairo.) The head of the Mixed Court, by the way, is an American. Germans, Austrians, Turks, and other losers in the World War have forfeited their capitulations in minor offenses; not in serious ones. Russia has no consul in Egypt, hence Russians get native treatment in all matters. Syrians have no capitulatory rights unless they have adopted French citizenship. Rather hard on the anti-French natives of Syria who have taken refuge in Egypt. Injustices? Of course. An Italian murdered a wealthy Egyptian and got off, at home, almost without punishment. The capitulations make it impossible to tax foreigners—passport visas, entrance to museums and ruins, and a few other minor means excepted. Of late there has been much complaint about this from the free and sovereign Egyptians.

Egypt is in the market for more modern marriage and divorce laws. Now a man may have seven wives, if he can endure the strain. He and a new candidate for one of his beds and board appear before a kali, a religious and civil official. Generally there is a backhanded dowry, sometimes both to the woman and to her parents. The first wife is not officially the mother of all the children, as in China. Divorce, from the male side, is by the simple process of renunciation. But the man must provide a pension for the woman and any children she has borne him. Women can renounce marriage only for extreme cruelty, and there is a wide difference of opinion between East and West as to what constitutes this.

That eight-mile walk to the pyramids means much dodging of automobiles now, or at least much swallowing of their dust and fumes. Were it not for them the air would be ideal for walking, though the straight road with one's goal always in view is monotonous. Street cars will spare you the labor, and the exhilaration; buses, a bit rougher, but also faster, are even cheaper. Or any guide among the swarming dragomans before your hotel will get you a private car for only two or three hundred times the street-car fare—and serve you right for living in such a hotel. Besides, dragomans have a long, arid summer before them.

About the pyramids would-be guides and other pests are just as fly-sticky as ever, and if possible more numerous. Good-natured (at least until successfully rebuffed), these pestiferous fellows, constantly pursuing any one and anything resembling a tourist. A curse to any people, swarms of gullible, money-laden excursionists. On my second visit this time to the mammoth ancient tombs I found a tarboosh a great protection; the touts still recognize you as no Egyptian, but most of them mistake you for one of the British ruling class, and they shy accordingly. The pyramids are worth visiting, if you can find some such means to be let alone with them and your imagination.

Without paying the half-dollar fee, however, there is no climbing the one climbable, unless by several dollars' worth of cunning. Even the Cockney ranking policeman will confirm the claim of "the sheik of the pyramids" and his numerous following on that score. A matter of no importance, of course, if they did not also insist on pretending to earn the fee by sending a human nuisance with you, in the long-robed guise of guide and helper. They will tell you that a German who tried to climb alone last year fell and broke his verboten neck. Twenty-two years ago it was an American, if the files of my memory are intact. Perhaps some could be clumsy and stub-footed enough. My chance companion almost was, frankly permitting himself to be nurse-maided, especially on the descent. That fact and my glib tongue, talking the "sheik" into sparingly sending only one protector with the two of us, and now and then a threatening toe, all but preserved my privacy during the feat. A remarkable one, about as difficult as playing a round of golf. An hour—nay, a whole day—up there on the needle-pointed top, roomy as a modern building lot, could be gloriously spent in gazing upon the desert roundabout, the inimitable play of lights and shadings, infinite gradations of colors—had one a giant broom with which to sweep off the irrepressible manglers of our mother tongue, the sellers of peanuts and colored Nile water, the cackling travelers who desecrate the place.

Photography makes world-wide many a false impression. Not merely can it make royal shrimps stately, decayed queens beautiful; its inadvertent lies alone are legion. I'll all but warrant it has built up in your mind a Sphinx almost as big as the pyramids that form its background, unless you have disabused yourself by gazing upon it with the naked eye. Whereas the Sphinx is tiny compared with the pyramids, invisible from them, down in its hole, except on the upper tiers. A simple American tourist wrote home that it had been removed. Touristing spreads almost as much nonsense as photography. On the contrary, the paws have been uncovered, there have been some repairs, if not improvements, since last we met, besides the barbed-wire fence designed to keep picnic parties and Tommy Atkins off the august crumbly pate.

The Mena House, high-hat and British as ever, still doing business lucratively at the old stand; the hole to my own erstwhile lodging, down in the bowels of the second pyramid, also still open. But I slept in neither. For one thing, no man of so explosive a temperament (to use a kindly word) could have endured the rest of the day amid the deadly barrage of a ship-load of German tourists that was suddenly laid down upon the sector. Conducted American sheep are bad enough! That night brought a nightmare of ungraceful cork helmets, camera-lensed eye-glasses, paunches, bare fat legs of the softer gender, lurching on camel-back, all in an impenetrable murk of raucous gutturals.

So we went bravely off on a six-hour journey by camel. My chance companion had been lured by the "Camping Trips in the Desert" folders of the tourist companies; brave tourists go 'way out half a mile beyond the pyramids and sleep, more or less, all one night under a tent. But his courage was a little below that supreme test; he compromised on the sunny camel ride. The usual bargaining of the experienced, culminating in a complete victory for my stiff-necked refusal to pay more than one driver's fee for two camels, and we were off. Far too often had I seen a dozen camels to a single driver, on real journeys, to be milked like a mere tourist.

The cameleer on foot was inclined to surliness also because it was still Ramadan, when he could neither eat, smoke, nor drink water, nor even swallow his own saliva if he belonged to the strictly puritan sect. Like most "prophets," founders of religions or isms, Mohammed was no fool. He knew his people; he knew the literal-mindedness of the Arab, hence he did not make the Koran a mere constitution, a set of principles in abstract form; he included the by-laws. Ordered them to wash hands, face, feet, and behind the ears before entering a mosque; specified ablution after sexual enjoyment, justifying it on the high plane of religion rather than of mere health. There's a lot of common sense in those old commandments, so specifically written because the people themselves do not have common sense, or will-power, enough to build up their own detailed rules from general principles. Mohammed knew from experience how often his people would wash unless required by something as compelling as religion or superstition. If no water is available, use sand; even the desert dwellers should not completely forget the habit. As to Ramadan, what could be wiser than establishing the annual practice of going all day long, for thirty days, without food, even without water, in a land of deserts, where abstemiousness is not merely a virtue but indispensable?

A journey to boast about afterward—in a gathering of school-girls. Ten, perhaps even twelve, miles along the border line between the desert and the sown. It was easy to picture how the thirsty driver would speed homeward in less than half the time, mounted in the place of one of us, when the transfer of the specified piasters took place. Clever as their tourist-serving drivers, those sophisticated camels within sight of Cairo's pencil minarets. No unseemly haste for a mere inexperienced passenger; save that for real riders, genuine masters, these barefoot fellows in white, with the guttural speech. Yet we managed an occasional brief burst of speed, enough to prove to the Coney Island skepticism of my chance companion that the camel's trot is no harder than that of many horses; merely more looseness requisite in the rider's carriage.

Along the way? Well, there was that almost snow-white baby camel breaking the rules of Ramadan at the maternal source of supply, and that Nash sedan sitting out in the desert in the shade of the pyramid of Sakkara, making our camel-riding so ridiculous that even my companion almost saw the point. In these modern days of the gasoline-profanation of nearly everywhere one must learn not to register surprise at such sights. The missing sedan riders were evidently in charge of the yowling gang of backsheesh-seekers who were spending their spare time in digging out some other possibly interesting secrets of the distant past. The mob of all ages, though of one mind as to sex and the raison d'être of tourists, who crowded into my picture of the fallen Rameses near the end of the camel ride, also demanded backsheesh for the interference, of course—my closer acquaintances know with what success.

Oh, yes, come to be reminded of it, there were also some tombs along the way, astonishing enough underground structures, alone worth coming to see perhaps, but rather pushed off the stage by the intoxicating desert air and sunshine, the shifting colors of the contrasting panorama. There was an oasis, too, just in time for lunch—for once, thanks to Ramadan, with no native to help us out. The oasis looked delightfully green as we approached; but, once in it, we found it bone-dry, thick in dust, the only greenness the shading palm-trees. However, the presence of these means water, and the mere awareness of water is to the desert what theaters within easy reach are to the suburbanite. Women and girls, as blind to our presence as their piaster-hungry male folk were alive, carried the rather opaque elixir of life to their reed-and-mud huts, balancing the big reddish water-jars rakishly on their heads, as graceful as ballet queens.

On April first, penultimate day of Ramadan, King Fuad rode forth to say his prayers in an old mosque on the outskirts of Cairo, as his predecessors have done for generations. Solid masses of squatting men, in tarboosh and turban, filled the improvised mosque annex roofed by rugs and mats and walled not at all. The mosque itself was barely sufficient for the specially privileged. Regiments of Egyptian soldiers were drawn up along the way, every squad paced by a barber's pole bearing Egypt's green flag with three white stars within a white crescent. His fat, flabby, British-tutored Majesty in an open carriage, with one companion, behind a much-armed man beside the driver of the spanking bays. Too solemn an occasion, evidently, for one of the royal motor-cars.

Yet how the world degenerates! In place of the picturesque old saïs or foot runners, shouting a warning, who preceded the carriage of the khedive, of Lord Cromer, even of the American consul until he could bear it no longer, there were only motorcycle police. Scores of them, heavy with weapons and munitions. Not a few of them were sunburned blonds under rakish tarbooshes, who reply in another king's colloquial, redolent of Whitechapel or the Scottish border. It is one of the Egyptian complaints that there are still far too many English in their Government's service. The first successor of the khedive dared to live out of town; his flabbier brother rarely steps out of his city palace. Too many patriots after him as a cat's-paw of the British. Yet the mosque service had brought out many thousands; however venal their ruler, he is still a religious leader.

Ramadan ended at sunset on the second day of April, and Bairam broke forthwith—feasting and sensual pleasures enough in three days to make up for the moon-month of sobriety. There were, in fact, four days to this Moslem Easter, with candy for the children and loafing wherever possible for the adults, at least for the men. On the eve of Bairam veritable swarms of men and boys were buying new tarbooshes in the department-stores of the Europeanized section, in the wide-open booths of Old Cairo. Long lines waited for newly chosen fezzes to be shaped on the hot wooden or brass presses, the black tassels inserted. Even boys of six wore them. Like the Chinese on their New Year's day, the Jews at Passover, all who were able, by any hook or crook, put on new clothes, at the very least new or cleaned and re-pressed tarbooshes. The cause of all the day-and-night labor in the native city had come; four of its upright-plank shutters were closed to one open; easy now to wander through Old Cairo, and uninteresting.

A tip properly placed still reserves a compartment on the overnight express up the Nile. Not merely the luxury of second-class travel, with a whole seat to stretch out on, a blanket for covering, symbolized my degeneracy from youthful days. For this time my companion, far from being one of the Kameraden, was a Columbia professor! Oh, well! we cannot always ride on the crest of the wave. Palm-trees splashed blood-red with sunset, then a surprisingly undisturbed night. Whatever spell the tipped porter had put on that sliding door to the single corridor was effective. Sandy dawn intruded almost before we knew it. A narrowed fertility, faintly less flat than the delta. Deep-green patches of alfalfa still; three crops of it a year along the Nile. But here cotton was more widespread. The current quotations, from Liverpool, were: American cotton, 7.50; Egyptian, 12.65—in Egyptian pounds, I believe; in any currency the ratio tells what cotton-buyers think of the relative value of Egyptian cotton and that grown in the United States. Our Mississippi floods took place while I was within the orbit of the "Egyptian Gazette," and editorial gloating over the advantage this catastrophe would be to Egyptian cotton was much more prominent than any sympathy for the sufferers.

Luxor was dreadful—what with mobbing by hotel runners, carriage-drivers, and dragomans, the leaden-fisted heat of early April, the fog-like dust, flies beyond any American conception in number and persistency. Yet Karnak, baking in the perpetual Egyptian sunshine, still fills with awe the wanderer among its forest of mammoth pillars—a forest much repaired since early in the century. But it is not quite so impressive after one is able to compare it with many another world-famous ruin, ruins much more massive and extensive, such as Angkor, or much more astonishing, given their location and what one knows of their producers, Machu Picchu for instance. But the imagination that can people with their ancient life these mighty monuments of the past is, after all, the traveler's best equipment; and thanks to the Egyptian climate, many of the stone-carved reliefs of Karnak are as distinct to-day, as illustrative of that life of long ago, as when their models lived.

In the town, the Temple of Luxor lends distinction to the worse than commonplace Luxor of to-day. Rarely does one feel more insignificant, in longevity as well as in physical and mental size, than among the great stone beings of a Ramesean past. Over in the oven-like Valley of the Kings the grave-looters have left little more than the holes in the ground, the wall reliefs they could not carry off. The moth-eaten mummy of a king or two; in one place those of the three slaves, two of them evidently women, who were killed that they might accompany him to the after-world; in another the mummy of a new-born babe, like a toad long since crushed in the dust.

Few countries, if any, exploit as thoroughly as Egypt the great works of mightier forebears—or were they merely her predecessors along the Nile? Just as individually the ineffective modern Egyptians live largely on what their more effective ancestors produced. High fees to see tombs that are hardly worth it, so completely are they looted. Museums, pyramids, a score of other side-shows not included in the general admission card. For an American, also a ten-dollar visa, every time he enters the country. No wonder Egypt considers her cotton-crop little in comparison with her tourists!

The good things from Tutankhamen's grave are now in the national museum in Cairo. It was only a question of hanging around a few days until, Bairam over, that was open again. Alabaster vases that no living man could duplicate; golden coffins, greatly adorned wooden ones, for many centuries one inside the other; golden sandals; wicker-bottomed beds still showing the imprint of pre-Christian occupants. Canes with white men, Orientals, negroes as heads, as well done as any caricature of to-day. Did King Tut carry a cane? The imagination finds it hard not to picture men of his day sauntering about the streets of Memphis with a dozen of these canes hanging on an arm, offering them for sale, even as their modern descendants peddle in the streets of Cairo much less desirable sticks.

And through it all, the Egyptian fellaheen water and plant and reap and water and plant again the fertile edges of the Nile, from generation to generation—brief, compared with such things as her monuments, as day following day. Serenely as when Rome was at her height the now voiceless colossi of Memnon sit out on their sun-flooded plain, watching the incessant going and coming of puny man. Life struggles forever on, as blind to the ever-recurring rise and fall of insignificant mankind as the blindfolded donkey that waters the perpetually thirsty fields of Egypt with an endless chain of crude buckets is to the reason for his endless labors.

CHAPTER II

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM

THERE was a shower in Cairo on Thursday, April sixth, which gave a marvelous sunset just as I took train for Jerusalem. In fact, there had been three almost rainy days there during the winter, and several cloudy ones of nearly cold weather—for Egypt. Those tourist-baiters with a streak of worry in their make-up had sometimes wondered if the climate were changing.

The usual hodgepodge of humanity and its multifarious portable possessions on and about the hard seats of the half-partitioned third-class coach; the usual Oriental shrieking and uproar, beginning an hour before at the ticket window. A man came sliding through the unswept aisle on his buttocks, holding up the bare stumps of legs cut off above the knees. Even more revolting stock in trade is so common among the beggars of Egypt that few of us gave him any attention.

Jews descended upon us in numbers, ponderously laden, at Ismailia. They are by no means all out of Egypt, to this day; but these had no intention of trying to part the waters of the Red Sea. Instead, they tumbled out again, with more than half of us, at the next station, Kantara, whose name, as you may know, is Arabic for bridge—though you'll find no bridge there. The ferry across the Suez Canal, from Africa to Asia, seemed to be free; a most modest little craft, evidently manipulated by some kind of steam-engine on shore. Beneath the brilliant half-moon of midnight the throng standing about the open deck looked like a disrupted congress of delegates from all nations—rather poorly paid delegates who had been ship- or train-wrecked two or three times during the journey.

The customs examination befell us in a shed on the Asiatic bank, though officially Egypt extends two hours or more by train farther. It was lenient, as well it might be, between two countries virtually belonging to the same great power. Then a callow English youth behind a wicket window decorated an entire page of my passport with a stamped permission, in English, to remain three months in Palestine, renewable for another three. Those who become real residents must pay a head tax.

Wise travelers fully awake, and those who knew the ropes or were racially forward, rustled their own baggage and hurried through these formalities. For there was a scandalous scramble, by many nationalities and both sexes, for seats in the waiting train. I had squandered of my meager substance for a second-class ticket on this more bitter half of an obligatory night journey—to very little advantage, for the straw seats were only a little less hard than the frankly wooden ones in third class, and far more slippery. Certainly the admittedly plebeian cars could not have been more crowded; eight of us were so tightly packed, in that compartment for eight, that we had to sit bolt upright all night, only our heads now and then dropping off to sleep. To fall completely unconscious was to risk finding my head on the shoulder of an unshaven garlic-scented traveler on one side or on that of a disheveled Teutonic person of the opposite gender on the other, if not, indeed, to catch myself tobogganing under the opposite seat. There are sleeping-cars on this single Egypt-to-Palestine train, but the berths had all been taken long before I thought of indulging in such an unusual extravagance.

One heard raging most of the world's languages during that two-hour scramble and wait. In the forward-facing seat opposite, three Royal Flying Corps men in blue-gray uniforms, scattered all over the United Kingdom as to dialect, less boisterous than their American ilk, exchanged anecdotes. They compared their many flights to Bagdad; agreed that "Messpot" was the best station in the empire (I should have imagined it the most God-forsaken); handed India second prize. I had already begun to consider myself badly treated, in such low-vitality hours as this, after a mere month away from my family; the scrawny R. F. C. man opposite let it leak out that he had been four years absent from "the old lady"; had spent the last two days on a boat for home, then suddenly been ordered back to Bagdad. There was jest only on the surface of his "Suppose the old girl won't know me time ever I do get 'ome again."

They mentioned brawny prowess among their comrades, and got off at Gaza, but seemed never to have heard of its connection with the original Samson. Quite a town now, they say, being an important flying-corps depot and principal airplane base for Bagdad. But it might have been the most completely disappeared hamlet of the Philistines for all we saw—or cared—at that black hour. Several weeks seemed to have passed since we had finally screeched out of whatever the eastern shore at Kantara is called. Rain was pouring outside; inside, even to the marrow of the bones, it was cold. So different from Egypt even at its coldest and wettest; Luxor of two days before seemed months away, the change one from the tropic to the arctic zone rather than simply from one continent to another.

Many more weeks passed before a pale and sickly dawn began to creep in upon us, trying in vain to shield our sleep-shot eyes from it. Like prisoners in a dungeon we began to look about us, to glare at our fellow-passengers. Full daylight showed the desert gone, and in its place a somewhat rolling country, rather fertile, wet-green, and cold. The dismal rain had only slackened. Black goat's-hair tents, now and then a cluster of red-tiled houses, broke the sameness. But rocks were in the ascendancy; even New England could hardly have rivaled the region in this.

I began to wander through the train, as is my misunderstood custom; besides, action is an antidote for shivers. Passengers ranged from the Arab or Bedouin woman with the tattooed face of the country districts, who squatted on the floor just outside the unspeakable convenience, to speckless-as-possible-under-the-circumstances women from the cities of Europe. An international congress indeed, and by no means all the delegates seated.

A change of train at cold 6 A.M. in the rain, with much Oriental uproar, on the open station platform of Ludd or Lydda, near old Ramleh, general changing-place of Palestine railway travelers. Here the war-built line from the Suez Canal to Haifa crosses the old one between Jaffa and Jerusalem that functioned even in my early days of travel. Terrific fighting in and about the windows and doors of the early morning train from Jaffa when it arrived; it was stormed and taken by assault, travelers grabbing seats as ruthlessly as nations do territories. Bad as it ever becomes, our least dignified travel is luxurious and gentlemanly by comparison. Another twenty-four hours in Egypt would have spared me the engagement; for from Friday to Saturday sunsets Jews do not travel. Next time, if ever there is one, I shall go not only on the Jewish Sabbath but from Jerusalem to Egypt; for the down train runs in the daytime.

X danger-signs, in English only, at the crossings. The other nationalities always got along without them, under the Turk, and no doubt still can. Dull, cold weather; a blackish fertile soil wherever the rocks permit it; and, in a great contrast to both, bright red poppies everywhere—in the crops, under the trees, in slight bits of sod, where the plow had missed them, even in tiny handfuls of earth among the incessant rocks.

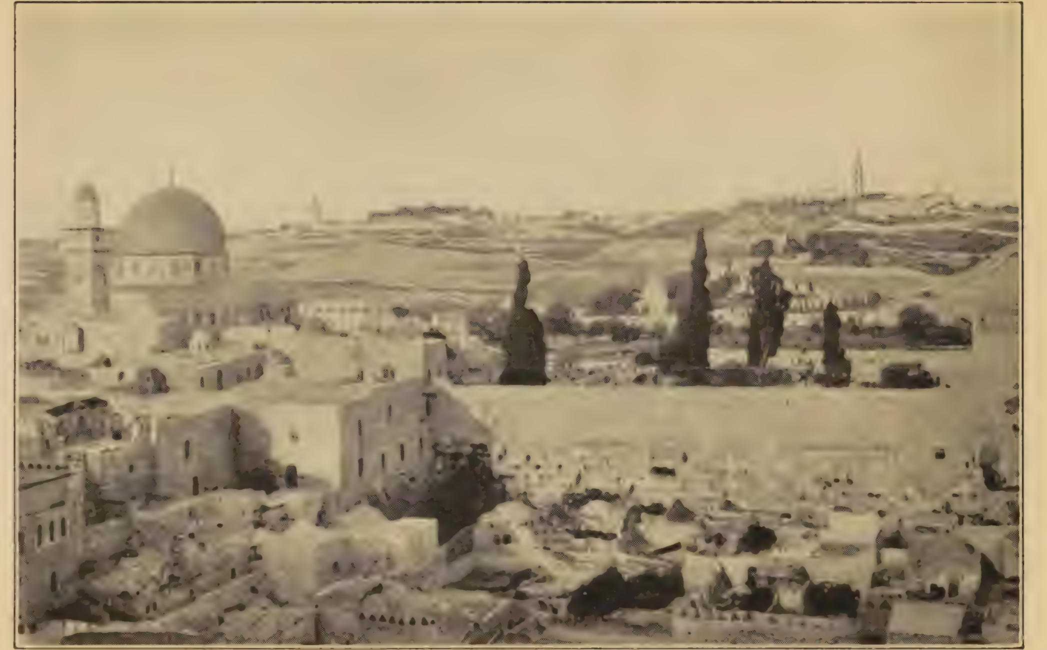
We passed close to several hangars; crossed and followed for a while a stone road that appeared to be good, though it could not have been dustless in dry weather. The sun broke through, but did little to temper the cold. The railway climbed a wild and picturesque gorge. There were a few cattle, many sheep, flinging their fat tails behind them as they scampered away. A region stony beyond words, so stony I wondered how even the olive-trees, wrinkled and gnarled and horny-handed from their long struggle for existence here, found foothold. Clear up on the plateau at last, across which we almost hurried, until a station well outside Jerusalem brought the train to its journey's end.

The red roofs of new suburbs, the old walled city itself on its hill across a semi-gorge proved that the station sign was not wholly false. Not merely because I was cold, and cramped and sore with much hard and slippery sitting, did I refuse to patronize automobile or carriage. Somehow, though it meant a mile walk in an almost bitingly cold wind, with a climb at the end, I preferred to enter Jerusalem on foot, even as on my first visit so long ago.

Clothing that in Egypt had seemed almost too much on a cloudy and what they call a cold day was like a silk bathing-suit in a snow-storm. Changed to the heaviest I had with me, I was still thankful to the thoughtful American resident who insisted on lending me an overcoat. My straw hat was as completely out of place as it would have been in England. Luckily, any costume passes muster in Jerusalem, with its many races, sects, and kinds of people, sane and queer.

Treacherous, the climate of Jerusalem, and evidently indifferent to the calendar; at least, it was colder on most of the April days I spent there this time than when I first walked into it twenty-two Januarys before. Heavily clouded most of the time; penetratingly cold, with a howling wind that seemed to blow clear through one. Rain nearly every day, at least enough of it to cover with a half-inch layer of paste-like mud not only the new gravel roads outside but even the cobbled streets and such sidewalks as there are inside the old walled city, so that walking was like climbing a newly plastered wall. Yet scatter the clouds for a few hours and this mud became swirling dust; and sometimes, in the middle of the day, with the sun out, it was summer-hot. In latitude Jerusalem is a little south of Savannah. But it is not only twenty-five hundred feet aloft; its peculiar situation on the top of a ridge between the Mediterranean and the perpetually hot Dead Sea Valley, lowest place on the earth's surface, would baffle any weather prophet.

The city was unusually crowded. The principal Jewish hotel might still accommodate me if I spoke quickly, and runners for a score or two of boarding-houses masquerading as hotels had thrust cards upon me at the station, several of them printed in something else as well as Hebrew, but there are too many restrictions on food in Jewish circles at that season. Something similar, if less serious, may be said of the monastery boarding-houses within the old city; besides, those large and famous enough to be interesting as well as comfortable were either already full or long since bespoken. I never regretted the home-like old English place I at length pried my way into, within easy walking distance of the center



Jerusalem—the "Mosque of Omar" and the Mount of Olives

Jerusalem—a group of pilgrims

of the coming disturbance, and where food and religion are not mixed.

To be sure, an underwear salesman would have found a few details unbefitting his high station; Jerusalem is off the track of aristocrats of the road. It has tin-tub carry-up (and down again) baths, corresponding equipment in even more indispensable matters. Donkeys take the place of water-pipes; cesspools are still insufficient. If there is running water or public electric lighting, I did not profit by it. There is a Chinese offensiveness to the nostrils in tunnel-like old streets and in corners of the city wall. But the city is vastly improved since Turk days, and improving. A pipe-line from Hebron, five hundred feet higher and nearly twenty miles away, far beyond the Pools of Solomon, brings in pure water. Another source is being tapped; faucets are appearing, especially in the newer city outside the walls. Still there is by no means enough, and donkey-borne gasoline-tins of water sell for twenty cents each in the dry season; are not free in the wet.

But, as it is customary to say of a child one meets every few weeks, My Goodness! how Jerusalem had grown! Much building, almost a doubling of the population, a great spread in area, since 1905—only a few weeks ago as the age of the holy city goes. Yet it has not lost its charm, or whatever makes it so well worth visiting. The music of its many church bells mingles almost in harmony with the muezzin calls from its minarets; the verdureless, all but treeless hard yellow hills about it have a striking beauty in varying moods of light and shadow. From some housetop on the outskirts, overlooking the old city—with its walls and gates, its domes, minarets, steeples, and flat-roofed dwellings—the view is entrancing.

Of course you know that it is not the Jerusalem of Bible times; even of the medieval city very little remains. The present walls themselves, built by the Crusaders and repaired by Saladin, were rebuilt in the sixteenth century by Suleiman the Magnificent; are now being repaired again by the British. They are almost entirely of stone, intricate with unexpected angles quite unknown to the straightforward city walls of China; thirty-five feet high on the average, outside, with an equal number of towers; on the inside, so low in spots that one may step down off them. One of the eight gates is sealed up, another was chopped wide open, for the special convenience and honor of the haughty Lord's Anointed who was German kaiser, in the days when he visited the realms of his arch-friend the sultan. Jerusalem still talks of the un-German tact of Allenby, who ignored the broad breach and entered the holy city on foot through the old tunnel-like gateway flanking it.

The circuit of the walls makes a delightful short-hour excursion, a little more than two miles, perhaps. Narrow walking sometimes, with much climbing up and down a few now well-repaired steps, squirming around irregular corners, newly painted iron hand-rails lending aid to the easily dizzied. Two breaks force the stroller to earth—the kaiserly breach and that part of the wall skirting the great compound of what we call the Mosque of Omar, upon which unbelievers may not trespass.

Every little way one may look down into houses or yards as upon a stage from the upper flies. Panoramas of the compressed topsyturvy intramural city, the extensive suburbs all about it, bring the eyes inevitably back to the mountains of Moab, walling the eastern horizon beyond the Valley of the Jordan—which is cut out of the picture here by the Mount of Olives. On this height an imposing German palace, flying the Union Jack now, adds another tower to that of the

Russian church built a generation ago. A big German church, which just falls short of being artistic, bulks close outside the south wall; the twin-towered government building, likewise of German origin, balances it on the north.

All these, and indeed most of the buildings in and about Jerusalem, are of splendid gray stone. Nothing more plentiful in Palestine than stone, and wood is rare and costly. In contrast, there are, especially inside the walls, shacks pieced together of oil-tins. The city is so compact and the growing suburbs so populous that there is talk of breaching the wall again. But there have been vociferous protests against what to many millions would be a desecration.

David Street, going down in broad old stone steps from the breached Jaffa Gate on the west to an ancient narrow-shouldered one on the east, and the narrowed road that squeezes in through the Damascus Gate on the north, divide the old city into fairly unmixed Moslem, Jew, Armenian, and other-Christian quarters. A recent census recorded 33,971 Jews, 13,413 Mohammedans, 14,699 Christians—the suburbs included. But there are also about 30,000 non-subjects of the Palestinian State. Of the Christians there, roughly 7300 are Orthodox (Greeks, Russians, Balkans); 4600 Latins (what we call Roman Catholics); 1300 Protestants (as we understand the word); 800 Armenians; 200 Uniate Greeks; 200 Maronites; 150 Copts, or Egyptian Christians; 100 Abyssinians; 100 Syrian Jacobites; 50 Uniate Syrians—again counting only Palestine subjects. There are scattered members of other Christian creeds; and a mere list of the different species of post-Luther Protestants, without even a mention of those who simply come as pilgrims, would be tiresome.

You remember, of course, unless your Sunday-school days were wickedly given to fishing, that what may have been the first city on this site is reputed to have been called Salem, then Jebu, the two names being at length hyphenated and improved. Others loudly dispute this, saying that letters written by an Egyptian ruler of the city in about 1400 B.C. prove that it was known as Uru-Salim (meaning and derivation uncertain) or some similar sound, long before the Israelites under Joshua entered the Land of Canaan. Be that as it may, the Jerusalem of to-day is at least the eighth city on this lofty spot; even that of the time of Christ is buried deep beneath those that came later. David took it from the arrogant Jebusites and made it his capital. Nebuchadnezzar breached its walls five centuries later, and destroyed the temple and most of the houses. Nehemiah rebuilt it, a century and a half nearer our day; Herod beautified it with great buildings just before the birth of Christ. Titus the Roman leveled it to the ground in the latter half of the first century, and for fifty years there was no city there at all.

But Jerusalem is perennial. Invaded and captured times without number, razed and reared again and again, dedicated to one faith after another, to several, to none—it survives all vicissitudes. Constantine, first Christian emperor, made it again a shrine in the fourth century. Moslems took it in 637, and held it almost unbrokenly for a little matter of 1280 years, though Crusaders made it the capital of a Christian kingdom from 1099 until Saladin recaptured it in 1187, and there were many sieges, with shiftings of masters, before the Turks occupied it in 1517—and held it until Allenby, preceded by his cook, walked into it on December 11, 1917.

For a month after the Germans and Turks had found it too warm for them, Jerusalem had been without a government. Those who know what precious things governments are, will realize how it suffered. No wonder its most pompous citizens hastened to hand over the keys to the cook, foraging for the raw materials of his department. The Germans—having learned something, perhaps, from the world's reaction to Belgium—had not done the city any appreciable damage. Allenby received it nearly intact. The Terrible Turk went home almost in a body; to-day he is so completely gone that in all Palestine, where the sultans so long commanded, there is nothing left of him but a modest shield on a simple if gaudy new building in the outskirts of Jerusalem, reading: "Consulat de la République Turque."

We shall presently find ourselves perpetually descending into old intramural Jerusalem, day and night, for weeks at a time. Mere random wandering through the walled city, with its dark, dank, covered markets, cellar-grown Jews slinking through them, its sights lifted whole from the pages of the Bible, its inimitable hodgepodge of creeds, sects, races, customs, costumes, contrasts, rivalries, light and shadow, piety and rascality, is in itself a traveler's delight. But meanwhile the purer air and less congested traffic of the extramural offspring that has outstripped the parent will leave us in better form to enjoy and to endure the more than picturesque old city itself.

The new Jerusalem that has grown up outside the walls is more populous and more extensive than the old walled city. Red-roofed suburbs cover the ridges and fill the valleys in almost every direction, often farther than the eye can follow—new Jewish towns, new Christian towns, some of them ugly, all of them out of keeping with what Jerusalem means to most of us. The whole new Jewish quarter that rambles far out the Jaffa Road, with its Sports Club, its motion-picture theater, its aggressive stores and imitation villas, like a new extension in the Bronx, has not even a point of view in common with the colorful old city itself; as totally different as the open-collared audience that sat absorbed in the slightly maudlin screen story of the East Side boy of their own race who became a famous prize-fighter, was from the pilgrims packing the Holy Sepulcher, resounding with the chants and pungent with the incense of the ancient church of Byzantium.

New government buildings, modern hotels—there is no end to the solid stone structures rising or already risen in outer Jerusalem. The most artistic and one of the largest "Y" buildings in the world is to stand, near the new civic center, on a knoll not far outside the Jaffa Gate. Forty different races with twenty-five different languages are to find accommodations in this institution, at a cost to its members of three dollars a year. What a generous people we Americans are! Sometimes one wonders if charity should not begin at home. But this is no real-estate folder, nor subsidized by the Jerusalem chamber of commerce, if such there be. The new Jerusalem is there, it continues to grow, there is no visible means of halting it; both the pros and the cons must make the most of it.

Transportation revolutionized since last I saw the holy city—in the outer city, that is; there is no transportation within the walls; exclusively leg-work. Cars come a little way in through the kaiserly breach, crawl occasionally a hundred yards or so down the narrowing street within the Damascus Gate. But they are plainly out of bounds. Outside, on the other hand, they are legion; gasoline stations within biscuit-tossing distance of the ancient wall; cut-rate tires just outside the Damascus Gate; ranked rows of cars ready to take you anywhere in Palestine at a moment's . . . well, say an hour's . . . notice. Good roads in every direction; not perfect roads, to be sure, but marvelous going compared with the old Turkish days.

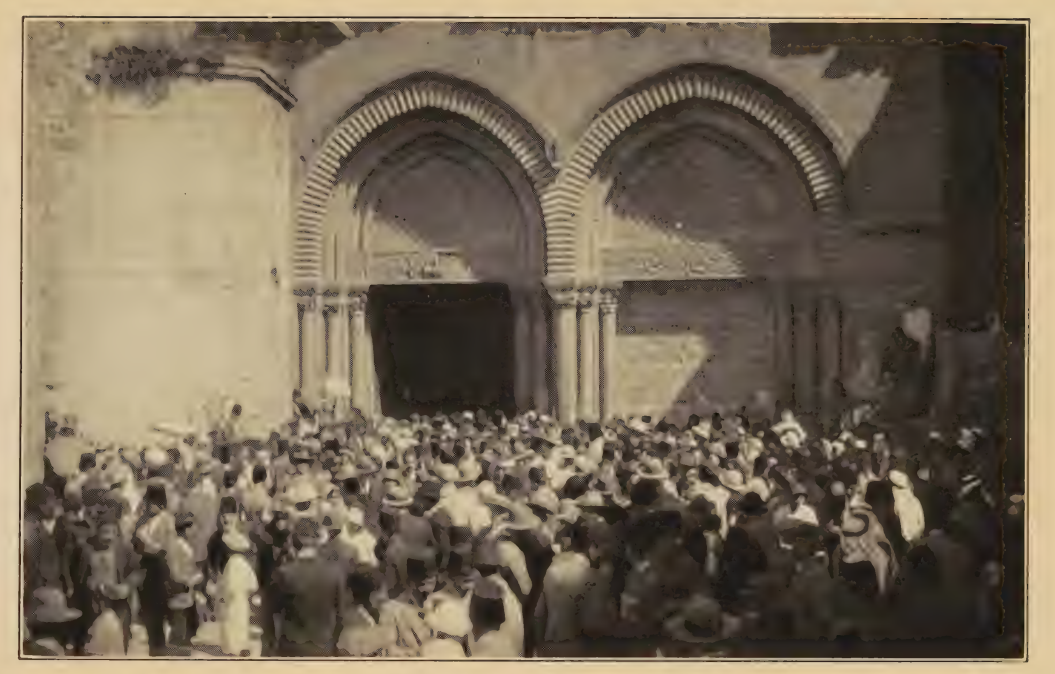
There is that big new road to the Mount of Olives, for instance, making a great curve past the British cemetery, with its row upon row of perfectly aligned stones amid the greensward so nearly unknown in the Near East; or you may go down into the valley of Jehoshaphat by the highway to Jericho, and climb on foot up past the Garden of Gethsemane to the same magnificent point of vantage. By the first route you will pass the Hebrew University—in vacation at this Easter-Passover season. A Jewish lawyer of New York who frequently gets front-page prominence is giving $100,000 to improve the university's crude open-air theater, out behind the other buildings on the back slope of a pine-wooded hill, with its magnificent view of the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab.

Street names in three languages, on blue enamel, have appeared on some corners, especially outside the walls. But the populace does not seem to take kindly to such crassly modern notions. The picturesque old custom is still mainly in vogue: if you inquire for the house of So and So you will learn that it is next door to that of Such and Such. The genuine native is quite incapable of realizing that you do not know, by instinct, where Such and Such lives.

Palestine still had no money of its own, but used Egyptian. As this is not a debased currency, prices were high. Far from the never too generous source of supply, small change was scarce, to the frequent advantage of railway ticket agents, Moslem, Jewish, and Christian post-office clerks, and similar gentry. Being an offspring of its British ancestor, the Egyptian paper pound can be changed only into silver, so that one must be sturdy as a Californian to endure with equanimity the load of coins that is heaped upon him who presents a pound note for payment of a small obligation. Used to this annoyance since the memory of living man runneth not to the contrary, the new rulers of Palestine probably do not recognize it as such, and in that respect improvement is unlikely. But new money, real Palestine currency, was to appear in October, ten years after Allenby walked into Jerusalem—the English pound, divided into a thousand units, ten of which are to make a piaster. English residents hope that this will not only do away with the obvious difficulties of using an alien currency, but reduce the cost of living by at least that sixpence by which the Egyptian pound overtops the British sovereign. May they not be disappointed.

The courts of Palestine are also still using an alien medium. Ottoman law prevails, though with increasing British changes. There are English chief justices to whom the dissatisfied may appeal. Formerly, Christians had almost no show against a Moslem in court, and Jews even less. But in Jerusalem, as in Palestine as a whole, the Jew is coming into his own, to say the least.

The day I arrived there, Jerusalem was in the throes of electing its councilors, one of whom the British High Commissioner would appoint mayor. Mustafa Kazim, of the Husseini clan, one of the two important families of Jerusalem, was mayor when the Turks and Germans fled. He remained so after the British came, until in an uprising in 1920 some Jews were killed, when he was charged with not acting energetically enough in the matter and the British put in his place Mayor Nashashibi, of the rival family. There were elections even under the Turk, but this was the holy city's first experience in the reputedly more honest Anglo-American style. The result was inevitable: even before my housing dilemma was solved I saw several men running away over the bare rocky hills, in the general direction of the coast. English police of Palestine were after them in a Ford; but the driver, like the culprits, was Moslem, the British less anxious



The entrance to the Holy Sepulcher

Palm Sunday mass in the Holy Sepulcher

to catch them than they to get away; and after all, even a Ford cannot go everywhere. Later one of them was caught; and so in time, no doubt, were all of them, if the authorities cared particularly; Palestine is no culprit's paradise in these days. It seems that in a little election dispute the captured man had shot another—not seriously and probably not entirely without justification.

We all know that the Jews are a clever people; and some of those now in Palestine have sharpened their natural wits by living in New York or other large American cities. Four Jews, five Moslems, and three Christians were to be elected to the council, all voters balloting on all twelve members, irrespective of religion. The Jews chose four candidates only, leaving the other races no hand in their choice. Then they united on the Moslem and Christian candidates they preferred. With all the Jews against the otherwise popular party of the hated ex-mayor, his candidates were swamped. Of the twelve elected, only two were Husseini men, the fewest the peculiar arrangement in Jerusalem makes possible. Thus the Jews and those non-Jews they helped to elect are in complete control of the new council, and Mayor Nashashibi was sure of reappointment.

CHAPTER III

EASTER DAYS IN JERUSALEM

LUCK rather than foresight brought me to Jerusalem at its busiest, most picturesque season. Among the many Christian sects Easter lasted from April 8 to April 24. On Friday the Latins (as Jerusalem commonly calls the Roman Catholics) and the Anglicans staged their respective curtain-raisers; the former with what the official program called "The Seven Sorrows of the B. V. Mary," the latter by a Retreat at Ain Karim. Next day the Latins had an early-morning pilgrimage to Bethphage; at two in the afternoon their official entrance into the Holy Sepulcher.

But the first service one should not miss is Catholic Palm Sunday. It began at an hour when the Holy Sepulcher is still cold to the bared head, even as its flagstone floor is cold, and hard, to the best-shod feet. Almost incessantly for the fifteen days thereafter the place was thronged; on several of them it was the most crowded spot in Christendom.

Catholic pilgrims of many garbs were already eddying to and fro inside the sacred basilica when the official procession entered. In the van came nearly a dozen kavass, in elaborate costumes, pounding the stone floor at every step with their iron-pointed staves. Their medieval jackets were resplendent with gold braid; their knee-breeches striped with the same material. Red fezzes topped their haughty heads; their manner was imposing, commanding, as befitted men whose duty it is to convince the reluctantly parting multitude that the religious dignitaries behind them are the most important beings in this sorry world of ours.

A score or more of the latter came, in the most regal robes known to Catholic service, flanked and interspersed and followed by acolytes, censer-bearers, religious flunkies without number. An impressive service on the raised space before the low, narrow door of the marble basilica, the sepulcher proper. A procession round and round it, the iron-tipped staves insistent, the packed, multi-garbed, many-colored throng giving way almost sullenly, resentfully, insufficiently. Another service before the basilica, broken by the imperative iron on stone of another set of kavass. It was not the Palm Sunday of the Greeks; their religious calendar is a week later than the Latin. But the heavily bearded, black-robed dignitaries of the Eastern Church, their unshorn heads topped by black cylinders, quite evidently did not propose that their chief rivals should monopolize the sacred structure. They too circulated in solemn procession, cutting their way through the ever thickening throng as ocean-going vessels through the surface of the sea—a throng that filled in behind them as swiftly as parted water. They came at length to a halt in their own immense, more than ornate chapel, and forthwith set up such a yowling as all but drowned the Latin service. The rival chanting suggested two mammoth opera choruses occupying the stage together.

With the Greeks had come another myriad of laymen, varied peoples in barbaric garb. The throng increased to rib-cracking proportions, surged like the contents of a gigantic bowl agitated by an earthquake. Copts from Egypt, massed about their high priest and his score of assistants, in garments that would have been the envy of an Ethiopian prince, bored through to their tiny sanctum at the back of the basilica. Another influx of iron-tipped staves heralded the Armenian clergy, rivaling the Greeks in bearded, long-haired pomposity strangely out of keeping with either their national importance or Christian humility. Maronites from the Lebanon struggled through to the narrow entrance of their dungeon-like chapel, dark and musty as an undersea vault, made barely visible by candles smoking for lack of air. The little crypt was quickly packed to immovability by spectators, in many cases forced into it against their wills. The not too well washed priests in dingy black performed their antics, chanting in Arabic, with far less than the requisite elbow-room. They seemed not in the least to mind even the merely curious onlookers; were indeed, completely indifferent to the pious of their own faith. Worship is certainly public worship in the Holy Sepulcher, and the priest who demands the reverent dignity of the services we know, has no fitting place there.

The Copts were wailing their bisected service as I fought my way out into the main throng again. Their fat brown-faced high priest, looking so Arabic in his flat red fez wrapped with a white turban that no wonder a pious tourist was heard mumbling protests against allowing Moslems to worship in so sacred a Christian edifice, seemed anything but benign; for the back end of the sepulcher serves them as chapel, and because of the public route about it the high priest's view of the altar was continually, sometimes almost permanently, cut off by the milling crowd. The police struggled to keep the thoroughfare between him and his altar open; crowds of many creeds were constantly vortexing about him, often all but sweeping him off his stanch feet. These minor sects, who either neglected to get in on the ground floor when the Holy Sepulcher was young (if indeed they existed then) or could not afford a choice site, must endure the usual punishment for lack of foresight or wealth. Some of them are even worse off than the Copts of Egypt.

But for Great Britain the public passageway between the Egyptian high priest and his altar would have been the scene of pitched battles, not without serious casualties. For centuries past constant clashes between rival Christian sects sharing the rights of the Holy Sepulcher have been averted, when at all, by armed force. In the days of my youth the barriers between the creeds were Turkish soldiers. In patched and ragged shoddy, the fezzes on their heads black about the edges from their oily unwashed scalps, they leaned lazily on their rusting old rifles, often with a cigarette hanging languidly from a lower lip, and leered at the ritual antics of the hated unbelievers. The one great change that has come over the Holy Sepulcher is in this matter of its umpires: English officers commanding a score of soldier-police of their own race, spick and span in khaki and in respectful attitudes, and at least twice that many members of the Palestinian gendarmerie, outwardly faultless in their dark uniforms topped by black-and-brown lamb's-wool "bearskins," keep order to-day.

There are Moslems, Jews, Christians of many brands among this police force of mandated Palestine. But they are not the sneering, unwashed Moslems of other days. Were there nothing but their official manner to distinguish them, it would be hard to tell them from their English comrades. They rule the throng almost as deftly as the superlatively British officers themselves, parting, uniting, compacting it when a space is needed, only rarely falling from their British-taught aloofness to their racial deficiencies. Perfected police, one concludes, until one notes that the eye of a British officer somewhere is almost perpetually upon them. No rifles or other italics of force in the Holy Sepulcher of to-day; British prestige alone may not quite suffice to keep a constant truce between the sects, but khaki-framed imperturbable faces are almost emphasis enough. Only a riding-crop in the efficient hands of the commander-in-chief as visible weapon.

The Catholic ceremony has reached its height; the cadenced howling of the Greeks beyond the ornate archway is unable to smother it. The police hold hands, forming better than a rope barrier between the Latins and their several rivals. There is an advantage now in the ability to speak English—unaccented, even in its American version—in the Holy Sepulcher. Two hands unclasp for me, join again before any of the mere throng presume to trespass on the precedent of special privilege. Inch by inch, by contortion and presumption, I wedge my way within imperfect sight of the chief performers. But what is this? Why come half-way around the world to see strange ceremonies when . . . ? Naturally one expected, had the right to expect, that the central figure at the altar should be the venerable Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, potentate of all Roman Catholic Palestine. And instead? An obviously Irish-American face, handsome and youthful, above a tall and stately figure. Archbishop William J. Hayfield of Raleigh, North Carolina, some one whispers in my ear; reputed the youngest Catholic archbishop in captivity!

Well, after all, why not? A far more romantic figure to the majority of the spectators than the long-familiar patriarch. He is too tall, this youthful prelate from far beyond the seas, to get inside the sepulcher proper, even without his miter. He stoops to conquer. Every possible atom of the milling multitude surges in after him. Most of us can only guess, from an occasional note of muffled chanting, a whiff of incense, what goes on within. Used to advantage in his football days, one fancies, that splendid frame of the infant archbishop, for in time he emerges, among the first, and apparently unscathed.

An endless file of "palms," many of them like elaborate Christmas-trees, are now laid reverently before him. He sits calmly, yet, being young, quite evidently thrilled, blessing them as they come. Those who cannot reach him thrust their confections in through the blackened round holes on either side of the marble basilica; the blessing presence of the youthful archbishop evidently still lingers there. Little by little the constant flux in the throng is marked by a growing stream, blessed palms floating on its surface in the general direction of the outer door. At length the stately young archbishop, regal in his royal purple, surrounded by lesser potentates of the church like an Oriental king by his slaves, a colorful procession stretching behind him, moves slowly out, the British police line standing as perfectly and reverently at attention as if all of them were Irish. The Latin patriarch's kavass, pounding the stone pavement as though they would split it with their staves, lead on through the throng-packed space outside the entrance, command their way down the narrow, crowded, stone-paved street of old Jerusalem to the monastery-pension of Casa Nova.

Without ever leaving the Holy Sepulcher one may attend an almost continuous performance during Easter fortnight. All the sects with a holding there offer also several services a day in their own cathedrals, monasteries, churches, chapels; form street processions, pilgrimages to neighboring shrines. Several printed programs help the visitor. The Roman Catholics issue one of twenty pages, in Latin. The Greek Orthodox patriarchate honors us with one in English. The Armenians alone could keep the pious pilgrim or the merely curious traveler constantly occupied, between the doings in their own Church of St. James and in the Holy Sepulcher. The small and, except to themselves, unimportant sects are legion, and not to be outdone in number of services. And for those to whom picturesqueness comes second, there is a full Anglican fortnight also; no dearth of other Protestant doings—though none of the brands we commonly consider such have any foothold in the Holy Sepulcher. Real-estate rights there were preëmpted before the protesting sects appeared, and here is one spot where the "realtor" depending upon commissions for re-sales would starve.

Even the true pilgrim cannot hope to attend everything; the mere tourist may pick and choose—must, in fact, or end with ritual indigestion. The high spots are fairly easy to distinguish. No great loss if one skips everything from that first Sunday evening to Maundy Thursday—an opportunity to see other parts of Palestine. But Good Friday is imperative, and with Saturday the Easter week of the bearded Eastern churches begins. The Armenians and the Greeks have their solemn entrances into the Holy Sepulcher. An imposing procession of Greek priests and monks saunters through the streets of old Jerusalem—which in this season are little more than church or mosque or synagogue aisles. Many of the shopkeepers—those two Moslem shoemakers with their little den just outside the entrance to the Holy Sepulcher, for instance—have free reserved seats for all that long fortnight's striking pageants, without ever laying aside their work. The huge old rabbit warren of a monastery held by the Greeks these many centuries, adjoining, almost a part of, the Holy Sepulcher, exudes champion beard-growers. They sally forth in solemn procession, barbarously gaudy fellows, culminating in the aged Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, an impressive white-bearded figure, despite the ends of dingy unpressed trousers showing beneath his regal robes. Kavass with iron-tipped staves are again to the fore. It happens that there is a Greek among them; but only rarely are kavass of the same faith as those they escort, being nearly always Moslems.

On that second Sunday the Latin Easter and the Palm Sunday of the Eastern churches coincide. The British police heads provide an official time-table, as exact as a train schedule, just as did those of the sultan before them, that collisions between rival sects may be reduced to a minimum. Yet rare indeed is the year when they have been wholly avoided; and this year was not one of them.

For after all, what good is a time-table without an official inspection of clocks and watches? It seems that the Catholic timepiece was two minutes slow, or the Greek two minutes fast, or vice versa. There were countercharges afterward of tampering with clocks; but that would be splitting hairs, having in mind the timepieces of Jerusalem. In any case, one of the best battles took place that has so far occurred in the sacred edifice since the British came to Palestine. The police had to interfere more vigorously than usual. No real bodily injuries, like the gouged-out eye of the Turkish chief of police who ruled Jerusalem when first I knew it, but some sacred gowns torn, holy beards tugged—an atrocious sacrilege—some bruises among the laymen outposts of both or all three parties; and such severe injuries to dignity and prestige that the case was referred to the League of Nations!

If possible the Holy Sepulcher was more crowded than on the previous Sunday: Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, Russians, Copts, Maronites, poor Syrian semi-Catholics, black Abyssinians—an endless inventory of sects. Usually there are no seats in the Holy Sepulcher. To-day the Catholics had put in several rows of wooden benches—partly, one suspects, knowing something of the centuries of squabbles between sects in the holy places of Palestine, to annoy the others by curtailing their moving space. The jostling is incessant, the crushing constant, the din deafening, the stone floor harder standing than ever. The smell of garlic outdoes that of incense; there are pungent reminders that Jerusalem is short on water, pickpockets to be guarded against, and those equally nimble creatures that jump from man to man. One needs sound nerves, hard muscles, solid ribs, and a sunny disposition, to take part in these great ceremonies in the Holy Sepulcher, even as a mere spectator.

Lines of British and Palestinian police stood close about the actual performers, holding hands, leaning backward against the massed spectators. Take care not to get pocketed behind the broad police captain whom, for convenience' sake, we will call Duff, for you will see nothing; behind his long, lanky superior of monocle-wearing grade your view will be cut down the middle, as behind a pillar. Duff is twenty stone or so in weight, twenty-five or so in years, in the prime of life in efficiency, seventy-five in impressiveness. The mere pressure of his bulk sets most crowds to moving. If the packing is so incredible that this is insufficient, his riding-crop flashes forth, beating painlessly yet noisily on the skirts of stagnant Oriental men, even of their women if a passage simply must be dug. For all his bulk, Duff is everywhere at once, untangling every tangle, nipping clashes in the bud, incidentally giving those of his own speech tips and hints:

"Sure, slip in around the pillar over there. . . . No, I take my sleep when this fortnight shindy's over."

The throng suspects no meaning in his under-breath remarks; imprecations perhaps. A Greek priest buffeting the throng in a vain attempt to reach some particular spot appeals to a British soldier: "Don't pay any attention to that old geezer," murmurs Duff, in flight from one point of concentration to another. "He don't amount to a row of pins."

The priest smiles as if at a compliment, is mollified. The bull-built Copt high priest starts to burrow his way through the Latin crowd; no other hour of the day or day of the year would do, of course. The throng resists; the British soldier is again in doubt. Miraculously Duff is here, solves the problem with an "Oh, yes, he has the right to go and kiss that cross," an open sesame flourish of his riding-crop, and is gone again. No partiality about Duff; he is British colonial rule personified.

Dignified and solemn-faced as if they took every religious antic at par, these British umpires of the Holy Sepulcher; none of the cynical leering, the childish peering, the fanatical sneering of the disreputable Turkish soldiers who once had this unwelcome task. There are many more English police in Palestine than two years ago, and they get the best jobs, complain the natives. But to see them in action—or that typically British inaction which accomplishes more than activity does among the volatile races—is to know that it is not office-seeking alone that brings them.

To be sure, even British impartiality can be overdone. Moslems are not likely to despise Christians less when, though only Moslem policemen may enter the so-called Mosque of Omar grounds, those of any faith, any Jew or Mohammedan tourist-baiter posing as a guide, may enter the Holy Sepulcher—just as your rank-and-file Moslem forms his own conclusions from the fact that he may go to Jerusalem at will, while no Christian may set foot within miles of Mecca. It is true that Moslems without official standing are expected to keep out of the Christian edifices during important ceremonies; but only the very experienced among the British police can recognize them, and their fellow Moslems on the police force are not likely to be rigid in the matter.

On the other hand, the most respectable Christian may visit the site of Abraham's offering of Isaac and of Solomon's Temple only by Moslem suffrance, at certain hours and by paying a generous fee; he may be ordered out of a mosque entrance, away from a vantage-point too near the Moslem women spectators of a street procession to suit some fanatic, by any foul-mouthed donkey-boy or yawping street urchin, without redress through the British-ruled police. Yet a jet-black Moslem in police uniform may thrust white women about inside the Holy Sepulcher without a protest from his British superior. Such poor psychology is not usual in England's rule over aliens. These things cannot but lower the prestige of the white man, the Christian; and our prestige is about all we have left in the East.

However, we are letting our thoughts wander from the pageant within the Holy Sepulcher. The Greeks are late with their Palm Sunday procession, because they physically cannot get inside the building. It is like trying to pour more water into a bucket already running over; some of the others must be crowded out first. Again the poor Syrians have been shut up within their dark crypt like rats in their holes; again the fat Copt high priest is suffering from the physical infirmity of his chapel. This time the chief actor in the Latin ceremony is plainly of the Old World, though still not the venerable Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Greeks, on the other hand, exhibit their principal star, a patriarchal figure indeed.

Once they do force their way in, theirs is a very impressive service, more colorful than mere words can express. But long and tiresome, even to the aged patriarch, one reads in his bored expression, his evident desire to sit down instead of standing by the hour in his throne resembling an ornate sentry-box, clutching his bejeweled shepherd's crook. Over and over again, a score, a hundred, so many times that it would become unendurable, were there any possibility of escape, the ancient Greek words for "Lord, forgive!" are incessantly chanted. Rumanian nuns in black capes and bell-boy hats set jauntily on their heads squirm in spite of themselves. Greek laymen of standing—in two senses—sway on their well-trousered legs at the foot of the throne. Interminably the monotonous chanting drones on. The pressure of the multicolored throng threatens to injure the myriad sacred ornaments, tawdry and artistic, with which the chapel walls are covered. The silver-reinforced ikons flash back the flickering of candles until the eyes are weary. A woman faints, but cannot fall. The privileged in the gallery above the chapel-entrance surge until the outside layer gasps with the fear of falling upon the massed multitude below.

Then at last the chanted words change, relieving the ears. Bearded priests approach the throne in pairs, kneel in unison, kiss the wearily extended patriarchal hand, kneel again, withdraw, to be immediately succeeded by another identically bearded black-robed pair . . . pair after pair, without end. Frock-coated Greek laymen follow them. The Rumanian nuns, the orthodox of other nationalities demand their osculatory rights. Greeks of lower degree, of both sexes, of all ages, even infants in arms, press forward. The patriarchal hand, emaciated with age, all but inert with fatigue, seems in danger of being kissed away entirely, like many a popular ikon.

The ordeal is over at last. Helping hands reverently assist the patriarch to the floor; the kavass-led procession fights its way out into the welcome sunshine.

Porcelain replicas of ostrich-egg shells, gaily colored, are threaded by hundreds on lines hanging from the vault of the Armenian Church of St. James. Some are old and artistic. They have a symbolic meaning; a practical use, too, in that they keep rats from running up and down the lines from ikons to dome. Tapestries, some of them magnificent old products of Armenian hand-looms, hide the altar. Hanging silver lamps by the score, innumerable age-darkened portraits of saints and successful ecclesiastical politicians clutter the interior. Every inch of the walls, the four sides of every square pillar, are covered with old religious paintings. But in Jerusalem there are few works of art, as such, worth coming to see. Quaint, amusing, revered for their age and association, yes; but seldom artistic.

I came there first for an early morning service, interminable chanting punctuated by quick changes, worthy an experienced vaudeville actor, of richly embroidered robes. I remained for a christening, privileged to hold the Armenian response book for the American Episcopal godfather. He was from Chicago, and as thoroughly barbered as his scores of Armenian fellow-priests were not. It seems that underneath their ritual and widely divergent opinions on manly beauty, the Episcopal and the Armenian churches are identical in creed.

On Thursday afternoon the stage was set, in St. James's again, for the Washing of the Feet. The Greeks had performed a similar ceremony that morning, the Latins the week before. The audience was large, cosmopolitan. Rows of chairs for a favored twoscore at the foot of the stage; the ordinary crowd standing. The meek may inherit the earth, but not reserved seats. I marched boldly forward, mumbled the name of the godfather I had assisted, was bowed to a choice place. Two or three Catholic priests were seated among us; most sects were represented; for the superlative religious performances in Jerusalem are frankly theatrical, never exclusive. Blue-gray silk or satin curtains, covered with portraits of pop-eyed disciples, by no master artist, hid the stage. The myriad porcelain rat-balls filling all the upper air gleamed in the weird light. A candlestick twelve feet high, larger in diameter than two hands could encompass, and holding a candle nearly as large, stood on each side of the stage.

The drawn curtain disclosed the patriarch in the center of a long seated row of men and youths; a row tapering down as to age and magnificence of beards at either end. The patriarch's beard was snow-white, those flanking him gray, the next two graying, the others jet-black; all except those of the youths on the ends reached the waists of their proud wearers. I have my suspicions that championship in beard-growing is not without its influence in the election of a patriarch. Only one dreadfully discordant note intruded into this otherwise perfect bearded symmetry: the Episcopal colleague from Chicago looked—if I may disclaim any intent of the disrespect I am far from feeling for the one visibly live cell in St. James's—like a hairless Mexican dog mistakenly entered in a showing of collies and terriers.

All these rival beard-growers were in flowery flowing robes, with black hood-capes over their stovepipe head-dress. Most of them looked completely devoid of personality; nothing but old men, each absurdly grasping in a fat inefficient fist a lighted candle. Some looked like unshaven vagrants dressed up for the occasion—there are thousands in Jerusalem who wear the trappings of religion like supers on a stage.

Some very poor chanting began. One had the right to expect better vocal performances from men with nothing else, except the growing beards, to occupy them. The patriarch—an involuntary glance at the already voluminous report on the ceremony, which an energetic young lady beside me was writing, told me that I should call him "His Beautitude"—took to droning "Dray-own-ya! Dray-own-ya! Dray-own-ya!" whatever that may mean, so endlessly that a blind observer would have thought it came from a phonograph with the needle stuck in a groove of the record. Some one at last must have shaken the apparatus, for the patriarchal voice went on finally in less monotonous if no more comprehensible Armenian. Some one else read something interminably. The action dragged horribly; both author and stage-director seemed to be at fault. But at length the patriarch's right-hand man arose and poured water from a large silver teapot into a broad silver basin at a corner of the stage. Another bearded performer lifted off the delta-shaped head-dress of His Beatitude, disclosing a totally deforested dome in startling contrast to the magnificent hirsute success of the lower face. A choir that had been chanting, squatted cross-legged on the floor below the stage, kindly fell silent. It was evident that a crisis was approaching.

There arose a pot-bellied priest, playing perfectly the part of a well-fed tramp, a tramp too lazy to shave or too poor to afford a hair-cut, who was now about to go through some amusing stunt that would earn him a meal. Clutching an ornate silver cross in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, he crossed the stage with the stealthy tread of a burglar who had just stolen the one and was lighting his way out with the other. He moved the broad silver basin an inch to the right, back an inch, an inch to the right again. More bad chanting—there is no good and some dreadful chanting in Jerusalem. Then His Beatitude, coiffed with a crown in place of his delta head-dress, was helped to his feet, walked to the basin, knelt beside it, with assistance and difficulty, sat down on his heels. On his face was a bored, almost a disgusted expression: like all of us, he evidently found some details of his job unpleasant.

One by one the entire row of priests arose and came to him, kissed a book, withdrew one bare foot from its slipper—the other still wearing a heavy woolen sock—and presented it. It was always the right foot; no doubt the left would be washed next year. His Beatitude sprinkled with water from the silver basin a small spot on the top of each foot set before him, dabbed that spot with a towel (the same towel) and put on a bit of what looked like lard, though it may have been salve, from a heaping plate of it within easy reach. The foot-owner resumed his slipper, kissed the Bible, if such it was, and waddled back to his place. Last to come was the man from Chicago. Canny fellow, or perhaps only forgetful: he wore socks on both feet!

I shall attempt no inventory of the churches of Jerusalem worth at least a glance by even the un-pious tourist. If I did it would include Our Lady of the Spasm, church of the Uniate Armenians—the Catholic Armenians, I believe it is proper to call them, though I assume no responsibility in a field in which I am woefully ignorant. Or there is the new church just outside the north wall, adjacent to Jerusalem's new post-office, where the Blue Sisters pray perpetually. Two are always kneeling at the altar, night and day, changing hourly. Whether there are forty-eight of them, or whether some or all do double shifts, or divide into watches, like sailors out of port, is more than I can tell you. The faces of the Blue Sisters are never seen by laymen, here in the church, and only by women "pilgrims" who find accommodations in their adjacent nunnery at any time. For we are shut out by a solid grille, behind seats for many nuns. Impressive, and in its way romantic, this perpetual prayer. But some of Jerusalem's secluded types of nuns, driven out of their establishments during the war, were pitiful with untended diseases and neglected teeth.

However, it is time we hurried back to the Holy Sepulcher again. Easter Saturday, by the Eastern calendar, has come, and with it the noonday service of the Holy Fire. Perhaps the most impressive, certainly the most exciting barbaric ceremony of them all is this hang-over from pagan worship of long before Christ. Impossible to crowd the Holy Sepulcher more than it had been the Sunday before, one would have said, yet the incredible was accomplished. A compact mob was already surging to and fro, long before the chief actors had left their monasteries. Women, to all appearances Moslem Bedouins of the desert—for some were veiled, as well as Arab in queer garb and nomad manner—squatted in rows on the stone floor along all the side walls, on stairways to the upper regions, in nooks and corners, behind pillars, on jutting ledges. They pulled out cow-like udders when children old enough to speak called for sustenance. Up the several stories of galleries, in openings only as wide as the pillars between them, solid walls of Oriental people were howling with excitement, quarreling, struggling for a peephole. Even the tiny topmost galleries of the dome were packed, miniature faces peering down as from an airplane.

They were not Moslem, of course, most of these Mohammedan-looking people, these women who cowered in corners, who looked ashamed when the eye of a strange man caught them half unveiled. They were pilgrims from lands where the veil for women is a social custom and is not confined to followers of the Prophet; communicants of queer Christian sects, come in many cases from long distances to the east and south for the ceremony that appeals most to them. Moslems do gather at the Holy Sepulcher, inside if possible, to see the miraculous fire. For though they are not followers of

Christ, they too believe it blessed to behold miracles. But in the main the multitude called itself Christian. Though there were hundreds in more or less European garb, pilgrims from all the lands of Europe, from the New World, these were but a scattering among the mass in strange Oriental costumes.

Copts come the day before and camp in the Holy Sepulcher for this crowning ceremony. Rows of women and children, even many men, roll up in quilts and sleep on the stone floors. Families fill niches, rent space in the galleries, erect new ladders to reach them, bring their mats, their food, even a certain domestic utensil rarely mentioned in polite society, which they pay men to carry out and empty, because to do so themselves would mean losing their places. A labyrinth of underground, overhead chapels, of unexpected, unbelievable nooks and crannies, the Holy Sepulcher, of good bedrooms belonging to the wealthier sects, which may be rented; and a sparrow could not have found standing-room within sight of the center of activity when the resounding of iron-tipped staves approached at last.

Duff is there, of course, moving even the unmovable. His haughty superior of the monocle looks disdainfully on from his natural point of vantage. He is too high in the British hierarchy to descend to physical coercion, but his cold reinforced eye commands his scattered minions as if by electric contact. They look jaded now with their fortnight's constant vigil, those English and Palestinian policemen whose faces have grown so familiar. Duff himself will be glad when it is all over, one senses, though fatigue and Duff seem utter strangers. In fact, he tells us so, in a flitting, half-whispered word between one whirlpool of unwashed humanity and another.

Fortunately, any normal-sized American can easily see over so Mediterranean a crowd, even though many wear the tarboosh. A solid yet, outwardly at least, a good-natured mass of cosmopolitan mankind, thanks perhaps to those wooden-faced policemen. For there has been serious fighting during this ceremony, even since the British came. A great pushing-and-shoving match already, vociferous with excited shrieking. A better battle coming, perhaps, for all the vigilant police.

I am not clear whether the Armenians have some part in the Holy Fire ceremony of the Orthodox Eastern Church or merely have one of their own at the same time. No matter; either side would be glad to interfere with the services of the other. The Copts too are much in evidence, and many a sect whose name I make no pretense of knowing. We may skip the preliminaries. The Armenian and Greek patriarchs enter the Holy Sepulcher proper at the same time, and the door is closed. A dangerous proceeding, surely! And forthwith or thereabouts fire miraculously descends from heaven —by way of the Greek patriarch. (One year he forgot his matches, and the Armenian offered him a box. Reputable report has it that before he accepted it he asked, "How much?")

A moment later blazing brands are poked out through holes on each side of the basilica. A candle-bearing riot surges about them. Armenians try to blow out the Greek candles, and vice versa, while fleet-footed youths race to get the sacred fire to their own people before this happens. Copts, Jacobites, Assyrians, even the meek Abyssinians join in the fray. The fire-carriers are like football-players trying to evade tacklers; the scene suggests a freshman-sophomore rush of gigantic proportions, though this is no mere play to the fanatical pilgrims. Fire rises all about us, up into the highest galleries. Asparagus-like bunches of candles are let down from them by cords, some on pulleys; hands thrust other bunches forth, snatching for a light. Rivals blow most of them out, yet the flaring lights multiply. The place is filled with smoke. Flames flash everywhere, by hundreds, upon the surface of the seething sea of upturned faces, around the entire circuit of galleries, high up in the dome. The big domed chamber is like the interior of a huge globe lighted in myriad places. It is strange that the British still allow the ceremony; the danger of a conflagration, a panic, with dire results, is so evident. For even if the Holy Sepulcher is built of stone and plaster, damp with old age, it is filled with tapestries and other inflammable things, packed with tinder-dry sacred junk as an old family garret with the trash of generations.

But this year there is to be no battle royal. We mere spectators are out of luck—lucky, too, perhaps. It is not easy to keep neutral in a battle at such close quarters. A bell or some other signal, unheard by most of us above the pandemonium, announces that the contest is over. The Copts are said to be the winners, the first to make the complete circuit and get back to the entrance of the inner sepulcher without losing their fire. In the maelstrom it is impossible to confirm this. At any rate, the battle of giving and taking away of fire ceases. Bundles of candles by the hundred, single candles by the thousand, divided among groups and families down to the smallest children able to hold them, burn in peace for a few minutes.

The winners indulge in something resembling a snake-dance. The losers, poor sports, insist on interfering. There is another of those endless snail-paced processions round and round the basilica. Barbaric costumes, men of all colors, howling and dancing, atrocious chanting. Gradually the storm-tossed waves calm down. One by one most of the holders blow out their candles. The dense haze hiding the dome slowly thins. The kavass-escorted dignitaries make their way out, many of the crowd with them. But not all, by any means. The Copts, among others, will sleep here another night; for at dawn to-morrow they celebrate their Easter Day.

And this is Christianity. Probably there is not a scene to equal it in Benares or Lhasa. In the good old pre-Bolshevik days the "holy fire" was rushed down to Jaffa and across to Russia, where it lighted the altars for another year. Russian pilgrims still come to Jerusalem. But they come in no such hordes as in the days of the czar; and if they carry the sacred fire back with them it is as individuals, unofficially.

Little respite for the weary sightseer in Jerusalem these last days of the Easter fortnight. Barely time to hurry home for food and back to some other pageant that must not be missed. This same evening comes the Abyssinian service on the roof of St. Helena's Chapel. There is an African village on top of the Holy Sepulcher at all times. The intricate old structure is so crowded within, space so expensive, that the poor Abyssinians have to camp out on the roof. Surely Sheba should have spoken a kind word for them. Here, in the heart of old Jerusalem, there are mud huts, outdoor cooking fires, scrawny old black women who look like voodoo witches; there are even bushes enough about their roof-built huts to suggest jungle to the lively imagination; and in the semi-darkness of a half-moon one almost expects a lion to step out of it.

To-night, for the one time in the year, a crowd is coming up the intricate outdoor stairs beginning way over near the Damascus Gate. It needs a guide to get to many places within and upon the Holy Sepulcher. Fortunately the companionable American room-mate crowded conditions had forced me upon knows every stick and stone of the ancient city. A cloth pavilion has been erected against the wall upholding the dome above. Every possible vantage-place is crowded. There are only stars now; the moon is gone. Tom-toms sound—really two long drums, which negroes strike with their hands. Immense gaudy umbrellas appear; smaller ones inside the pavilion. Peering in, one can make out other negroes, in the gaudiest of finery. A jingling of small bells sounds, punctuated now and then by the adult male voice of a large one of the Holy Sepulcher itself. Abyssinians are evidently not exact in the matter of time, but at last a procession slowly forms at the opening of the pavilion, marches several times slowly around the chapel cupola in the center of the flat flagstoned roof. It seems to be under the half-efficient management of a layman negro, who looks as if he might be some not very successful lawyer.

Negro boys in all their glory, solemn glory, candles in hand. All those who wish join in the procession, some perhaps out of sympathy, some surely only in order to see better. Among them a Greek, an Armenian, several Catholic priests, a British arch-something gorgeous in purple and red and a huge gold cross, with a most won't-ish, close-shaven, esthetic, or hungry, face, Englishwomen who, I happened to know, having traveled with them, were no more religious than I, passed, each carrying a candle, solemn-faced as if they, too, believed it all. It made one muse on how much is genuine, how much sham, in the ceremonies of Jerusalem.

They make less noise than the other sects, these black or mulatto Abyssinians. A gentle, rather apathetic people, to all appearances. Almost all of them have emaciated faces; all are mouth-breathers. Rather like Andean Indians in their air of sadness, even less belligerent, probably. Fatalists, one would say, having almost nothing but their complexions and their love of gaudy colors in common with our sturdy, happy-go-lucky darkies. Somehow they left a sense of the pathetic.

The focus of the procession, archbishop or better, was a black personification of richly garbed humility, one of the few pictures of Christian humility among the highly placed of many sects; a very apologetic air, though he was perhaps the most gorgeously arrayed of all the living gods of Jerusalem, wearing a crown Charlemagne would have envied; tambourines, held high on sticks, rattling before and behind him.

There were tomtoms again after a circuit or two of the domed place in the center of the flat roof. Then the procession squashed itself, rather languidly, before the opening of the cloth pavilion. As many as possible crowded inside. White men and women, as well as black, came to kneel and kiss the rug beneath the feet of the gorgeous, obsequious seated negro; kissed his hand or the ring on it. Then slowly we drifted away into the faintly starlit night.

There had again been miserable weather, for a day or two, just before the Greek Easter. A sad contrast to the fine days preceding: a high penetrating wind, half an inch of plaster-like mud everywhere. But Saturday was cloudless; and by four in the afternoon the mud had become dust-clouds again. There is no more delightful land than this when the weather is fine, though a lawn here and there would be a great improvement. On fair days it is impossible to stay indoors; one is constantly wandering the colorful streets, always afraid of missing something. For in this season Jerusalem is perhaps the most picturesque conglomeration of humanity in the world, shows the greatest collection of costumes, most racial mixtures, bitter rivalries. Yet the holy city is no melting-pot; its component parts remain distinct, for all the mingling.

In the Holy Sepulcher that last Sunday was disappointing. That is, I overslept and when I got there the hundreds who had been camping out in it were gone. They had left after the Easter morning mass at dawn, or at least after a final beauty-sleep following it. Many of them were already miles away on their homeward journeys. The place was empty, except for the débris the camping pilgrims had left behind.

True, the Greeks had their noonday Easter procession, which ends the doings of the crowded fortnight. But a rather meager audience watched it, lackadaisically, and then sauntered homeward, leaving only a handful of us to wander about within the Holy Sepulcher. It was like the Stock Exchange just after the business of the day is over; like a city in which you have tried in vain to buy or rent a home, and now suddenly find that war or pestilence or something has put even the choicest dwellings within your reach, for a mere song.

For now comes the time of feasting, at home; public religious doings are over. Jerusalem returns to normal. Yet there is always something going on in the holy city. Next Sunday and the following there will be other processions, solemn if less crowded ceremonies. Easter pilgrim time really lasts for five weeks, and the good priests, the shopkeepers do not want people to get out of the habit of expecting something that will keep them coming, and spending, at all seasons. Life in Jerusalem would be lonely without pilgrims.

CHAPTER IV

NON-CHRISTIAN EASTER DOINGS

AS if the Christian ceremonies alone were not enough to leave in a state of collapse the Easter visitor to Jerusalem, this same season brings many important observances among the two other religions to which Palestine is the Holy Land.

Not unnaturally, Jewish Passover comes during the Christian Easter. By Latin Good Friday afternoon all Jews with the price to spare were having their shoes shined. Those brassily decorated portable outfits common to all the Near East, at which the customer stands and the proprietor or his deputy sits, as no doubt is proper, had migrated almost in a body from their usual place just outside the Jaffa Gate to the narrow main street of the Jewish quarter of old walled Jerusalem. Next day all Jews above the line of complete indigence wore new clothing; all Jewish shops were closed.

To be sure, Jewish Jerusalem quits work about one o'clock every Friday afternoon. Its progressive young men may play athletic games on Saturday, but they must not change their clothes—since that is work—until the Jewish Sabbath is over. That, as you may know, begins at sundown on Friday and ends with sunset on Saturday. More reasonable, perhaps, this Oriental way of reckoning a day, than our own of splitting them apart at midnight. Be that as it may, you will see many young men of Semitic features wandering about Jerusalem, outside the walls, any late Saturday afternoon, in shorts, gymnasium pants, abbreviated costumes, whatever you are wont to call them—in brief, the sweated and soiled garments of outdoor play.

There is the greatest possible contrast, within a single race, between these game-playing youths and the robed, bearded, curl-growing, fur-halo wearing men hurrying to and from the synagogues within the old city. As I may have said before, the recorded population of Jerusalem now includes more Jews than Christians. Among them are all possible types, whipped-dog faces from the ghettoes of eastern Europe to self-satisfied citizens of the United States or England. Sun-browned colonists in from their fields suggest breeding-bulls in their robust health and assertiveness, in contrast with the degenerate-looking Jews who dwell within the city. These anemic intramural Jews of holy Jerusalem, a curl dangling before each ear—monk-like in their colorless, indistinctive every-day garb, elusive, shade-dwelling, sunshine-starved or sunshine-fearing—remind one of potato plants grown in a cellar, so pale and unwholesome-looking are they. They live and keep shop in little holes in the wall of the insalubrious Jewish quarter, live and pray in cellars, rarely if ever have enough to eat; so that they are pasty in complexion, thin, stoop-shouldered, of a ratty appearance compared with either the halutzim, their sturdy outdoor fellow-Jews of the colonies, or with the healthy-looking Arabs.

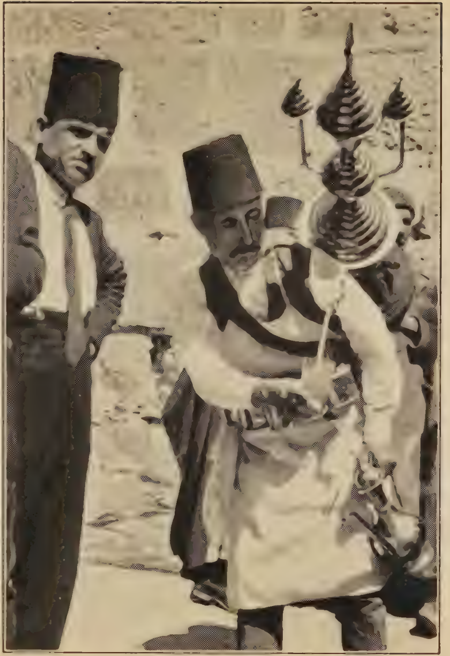
These cellar-grown Jews are the only ones who have been continually in Jerusalem even for the past century. Some own a bit of land outside the walls; a few have remitting relatives; most of them eke out a miserable livelihood by selling things to one another, and by saying prayers for absent Jews. The praying live with their noses to the West Wall, as they call it, wailing on their own or some absentee's account —for one may bewail by proxy the destruction of the temple.

Passover Sabbath is the most populous day of the year at what we know as the Jews' Wailing Place. The intricate and still not immaculate way to it was lined with miserable Jewish beggars; and veiled Moslem women picked their steps disdainfully through the throng toward their dirty den-like huts in the labyrinth of little old homes in that quarter. In the narrow space before the sacred wall Jews of high and low degree were gathered, from those in purple bath-robes and fur halos up through all the gradations to the latest, shirt-matching collars, Broadway garb. All day long there, at the foot of the West Wall of the temple compound they may not enter, eddied a Jewish throng of many costumes and nationalities, bewailing their lot, rocking back and forth on their feet as they read from their holy books, some now and then kneeling, many kissing the great porous stones —big as those of the pyramids, and marked with the hands and mementoes of many Jewish generations—raising voices continually in individual or choral weeping.

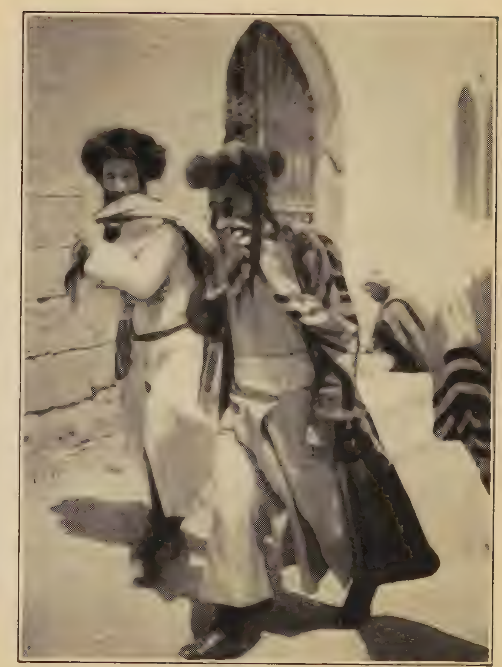
It is very public mourning. The Wailing Wall is one of the sights of Jerusalem, and to it, particularly on special days like this, come almost as many curious Gentiles as mournful Jews. Bad taste is not lacking among the spectators: witness, for example, this procession of half a dozen French Catholic priests, led by a bishop, followed by a score of their tourist-pilgrims. Each has a huge red cross, almost like a challenge, sewed on his outer garment; and they plow their way down through the narrow crowded space, discussing the sights with Gallic frankness as they go. In the Jewish throng are all the gradations of human character, as well as many nationalities; some show their resentment to the point of open protest, others whine for alms.

I cannot tell you whether there is any special significance in stationing a Scotch policeman in the Wailing Place of the

The Nebi Musa procession entering Jerusalem



The seller of colored drinks



Orthodox Jews in Jerusalem

Jews during those busy days. Sometimes Moslem rowdies drop stones from the so-called Mosque of Omar compound high above. It may be that Gentiles need police protection; though that is scarcely likely on a day when business is forbidden. Perhaps it is for such parties as the French cross-wearers, or to protect the disdainful veiled women whose right of way leads through the throng; possibly clashes between faiths are conceivable here also, though there is plainly no likelihood of this as compared with the all-Christian Holy Sepulcher. In proof whereof, one lone policeman, so weary of inaction that he glows with excitement at an opportunity to give his version of human frailties, in a delightful Highland dialect.

But stay! Have we perhaps discovered one of his scant duties? On the unsacred inclosing wall hangs, just above him, a sign in three languages, the English version reading:

> This is a Holy Place and visitors are to avoid smoking and in so far as possible the taking of photographs.

Obviously one to whom snap-shooting is both personally and professionally second nature does not find it possible to avoid it entirely. There is a hidden significance in the sign, anyway; pay your posers and it loses its meaning. Otherwise only by extreme stealth and snappy adroitness can you catch a picture of the wailers, especially at this holy season. Indeed, the Jews in their religious moments in Jerusalem, especially those of the strict orthodox faith in their synagogue garb, object much more to being photographed than do the Moslems nowadays. They are wise beyond most races in recognizing the business end of a camera, too, and exceedingly clever at side-stepping a snapper of long, hard experience, or dodging the patch of sunshine he requires for his purpose.

A young Zionist teacher, born in Austria, took me to every synagogue in old Jerusalem. The largest one within the walls was half wrecked by a great lamp recently fallen from the dome, upon what in my ignorance I must call the pulpit. Hidden galleries for the women encircled the big chamber, well above the foot-smoothed stone floor. From an outside gallery around the base of the dome may be seen all the sacred temple compound that no Jew may enter. For though it is said that a few Jewish tourists from England or America have managed it, by paying the Moslems their entrance fee and passing unsuspected, pious Jews do not enter for fear of treading on some part of the ancient holy of holies.

Cellar after cellar of synagogues, some mere dungeons. The men rock on their feet or walk as they pray, now silently, now and again bursting out in a wailing sound as if their grief could no longer be contained . . . now all shouting . . . alternating . . . falling silent again. Ten men —and boys under thirteen are not men in the Jewish orthodox sense—must be gathered together before they can hold public service. Chaotic gatherings, yet solemn and reverent; even my companion was told to cease his guiding and attend to his religious duties. The admonisher was older, so there could be no disobedience; the admonished instantly changed from a chatty young European to an orthodox Jew, rocking to and fro on his feet and wailing dolorously.

On through the half-underground labyrinth of Jewish homes, into Spanish-speaking synagogues. A rabbi in a fez leading the service; the cantor in a laborer's cap and garments. Boys running about, sleeping on benches covered with dirty mats, or squatting with their feet drawn up on them. Men also in this Oriental attitude, rocking on their haunches, wailing. No women, unless behind the close wooden screens. The boys no doubt lord it over the unimportant sex when they get home. In synagogues and mosques there is little order. Some bright rabbi or hodja told a Catholic Father that this is because, unlike the Roman Church, they have no Mother.

One may wear a tarboosh, a panama, a cap—anything, so long as the head is covered. When I unconsciously lifted hand to head at the entrance, the teacher caught my arm, saving me from an unpardonable sin. For it is a sacrilege to the Jewish Deity to be bareheaded in an orthodox synagogue, though one may remain shod. In a mosque it does not matter whether one uncovers or not, so long as the feet are not street-shod; in the churches of Jerusalem, as in all the Orient, the rule seems to be, native head-dress on, European off. The traveler needs a book of etiquette in religious places.

A many-ringed circus, Jerusalem at Easter-time; you are probably ready to admit that no one spectator can hope to see all the show. Yet we still have scarcely mentioned the most populous religion of them all. The Moslems also have their Easter-fortnight ceremonies—notably a pilgrimage to the tomb of Nebi Musa—the prophet Moses. Mohammedans believe that Moses is buried down near the shore of the Dead Sea, beneath a domed building that has become a Moslem shrine, especially at this season. We unbelievers cannot go to Mecca; perhaps the next best thing to taking part in the Mecca pilgrimage is to behold the Nebi Musa ceremony at Jerusalem and points east.

There is no fixed date for Nebi Musa. Unlike other Mohammedan holy days, it depends on the Christian calendar, and it is peculiar to Palestine. For Nebi Musa grew up—just as Jerusalem became a Moslem holy place—from political planting. A former Sultan of Turkey, in the days of his lugubrious and lascivious rule, wished to have plenty of his fellow-Moslems in town to offset the danger of an uprising against his inspiring government by the throngs which the Christian Easter and the Jewish Passover bring to Jerusalem. Putting the heads of his more intelligent and less debauched cronies together, he organized a great Mohammedan celebration at this season, with the near-by tomb of Musa as an excuse. The sacred banner goes down to the tomb on that same Latin Good Friday when the Jews are preparing for their Passover. It comes back on the following Thursday; and on the Orthodox Easter Sunday following, the fanatical people of Hebron go through the whole process again.

The sultan is gone, no one knows whither; there will probably never be a Christian uprising against the British, however overcrowded Easter-time may become. But established holidays are seldom decapitated, and Nebi Musa continues to bring colorful hordes to the holy city just at the time when the conscientious sightseer's eyes are already aching from the exertion of trying to see all the circus. What with its three religions, if one may reduce them to so few, Easter in Jerusalem resembles the confirmed theater-goer's semiannual visit to New York.

English soldiers and British-ruled police are again much in evidence. Even Pontius Pilate, you may remember, had a brigade or two up from the coast at Passover-time, to prevent fighting among religious fanatics. And in those simple days Moslems were unknown and Christians were an insignificant if troublesome minor sect that had not yet achieved a name. There were probably crowds much like this in Jerusalem when Jesus was crucified; people from everywhere, hundreds of miles in every direction, the Bedouin rope-crowned head-dress prominent among them. Country women —their lord and master, in the married man's customary freedom from material burdens, preceding them—come plodding into the city from east and west, north and south, carrying the baggage and supplies, and any offspring still incapable of transporting itself. In its new-born state Baby is carried lengthwise across the small of the back, in a cloth supported by the mother's forehead, and is completely invisible beneath many gaily colored wrappings. Later it rides papoose fashion, then sits astride Mother's shoulder, the maternal hand grasping a bare foot. Once in a while even Father generously assists, by letting it straddle his neck; but he must not long tempt the scorn of his fellows by this evidence of female domination. Children everywhere—sleeping swathed across the back, astride a shoulder, a neck, worming in and out of the riotously colored throng. A decidedly blond baby on the shoulder of, or being suckled by, a veiled mother awakens one's curiosity.

Only a few women are "emancipated," in this throng clinging to every point of vantage within sight of the coming procession. If they are city women they are still in black, and most of them are veiled. Few of the country women wear the veil; but they draw a corner of the nearest available portion of their garments across their mouths when a strange man has the audacity to gaze upon them. Bedouin women, in lieu of covering, have their faces tattooed in blue. Women in coin-covered head-dresses, unintentional masquerade costumes, black or flowered veils, no veils at all, strings of coins over their faces like football nose-guards. Every district of Palestine, every social stratum, has its own feminine costume; even the nose-ring is still in vogue among desert- and toil-marked women from the more backwoods sections. Barefoot, in many cases; toe-nails, as well as hair and finger-nails, henna-colored.

But enough of staring at the ladies. Every attainable perch is occupied when at last the procession pours—nay, crawls—out the back entrance of the Mosque of Omar compound, turns at right angles through the adjoining narrow city gate. It is the slowest procession imaginable, taking hours to pass a single spot, not so much because of its length as because it progresses so slowly. Yet it is also very swift, in that bands of men in a religious fervor dance round and round as they advance. Only men in the procession, of course; groups of mounted dignitaries, in full Moslem array, sitting their horses like Arabs; likewise fat paunch-growers from city cafés, sitting them like sacks of meal. Banners of many colors are carried aloft, some evidently old and highly honored, others new, with Arabic words crudely sewed or painted on them.

Rings of young fellows clapping hands, darky style, but fanatical rather than merry. There seems to be little mirth in the Arab, at least when he is in a religious heat. Some will fall by the way, be carried off, perhaps to a hospital, for their ardor in the long dance down to the edge of the Bahr Lut, the Sea of Lot. Amid the dancers are men held aloft on the shoulders of others, whirled about, each swinging above his head two rusty old swords, singing to a catching tune, "May the sword deliver us." Others, similarly armed, stage mock battles on the ground. But the tall English police chief, in helmet and monocle, sitting his superb horse among his handful of mounted fellow-countrymen in uniform, seems unperturbed, smokes an occasional cigarette as he waits at a corner of the road for hours among his mounted native platoon, armed only with new ax-handles.

The day is hot, as it can be in Jerusalem when wind and clouds retire together. The dust raised by the dancing procession makes the locality like the interior of a cement-mill; to descend the sunken road itself is like walking in a flour-bin. Chased off the city wall, commandeered by veiled women, I mixed in the crowd, the edges of the procession itself. Seats for rent in the packed spaces above the sunken road on each side; every possible vantage-point along it covered. All manner of crude Coney Island forms of amusement have grown up along the way: home-made Ferris wheels rotated by hand, their four boxes filled with gaping countrymen and less full-grown children. The gaudy dispenser of doubtful unalcoholic drinks, with his clashing cymbals, the brass of his more than elaborate two-story container flashing in the sunshine as he bows to serve a customer, in his left hand the spouted silver pitcher from which he carelessly rinses in questionable water his four glasses, is only one of many loudly hawking their unsanitary wares among the milling multitude. A bronzed fanatical-looking old countryman, in rope head-dress and garments to match, proves friendly; tries to talk with me. He is proud of his half-grown son, who he says speaks Italian; but the son is too bashful, if nothing worse, to prove it. European garb is no criterion in such a crowd; the best-dressed are sometimes the most fanatical.

All afternoon the slowly progressing, fast-moving procession continues, bit by bit, at snail's pace, a hundred yards or so an hour. It descends into the Valley of Jehoshaphat between the old city and the Garden of Gethsemane, down the highway toward the Dead Sea, blocking it completely for many hours. A brilliant sun rolls down behind the city, the chill of evening falls, and still the procession crawls on, dancing its way in many groups and rings. They will dance all through the night, on into the next day, these fervent followers of the Prophet, all the way down to the reputed tomb of Moses near the Dead Sea, twenty miles or more away. To be sure, it is all downhill; but at the end of a week of religious excitement those who have survived or recovered will dance all the way back, advancing as slowly as ever.

Ten days later, on the second Easter Sunday, there is another Nebi Musa procession, much like the first. Myriads of men from Hebron, reputed most fanatical of all, giving every evidence of it in appearance and manner, pour like a flood-time river in through the breached Jaffa Gate, down the slimy broad steps of David Street, out through the farther wall on toward the Dead Sea. Their veiled women are on the side lines; every roof, coping, window, wall, ledge, toe-hold is covered with people—all day an endless flow of fanatical humanity. I get caught in the stream, squeezed against the walls, rolled along the edges of crude counters before den-like shops, colorful with fruit and all manner of queer and commonplace wares, but come to no real harm. British police protection to be thanked, perhaps; possibly I am overrating the fanaticism. We are so likely to think that a cloth and rope, a fez or a turban, on a man's head make him different.

A dozen young Englishmen in khaki and, now that it is warmer, tropical helmets, armed with rifles, protect the street corners leading to the Holy Sepulcher. Yet, at that, Episcopalians cannot get through to their service. The Jews complain, too, because police were not sent to keep open the crossing leading toward the Wailing Wall, where throngs are still weeping. But the authorities know that Jews and Episcopalians do not engage in religious fisticuffs.

Once more circling groups of dancers, raising clouds of flour-like dust, swordsmen again singing, to a catching tune, "By the sword we shall be delivered." And again the British police heads unperturbed; possibly because they do not understand Arabic, more likely because as long as the throng confines itself to rusty old swords and does not sing, "By the machine-gun we shall be delivered," they need not worry.

Jews wailing, Moslems dancing, singing, howling, fifty-

The Wailing Wall—not easily photographed

Along the way of the Nebi Musa procession

A Nebi Musa spectator

A lady of Bethlehem

seven varieties of Christianity chanting, milling, processioning—and two Jewish teams playing soccer. Latin Easter was a busy day. The soccer game outside the walls was as different from the doings inside as the new Jerusalem is from the old. Two Englishmen played on the Jewish teams, one of them the postmaster. It was the final game of the Palestine Soccer League, the winners to play the Greek professionals from Egypt a Sunday or two later.

But most people take their religions very seriously, even fiercely, out here in the whirlpool of religious rivalries that is the Near East. They are really racial rivalries, though few of the pious seem to recognize the fact, or at least to comprehend it. Closely akin to those of overcrowded Europe; and the cause not genuine religious feeling as most of us understand it, but lack of sufficient economic opportunities—or initiative enough to make them. Little dignity in any of their religious antics compared with ours, little real reverence. Mob conditions, police continually on guard against murderous assaults between differing sects. Perhaps this is what religion means to you; it has little in common with what it does to me. Jerusalem is a place where great emphasis is constantly put on those differences in belief or ritual which are essentially unimportant.

Commercially dead, of course, that Easter-Passover-Nebi Musa Sunday. Jerusalem still has a four-day week! Moslem, Jew, and Christian Sabbaths in succession, and Easter and Christmas and other holidays stretching out like private-school vacations. Loafing habitually half the week, and every little while for weeks at a time, naturally leaves little desire to work, at least to work hard, at any time. Loafing begets loafing. The effect of a three-day Sabbath, a fortnight of Easter and of Christmas is shown in the slow material progress of Jerusalem; though, to be sure, pilgrims bring business.

The so-called Mosque of Omar had been closed to unbelievers all through Nebi Musa. Bad business, one would say, to shut down such a source of revenue during the very nine or ten days when there are most visitors in Jerusalem. But then, the Arab has never had, has never coveted, the reputation of being a good business man; he is above such petty things.

Al-Haram al-Sharif is by far the largest open space inside the walls of Jerusalem. The dome that stands out within it so conspicuously, in both size and beauty, in almost any view of Jerusalem, seems to shrink when at last one enters the great compound. Gentlemanly Moslems, speaking some English, usually hang about the entrance, known as Bab al-Silsileh, by which unbelievers are sometimes admitted. Outwardly they are quite unlike the fanatical Hebron horde that so lately quitted the city. They charge you fifteen piasters (seventy-five cents) admission; or, rather, to give the affair a less commercial flavor, they sell you a thin pamphlet purporting to be a guide-book in English to the "August Sanctuary" you are entering, tearing off a perforated and officially stamped corner of the back cover to make sure no other dog of an unbeliever shall some day use it again as an entrance ticket.

This obligatory souvenir is published by the Supreme Moslem Council (chief Mohammedan authority in Jerusalem), printed by the Moslem Orphanage Printing Press; photographs by the American Colony. Rather too soon, perhaps, for Moslems openly to take up a profession forbidden by the Koran, however insensible they may have grown to photography performed by unbelievers. I dislike guide-books, prefer to be ignorant; facts interfere with my impressions. Impossible to build up the story one would like if one is to be hampered at every turn by facts. But I am also partly

Scotch; hence the use of a guide-book this time was unavoidable.

"For the purposes of this guide" it confines itself to the Moslem period, beginning in 637 A.D. The only black spot on the Mohammedan escutcheon here is from 1099 to 1187, when the Knights Templar occupied the sacred compound and turned the miscalled Mosque of Omar into a church, a model for later churches in Europe. Saladin hastened to restore it to its pristine Moslem condition, and it has remained in Mussulman hands ever since. For though Jerusalem was again occupied by the Crusaders from 1229 to 1244, they agreed, even as have the Christian rulers of to-day, that the sacred inclosure should remain in Mohammedan possession.

It is of course a beautiful building, that perfectly domed, principal structure on the site of Isaac's rescue in the nick of time, and of Solomon's temple. We are emphatically informed by the compulsory guide-book that it should be called Dome of the Rock, since it is neither a mosque nor built by Omar. On the contrary, we are asked to remember, it was originally constructed by Abdul-Malek ibn Marwan, the Umayyad, in 691; rebuilt in 1016 after an earthquake shock that caused the dome to collapse; restored again by Suleiman the Magnificent after the Turkish conquest and, unfortunately, by others since. By removing our shoes, or struggling with those impossible shoe-covers foisted upon mosque visitors by turbaned tip-seekers, we despised unbelievers may enter—to find corners beneath the sacred Rock, on which stood the temple of Solomon, filled with rubbish, like those of a home presided over by a careless colored maid. Of the beauty of glazed tiles—still, for all the later restorations—of the religious atmosphere of the interior, the awesome impressiveness, others have raved. Why should I?

The Mosque of Aksa along the south wall is half an acre of rugs; there are fountains and cypresses, huge underground vaults reputed to have been the stables of Solomon. Above all, a vast sunshiny space in great contrast to the narrow, dark streets of old Jerusalem outside; views from the east wall over all the environs of the holy city. Verily, the fifteen piasters is well spent, even though one must take the booklet of solemn facts also.

No sanitary provisions at all, apparently, inside the immense space, for the hordes that come at such times as Nebi Musa; the result can be imagined. Ragged Moslem bums lie sleeping in shady corners. Yet smoking and the bringing of dogs—rare in Jerusalem, by the way, Allah be praised!—are forbidden; and non-Moslem visitors, allowed only from 7:30 to 11:30 A.M., Fridays and other Moslem holidays excepted, "are particularly requested to leave punctually, so as not to hinder the observance of midday prayer." Must, in fact, leave promptly; for after that hour any Arab street urchin may order them out or forbid their entrance.

But then, even "Gordon's Calvary," discovered by "Chinese" Gordon between his Taiping and his Khartum days, the Garden Tomb "where many believe the body of our Lord lay," requires a "contribution of at least a shilling or twenty-five cents." The Tombs of the Kings takes another quarter. Jerusalem's custom of making peep-shows of the relics of the past is catching; even the Government gets its shilling or quarter from those who visit the German church in the once German towered building on the Mount of Olives that is to-day the residence of the British ruler of Palestine. The holy city is thoroughly exploited.

CHAPTER V

BEYOND THE JORDAN

THERE are automobile roads almost everywhere in Palestine now—nay, far beyond the Jordan. The Turks and the Germans made most of them, but the British widened and improved many miles of impossible old carriage road and added considerable new mileage. The "Justness and Liberty Garage" in Jaffa is but one of many places of refuge in time of motor trouble.

Almost exclusively American cars in Palestine, of the larger breeds. Real horse-power is needed to climb into Jerusalem from either side, especially up out of the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; and the rest of the country is no billiard-table. Open cars, befitting the climate; in fact, the Near East seems to be the dumping-ground for them. The wise bargain beforehand, among the rows for hire outside the Jaffa and Damascus gates, remembering that although gasoline—pardon me, petrol—is more expensive than at home, low chauffeur wages more than balance this, even take care of the startlingly high license charges—sixty to ninety dollars a year. Ordinarily you can take a drive for less than in so large a car at home. But long trips still cost enough so that it is well to be on the lookout for others contemplating the same journey at the same time. Quite the thing to do, even in British circles, and rather easy, especially at the crowded seasons.

The driver will almost certainly be wild enough to stir your sluggish emotions, with an immature love of showing off that will send him blaring through every town like an officially appointed emissary of the nether regions, cause him to touch with the edge of the mud-guard every native pedestrian, even at the risk of spilling his passengers and perhaps losing his hire. He will sound his horrible bulb horn incessantly, even on a wide, deserted road; if there is absolutely nothing else on which to vent his boyish delight in discordant noise, he will honk at a crow in the highest branch of a tree, if any, on the far edge of the horizon.

It is a real advantage at times, of course, to get to the next place quickly. But one regretfully passes, now and then, a Bedouin strolling along in the shade of his laden one-hump camel, visibly scorning our modern, breathless, ridiculous way of destroying the pleasures of a journey; and I shall never be reconciled to the contrast between the music of camel bells and the murder-provoking pandemonium of automobile horns in Asia Minor. Ah well, at least billboards and those myriad other challenges to sales-resistance which ruin our own landscapes are sternly forbidden in Palestine.

Yet there is no use setting out on foot nowadays—except perhaps to drive a recalcitrant bargain. The Near East is not overrun with Good Samaritans, and hitch-hiking is not in vogue. Nor is walking the whole stony, up-and-down distance likely to be requited, now that even the Bedouin and the peasant dash past you in some form of gasoline-driven conveyance, leaving you lost in a smoke-screen of powdered Palestine. For, whatever else they may justly boast of before the doorkeeper of the after-world, even the British have not yet found a way to remove the swirling dust from the roads of the arid Near East.

To the many millions to whom Palestine is the Holy Land, her new roads and the modern comforts that go with them are a greater misfortune, one would think, than to those of us to whom it is merely the scene of important events in the story of the human race. For such things take most of the romance and nearly all the gain out of the modern pilgrimage. There are, in fact, hardly any real pilgrims left; merely more or less pious travelers. Even the pilgrimage to Mecca is becoming less and less a trial of endurance, a test of the strength of faith. The mere speed with which the holy places of Christianity can now be visited gives little time for reflection; and surely if there is any good in a pilgrimage, it is not in merely being able to say, "I have been there," but the thoughts and emotions, bringing permanent impressions, that grow up during the journey.

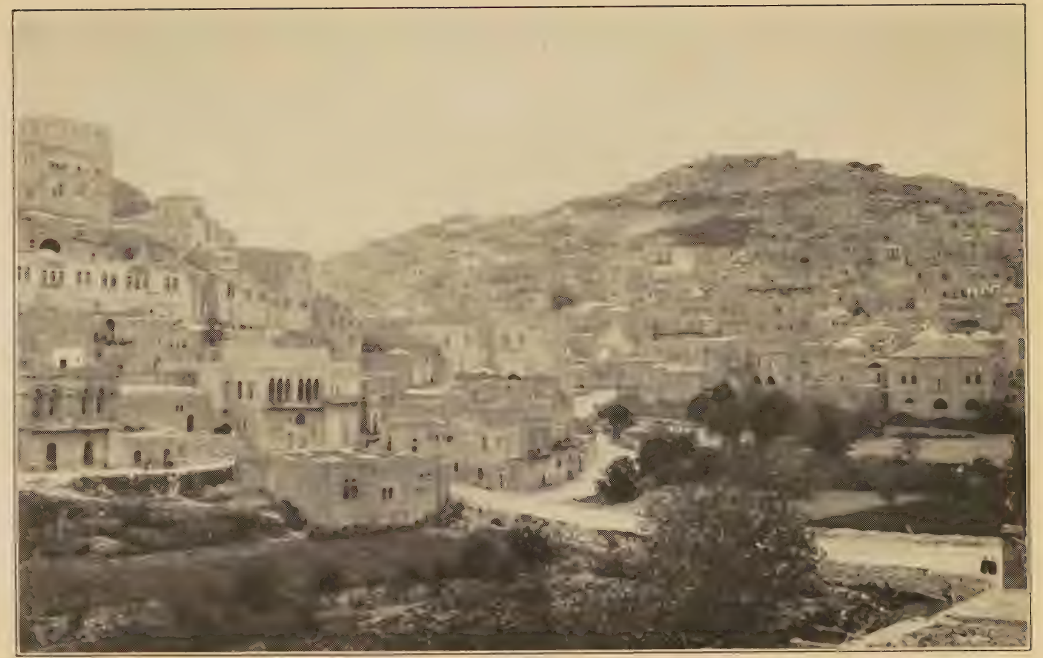
However, let us not forswear whatever advantages are left us; especially on this Monday-morning lull between Easter week-ends, when we are honored with an opportunity to share with three English maiden ladies of unadmitted age the cost of a journey—nay, the journey itself—to Transjordania and back. Moslems engaged in Nebi Musa-ing were paying as high as six Egyptians pounds a day for Fords, so we could scarcely complain at only twenty-five percent more than that for two and a half days' use of a Dodge, whose unlucky driver had failed to pick up a Moslem job.

We were off at nine next morning, one of Jerusalem's perfect-weather days. Down a remarkable highway, of constant hairbreadth turns, supported by great stone retaining walls; a most dreadfully stony land, of wonderful colors, with short-cut trails for walkers, down and ever down into the greatest hollow in the earth's surface, in which the briny Bahr Lut lay blue and rippling in the unbroken sunshine.

Hundreds still on their way down to the reputed tomb of Moses; a few, with pressing engagements, returning. Men, women, and children, in rattling wagons, in improvised autobuses, private cars, hired cars; tawny people walking, some up the stiff climb toward Jerusalem; donkey riders; Arab horsemen, contrasting with the undignified motor-cars as the tenth century contrasts with the twentieth. A Hudson car, driven by a man in the rope head-dress of the desert, with a face as fanatical as Mecca; and among the dozen passengers two sheep, daubed with red and other gay colors. Sheep in almost every car—to be sacrificed at the tomb, feasted upon, distributed among the poor. Wives, water-jars, food, camp cots; some even carry down bedsprings and other luxuries in furniture; for many Moslems also are slaves of modern comfort.

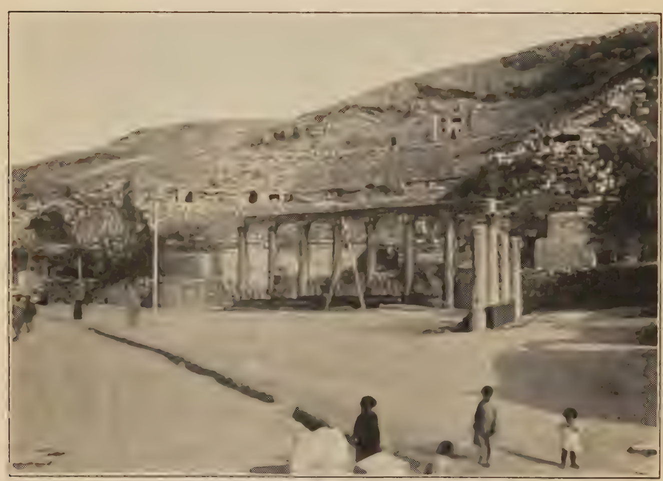
A week of camping out, camp-meeting excitements, dancing all night about the white-domed tomb we caught sight of to the right, at the bottom of the long descent. Moses must surely turn in his grave. No other Jews are allowed within gunshot of the place; more or less risky for Christians to intrude. Hebron fanatics especially have a reputation for being quicker than Palestinian police. Farther on, blacker, tawnier pilgrims from beyond the Jordan; three women in picturesque Transjordan costumes and exaggerated veils, which still did not hide the wildness of their features, squatting on the platform on a camel's back, lurching like the leaders of a circus parade, slowly making their way westward toward the same goal.

It is thirty kilometers from Jerusalem to Jericho; much less as the crow flies, if so wise a bird ever descends so low. The lowest city in the world, physically, swarming with flies as persistent as those of Egypt. A heavy, muggy heat; a listless outdoor place even in winter, they say. Commonplace modern Jericho is the latest of three, each on a slightly different site. Scandal has it that the first—long since bereft of its walls even then, one assumes—was given to Cleo-



Es Salt piles fantastically up its bare hills

In the valley of the Dead Sea



The Roman theater of Philadelphia (Amman) patra by her boy friend Antony. No great love-token at that, probably; at least the vamp of the Nile evidently did not hold it high, or Antony needed a reminder. For she sold it to Herod, who built a new Jericho and a winter residence a short distance to the south.

Beyond Jericho lies one of the most repulsive regions on earth. Yet it is a beautiful region, too, a vast khaki-colored landscape washed or blown into huge many-shaped knobs without number, walled beyond by magnificent mountain views. Not a tree; hardly a sign of vegetation. It was down in this beautiful, repulsive valley, you remember, that the naughty British played that new Trojan-horse trick on the Turks. Set up scores of things that looked, from the Turk-infested hills beyond, like cavalry, left standing thousands of condemned tents, and all that sort of thing; and the Turks fled, before a phantom army. Later I met a Turk who was still laughing at how easily they had been taken in—now and then you find one gifted with a sense of humor. It was he also who told me how the British cavalry one night slipped through the Turkish army massed across upper Judea; and when in the morning he himself called up Turkish-German headquarters in Nazareth as usual, a Cockney voice replied. He handed the receiver to von Falkenburg, on whose staff he was serving. But the story ended there; for the Turk was too refined a man to report von Falkenburg's remarks verbatim.

An automobile side trail leads down to the shore of the Dead Sea. Not so unbearably hot as you might expect, thanks perhaps to a fresh breeze up the lake from the south, down here a quarter of a mile below sea-level, eight hundred feet lower than Death Valley, California. A good beach, somewhat stony; and a kind of hotel with dressing-rooms, and fresh-water showers after your swim . . . or you'd feel like a pickled herring. The water of the Dead Sea is as clear as plate-glass, feels and looks clean, is pleasantly soft to the skin. But if you have the foolishness to dive, the nasal passages resent the indiscretion for hours afterward. No water-wings needed; you can float as on a feather-bed, legs luxuriously crossed, reading, even smoking, if you like. The only difficulty is in treading water; for the feet come bobbing to the surface like the cork of a luckless fisherman. And beware the most magnificent case of salted sunburn this side of the nether regions.

It will be strange if you have not known of the Dead Sea ever since your Sunday-school days. Yet the odds are high that you did not until this moment suspect this thirty-three cubic miles of brine of being the most precious body of liquid on earth. But do not rage; even the Chosen People, who lived about it for many centuries, did not suspect it. For æons this ten-by-forty-seven-mile lake has been considered a blot on the surface of the globe, undesirable, unexploited—except by the rowboat with clumsy oars, and a noisy old motor-boat, available for romantic tourists, or the irregular steamer service from near the mouth of the Jordan to a town down toward the southern end.

But its secret has been discovered at last, and the fate of the opulent miser awaits it. For who knows how many thousands of years the Jordan—yes, the sacred, uncommercial Jordan itself—has been pouring treasures into the Dead Sea. Geologists have estimated that the potash alone which may be extracted from that imprisoned body of water is worth seventy billion dollars, that the value of the gypsum, magnesium chloride, bromine, and other salts is even greater —if your simple mind can conceive of anything greater. Some of them rave about deposits worth a thousand billion dollars!

A powerful corporation, the Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, of London, has been given an exclusive concession for the next quarter of a century. An American and a German company also offered their services, but why hold a mandate if you are to get no advantages from it? However, we have some of the honors; the method by which the Dead Sea is to be chemically exploited will be that devised by an American. Work is to start at once, or thereabouts. It is expected that the salts can be recovered cheaply, and ocean transportation is not far away. At Strassfurt miners wield picks and shovels far deeper down in the earth than the Bahr Lut; there more than twenty-five hundred boilers are required to dissolve, filter, concentrate, and crystallize the "ore" brought to the surface. But Palestine will not be disfigured with smoking chimneys. Dead Sea brine, pumped out into troughs acres in extent on this flat northern shore, will be evaporated by the sun. Mechanical shovels will scoop up tons of crystals. Electricity from the Jordan, now being harnessed not far below the Sea of Galilee, for the good of all Palestine and much of Transjordania, will supply the heat required to extract the more resistant chemicals, perhaps also power for trains that will carry potash and soda to the seaports of the Mediterranean. The Palestine and Transjordanian governments are to receive a large share of the profits; and if the British concessionaires do not join in a combination with the French and German potash interests, farmers the world over ought also to be glad of the Jordan's many centuries of bearing tribute to the Dead Sea. Yet England rather led us to think she expected to find Palestine another white man's burden. That bowl of brine which sparkles so delightfully in the morning sun not only can pay dividends to make outsiders writhe with envy, but is expected to build schools, roads, industries, politicians' clubs, until the poor old historic Land of Canaan may indeed become a land flowing with milk and honey—and even less wholesome things. Can you visualize stony little Palestine as the richest country of its size on earth? I can; and I am glad to have been there before that fate befalls it.

However, I should not have let the sound of a few billion dollars set me to chattering at this length, with three maiden ladies eager to be on their way. You know how dollars will go to your head if you are not used to them. Frontier formalities, though easy, took a little time, during which we walked across the Jordan. The Allenby Bridge, twelve hundred feet below sea-level and built in 1919, is commonplace in appearance, however thrilling in historical background. The Jordan is a hurrying stream as wide as the Boston Post Road, its muddy crumbling banks bordered by willows and similar growths. The current is so swift that pilgrims are baptized in a cove—where pigs drink when it is not in religious use. No one bathes in the Jordan by choice, for it is thicker than the Missouri. Life is no sinecure down there, to the Palestine and Transjordanian police and customs men, cut off from the breeze, tortured by gnats as vicious as those of tropical Bolivia. British men also come down there on duty. Tombak, the coarse tobacco used in the narghileh, is sometimes smuggled across by camel-loads; and ambitious young subalterns hide in the willows and get financial rewards and official praise. A day or a night in this gnat-bitten heat is worth all they may get.

We were soon among sinister hills again; winding and climbing up into them beside a little rushing stream endlessly lined with great masses of oleander bushes in full pink bloom; other beautiful flowers, blue and yellow, birds flitting among them. Horsemen passed, carrying rifles. There is always talk in Palestine of an uprising from beyond the Jordan; but still it does not come. A remarkable road, that up the oleander-lined wadi, past a famous old Turk cannon lying dead in the prattling stream, on up to Es Salt.

The former capital of Transjordania is picturesquely piled up in tiers of stone-and-mud houses in a steep gorge that is utterly treeless, almost as bare of vegetation as the lower Jordan Valley. The Germans and the Turks burned the door- and window-frames, leaving gaping mouths in the cave-like yellow vaults with flat, baked-mud roofs that stretch stair-like up the treeless yellow hills, like a fantastic stage setting. The flat housetops are sitting-rooms, sometimes covered with squatting circles of robed men in solemn, cigarette-smoking conference. It is so Moslem a place that most of its Christian women still wear veils.

Beyond Es Salt lies a region as stony as Judea, yet green, with red poppies here and there. Men sowing on stony ground; acrobatic farming on narrow ledges along the road. Nowhere to throw stones away, so they pile them up one on top of the other in precarious pillars between the potato rows. Those sand-cranes which tourists so often mistake for storks stalk about the fields on this side of the Jordan also —solemn creatures that seem out of their natural Egyptian setting. Women with kohl-blackened eyelids, their faces half covered with blue tattooing; men, also with kohl-rimmed eyes, carrying swords or rifles, wearing the comfortable, picturesque garments of the desert.

Waves, amphitheaters of gray rocks, and for a while, to the left, far below, a huge, red-soiled, newly plowed valley. Then at last Amman, present capital of Transjordania, among stony hills at the head of a narrow vale. Not so steep or striking as Es Salt; and its shops have nothing compared with those of Jerusalem—tin- and enamel-ware mainly, few local products. Even its oranges are imported. But its people, too, take their ease on the flat tops of their stone-and-mud houses; even sheep, goats, and dogs are at home up there. Many of the inhabitants are Circassians, who, in their long coats and Russian-Cossack kind of caps, may be mistaken for Jews, until you find that no Jews are allowed beyond the Jordan. Yet a Jewish company has been given the electric-lighting concession for Amman. The natives protested loudly, but they have not the energy and initiative to start such things for themselves.

Amman was rebuilt during the third century before Christ by one Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was known in Roman times as Philadelphia. An ecclesiastical see and an imperial city in the Christian era, it speedily declined, like so many other things, after the Saracen invasion. There remains the rather well-preserved old gray-stone amphitheater, set in a hillside, grass and flowers growing in the seats, eight of its once fifty columns still standing. Six thousand spectators they say it held in its prime. It is easy to imagine the old crowds there, beyond the little rushing stream of clear water; but what were the entertainments that drew them? Football at least was not so obnoxiously popular in those days.

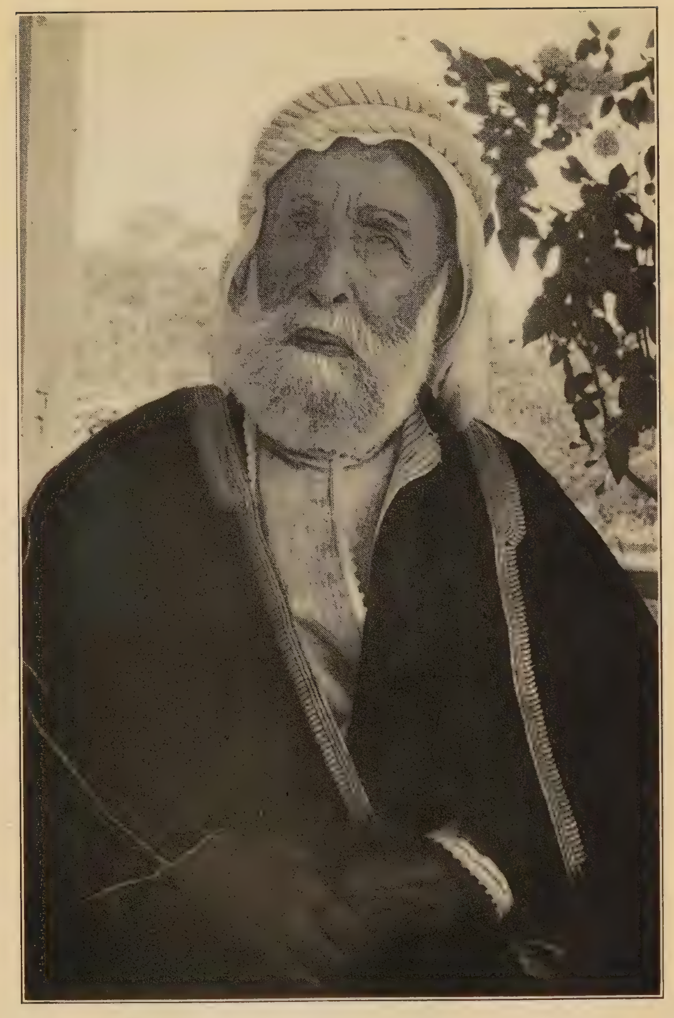
One pretty minaret rises above the town; but there are not many mosques beyond the Jordan. The Bedouin prefers to say his prayers in the open air. Though horses, donkeys, veiled women on foot, now and then a camel form the stream of Amman's traffic, automobiles often fill the main street with their uproar. Street-sprinklers and well-dressed policemen of dignified deportment testify to British interference. At the top of the hill above the town, with a view of all Amman's sitting-rooms, drowse the remnants of old fortresses, with aged Turkish cannon kicking about them.

Emir Abdullah, son of Grand Sherif Hussein, that lineal descendant of Mohammed lately potentate of Mecca, and brother of Feisal, King of Irak, is now the nominal ruler of Transjordania. Plans are on foot to make him sultan or king, with a ministry of his own choice, over this broad land of uncertain boundaries in which it is estimated that barely a quarter of a million people live or roam. On the outskirts of Amman stands what the emir considers a palace, with electric lights, two garages—and two wings, with a wife in each. With his double-duty palace, a generous salary, British protection, and British "advisers" to do the hard thinking for him, Abdullah is reputed to lend no ear to those of his people who ache for the independence that was promised them during the war. Colonel Cox, the Chief British Representative, is the real king; even if Abdullah is some day granted that high-sounding name, a British resident will remain to advise him and to control finances. Ten Englishwomen live a desolate life in Amman. Were the rulers French, there would be fewer such feminine martyrdoms, for the local women are comely.

According to the map Amman is on the Hejaz railway from Damascus to Medina, but I walked three good-highway kilometers before I found the station—and that the one faucet was stoutly padlocked. The British seemed to have a permanent camp there; a native was speaking perfect English to somewhere, over the railway telephone. He answered my inquiries with more than railway courtesy. One mixed train a week to Maan, whence to Petra, the beautiful red-stone ruin, on horse- or mule-back. No trains to Medina; next year perhaps, "if Ibn Sa'ud wishes." Pilgrims to Medina and Mecca now go around by sea; Christians, not at all. You remember that Lawrence did some slight damage along this line; repairs as well as the willingness of Ibn Sa'ud, Wahabi ruler of the holy cities of Islam since he chased out Hussein, are still needed. To the north, a train three times a week to and from Deraa, both ways the same day, and every day from Deraa to Damascus.

On our way back to Palestine we turned north at Sweileh, a Circassian village, and went down into the huge bowl-like valley. The rich reddish soil, almost free from stones, was being scratched here and there with one-handed ox-drawn plows. Villages of black goat's-hair "tents" stood out against stony backgrounds. Many black sheep, as well as goats; no fences, so that the flocks sometimes filled the road; donkeys and their always amusing young also hampered our speed. Sturdy Circassian women in red waists and black skirts, unveiled though Moslem, were working in the fields.

We all know that Turks have taken Circassian girls as wives or mistresses whenever they could get them. But there our knowledge is likely to falter. The Circassians, it seems, are European Moslems from near the Crimea. In 1882 four hundred thousand of them were banished, or chose to leave Russian Christian rule for that of the sultan. Two hundred thousand died on the way; the rest were placed as outposts against the savage Arabs on the southeastern edge of the Turkish Empire, just as in Jewish times the Romans built Philadelphia, Petra, Jerash, for the same reason. The half who survived were ruined by the climate, the Arab environment. Of a different Moslem sect, speaking a different language, they hate the country and are hated by the Arabs, though the two races manage to live together. To see Circassian men squatting in the towns of Transjordania, their mental equipment and point of view much like the Arab Moslem about them, yet Caucasians like ourselves, leads one again to the conclusion that it is not so much the race that counts as the environment, that it may be the Mohammedan religion rather than their blood that makes some peoples unenterprising.



In Cyprus I visited exiled Grand Sherif Hussein, wartime ruler of Mecca

The ruins of Jerash

Suddenly we found ourselves high among the stony hills again, the remarkable road down into that mighty valley winding on over the horizon far above. Down into and up out of another vast gulf; mighty hollows of Transjordania almost equal to those of far western China, if not indeed to the Andes. Then Jerash, the very extensive ruins of a Greco-Roman city of long before Christ, beyond the mountains of Moab, on the confines of Biblical mention. An archæologist could reconstruct all the ancient city for you, from what is left of it—theater, forum, temples, wide flagstoned main street. Little patches of wheat grow among the ruins, birds build their nests in holes time has made in the great stone pillars, many of them still upright.

A Circassian policeman in the modern village of Jerash demanded our passports. We had not brought them; English-speaking travelers between two such similar mandates under the same power as Palestine and Transjordania are seldom asked for them. The frontier guards on the Jordan had not; but this backwoods villager misunderstood his duties. For a time it looked like real annoyance. Then the most aggressive of the maiden ladies, vigorously denying the honor of being one of my wives, mentioned, as reference, Mr. Horsefield, British digger among the ruins. She was at once written down as "Mrs. Horsefield" (though all the town knew the archæologist already had a wife behind the balcony above us) and the blockade was over. We let it go at that and turned homeward.

By dark, Es Salt again, doubly fantastic in its stage setting as the lights came on in some of its mud-box houses. A scene so brilliantly desert-yellow that a photograph taken after dark shows the town clearly. I slept in the old unused kitchen of the C. M. S. British mission, whence all but women had fled; a cave-like vault of a place, fit setting for the tales of Ali Baba, the fantastic city babbling in its fitful sleep all about me.

Oleanders to be picked, the big Turk gun to be patriotically gloated over, on the way back to the Jordan. A few minutes in Jericho, to test the voracity of its flies, and swiftly back up that remarkable road to sea-level and beyond, only to be held up in the very outskirts of Jerusalem by the return of the first Nebi Musa procession, crawling homeward as slowly, dancing as fanatically, blocking the only highway to the east as effectively, beneath a gentle rain, as on its descent a week before.

CHAPTER VI

TOURING PALESTINE

THE five-mile walk down to Bethlehem is little fun nowadays. The road is hard and wide, a constant procession of over-speeding automobiles, leaving behind them clouds of dust in which the mere pedestrian must shift for himself. Even Arab children of the future will probably pick their way along like old-women tourists, on those rare occasions when they are forced to walk.

Hebron pilgrims were racing homeward in Hudsons and Buicks from their Nebi Musa debauch, veiled or tattooed wives beside them. With a glimpse here and there of the Dead Sea, the hard modern highway goes on, past the Pools of Solomon in incredibly rocky hills, not only to Hebron (with Abraham's oak and mosque-tomb, which non-Moslems find it hard to enter) but to Beersheba—even as another modern highway goes to Dan, in the far northern corner of the British mandate. During the World War the ancient southern limit of Israel won still higher tribute to its importance, but has failed to hold it: the railway branch from Raza to Beersheba was soon to be discontinued.

The married women of Bethlehem are still wearing the same imposing head-dress: a high fez of unknown color—since it is covered with coins and those in turn by a white coif. Happy hunting-grounds for husbands, these saner lands where costumes do not change with the years, at worst with the place—and some of us can avoid moving. A less fanatical atmosphere in Bethlehem, less antagonism beneath the surface toward Occidentals, than in most towns of Palestine. Perhaps because the people of Bethlehem have been mainly Christian since the days of Constantine and his mother, Saint Helena.

Not the same Bethlehem of twenty-some years ago, however; certainly very different from the simple village of twenty centuries back. For a real-estate boom has befallen it; few indeed are the Palestine towns that have not spread far and wide since the chasing out of the Turks and the coming of the British. Great stone buildings all about the place; whole stone towns where in my youth there was not a house; pretentious villas in the outskirts, erected by Bethlehemites who have made their fortunes in Europe or America—substantial fortunes for Palestine, even if our millionaires would sneeze at them. They lend money, at something more than government-bond interest, to their less venturesome neighbors, and drowse out their lives at ease in their quiet gardens.

But there is no visible change in the calm façade of the ancient Church of the Nativity. The same entrance, by a little three-by-four-foot door in the great sealed portal. Were the opening larger, camels and donkeys might still recognize that it leads to a stable and a manger; the narrow entrance is reminiscent, too, of the days when fanatical Moslems might attack. The ancient basilica over the rock cave long venerated as the birthplace of Jesus is reputed to be as old as the days of Constantine, is attributed to Saint Helena herself. Nor does its appearance belie the assertion. Certainly it has changed little since the time of Justinian, miraculously escaping both the vengeance of the Moslem and the madness of Christians to alter, restore, embellish.

But since my time a change indeed! The whole solemn an-

On the road near Haifa

Nazareth to-day

Nazareth still carries its water from Mary's well

Remnant of the ruined synagogue of Capernaum tique grandeur of the interior, of nave and double pillared aisles, has been restored. When the British came they ordered removed the lofty Greek Orthodox wall that for centuries divided transept and choir, dwarfing the interior.

Like the Holy Sepulcher, the grotto beneath the church is packed with the paraphernalia of religion, ornate with lamps and costly hangings as incongruous as the perpetual conflict between the Eastern and Western branches of Christianity. Unadorned, the simple rock-hewn stable, like sheep-shelters still to be seen in Palestine, would be more impressive, more convincing.

The north stairway down to it is for the use of Latins and Armenians; the other, for the Greek Orthodox. Greeks and Armenians share one altar, the Latins monopolize the other. Here Christmas brings scenes similar to those at Easter-time in Jerusalem, police and fisticuffs, or worse, included. Real blood has often flowed in the crypt of the manger, and even greater bloodshed has been fomented there. The silver star set in the pavement between the two altars, by the Catholics, "in witness of their ancient right to the custody of the birthplace of the Prince of Peace," was not the least of the excuses for the Crimean War.

A brand-new Essex carried me up through the narrow cobbled streets of old Bethlehem, motley with market-day, huddled with sheep, back to Jerusalem, for a shilling. Not so strange as it seems to us here and now, to have been born in a manger then and there. In the East such lodgings are still common in times of crowding. To-day the Holy Family would probably go down to Bethlehem in a rattling old Ford, but might still have to content themselves with a makeshift lodging—in a garage, perhaps.

One Monday morning twenty-three of us left Jerusalem, in four cars, for a tour of Palestine—in great contrast to my lonely tramp early in the century. But then, Palestine itself was to prove a great contrast to the trail-sprawled land it had been in those days.

Perfect weather again, so that we had the tops stowed away—after a pitched battle with the drivers. Plump rocky hills, sometimes almost mountains, everywhere. Here and there a lush green valley, of six-inch wheat, in which stood sand-cranes in long-legged bishopric dignity. Red poppies in profusion, whole fields beautiful with them. Women weeding the immature wheat, the tares including much yellow mustard. But for the most part forbidding rocky wastes. Only in contrast to the desert could this ever have been mistaken for a land flowing with milk and honey.

Especially where it begins to break up into desert, the Land of Canaan is the most stony cultivated place on earth. Even the New England imagination can scarcely picture the stoniness of Judea; no wonder the sturdy Jews wresting a livelihood from that bleak and rocky land developed grim, Yankee-like characters. There are several versions of the story of how Judea came to be so stony. One reputable legend has it that one of the Creator's angel assistants was flying over the newly created world with two bags of stones to be distributed about it, when the devil caused one of the bags to break above Judea. Other authorities would have us believe that while the Lord Jehovah himself was carrying off, in his Oriental gown, as we carry in an apron, the unworthy fragments left over from the making of the earth, the devil tickled or otherwise annoyed him (set him to laughing himself weak and careless at the devil's jokes, some say) until he dropped the discarded material. In every version the stoniness is laid to the devil, and to that extent at least all of them are probably authentic.

Almost no trees except the hardy, age-and-struggle-twisted olive, which suits the rocks, even in color. You remember that in Bible days little foxes stole the grapes, and shepherds had to keep a sharp eye on their sheep and goats because of the jungles in which lions and tigers could hide. Jungles of rocks rather than of vegetation, surely, and ample hiding-places even to-day. The little foxes, hardly a foot long, are still there, and the peasants will tell you that the "tigers" have not entirely disappeared.

We passed safely through the rock-jungled Thieves' Valley, mainly by luck perhaps, for not long afterward none other than the British Bishop of Palestine was robbed there. British rule is admittedly better than Turkish, but in these happy days of the automobile and the private machine-gun one must expect other improvements, such as expert banditry. Nablus, ancient Shechem (the modern name, like that of Naples, comes from the Greek Neapolis, meaning "new city") had grown, if not improved, since the day when I ran the gauntlet of a fanatical populace in its tunnel-like markets; had deteriorated, too, in Biblical picturesqueness. British soldiers stationed there have taught the people to play tennis, induced them to do away with some of their quaint personal and communal habits. Improvement, alas, is a double-edged sword. Little indeed did the now tamed citizens of Nablus suspect that barely two months hence their ancient city would be worst hit of any by the earthquake that was to do serious damage even in the holy city itself.

Samaritan Passover in the sunshine at the top of Mt. Gerizim several days later would have been something to wait for; but it conflicted hopelessly with important ceremonies of three religions in Jerusalem. We had to content ourselves with a few interpreted words with one of the ancient sect, hardly distinguishable in appearance from the pious old Jews of intramural Jerusalem. The one hundred and forty-three Samaritans still left in Nablus are the only Jews who have lived unbrokenly in Palestine since Biblical times, and the day is not many generations off when there will be none but recent comers.

A screechy little narrow-gauge railway now worms its way into Nablus, from the north, through Jenin, where in my youth I was invited to grasp the tail of a fanatical mail-courier's donkey and run behind him through the black rock-strewn night. Quite a different place, Jenin at noon, with a railway and tourist-laden motor-cars. Where there had been one straggling telegraph wire, or none, in 1905, well-set poles now carried from sixteen to twenty. There is a fair telephone system all over Palestine. We caught sight of the Mediterranean and snow-clad Hermon at the same time from an unusually high spot on that sometimes snake-like highway; descended again into the fertile plain of Dothan, where Joseph might now seek his brothers by train or motorcycle. Then, from the crest of another great land wave, opened the vast green plain of Esdraelon, Jezreel, Magiddo, whatever you prefer to call it, reputed the old Hebrew Armageddon. The hills flatten down beyond Nablus; rocks become less incessant; on Esdraelon they disappear entirely. The tribes of Samaria certainly had an advantage over those of Judea; there is nothing in the South like beautiful, fertile Esdraelon. It would sell high per acre anywhere.

A white cloud hung like a special mark of divine favor over Nazareth when I caught sight of it again after so many years. Seen from Esdraelon, it stands high on a stony hill, the highway making loops up to it. The railway from Haifa to Deraa, thence to Damascus, runs along the plain at the foot of Nazareth; it would be hard work for the engineers who build, the firemen who stoke the screeching European locomotives used in Palestine, to climb to it. The Jewish colony of Afule is the nearest station, whence automobiles carry passengers up to the city so beautifully set on its rocky hill above. Still a delightful place, some of the old streets and the erstwhile charm left; but by no means the same Nazareth of those simple bygone days. Instead: "Arab Nassar, Agent for Hudson-Essex Motorcars."

I tried to find out what had become of those kindly Nazarenes who once had entertained me. Shukry Nasr was rich in Cuba; and I had considered him so naïve, unworldly, compared with myself! Nehmé Simán also had won his modest share of what the world calls success, somewhere. Elias Awad, who would sooner have cut his neck than his mustaches, may have done so, for he had completely disappeared, destination unknown. In place of their delightful Arab form of hospitality, hotels, used to feeding tourists by the hundred, now.

In those days Nazareth had its share of fanatical Moslem residents, of religious contentions. Is it British rule or commercial competition that has made it to-day so like a prosperous American town? Two-thirds Christian, one-third Moslem, now; no Jews are allowed to live there, though it is the trading-place of the Jewish farmers who come up from the plain below.

Every suspected holy spot in Palestine has a church built over it; otherwise how suitably collect tribute from pilgrims? But in the Church of the Annunciation, a surprise. The robed rope-girdled Franciscan monk, who showed us about the hastily built eighteenth-century structure, was from Chicago. The pope, he said, had ordered him there because ninety per cent of "pilgrims" now are Americans; five thousand of us had already called on him during the first hundred days of 1927. He might have been a politician's ballyhoo man, from his voice and manner. Yet his lack of bunk and even his Chicago English were a relief, a welcome change from the usual guide brand of both. No miracles to strain the seams of our credulity; mere facts, as straightforwardly related as if he had been showing us about the Loop. Yet we beheld a miracle with our own eyes: not only did that Chicago cicerone ask for no backsheesh but he refused what our treasurer pressed upon him! Breaking all union rules of tourist-spielers; besides, why did the pope send him there?

Five-gallon tins may be a curse to travelers looking for the lure of the antique, but they are a godsend to the East. Hold just the amount of water a woman of Nazareth can conveniently carry on her head—try it on your own, at the same time keeping at least a corner of a shawl over your face. The niche-set, perpetually flowing faucets of Mary's Well are still the Nazarene water-supply. So sophisticated have the women of Nazareth grown that most of them refuse to be photographed with reformed oil-tins on their heads, though they object less under the artistic old earthenware jars that have still not entirely disappeared.

New stone buildings climb far up the hill behind Nazareth. From the summit, which few tourists are both wise and energetic enough to visit, may be seen snow-capped Mt. Hermon and a corner of the Lebanon, Haifa and all Mt. Carmel, most of the perfect crescent of the bay of Acre and the raised horizon of the Mediterranean; to the south, many a village of Biblical memories, the plump green bulk of Mt. Tabor, all green Esdraelon, dotted with colonies along its north-and-south highway and its little east-and-west railroad, and, southward toward Jerusalem, the hills of Jenin and the billowy land beyond.

A good but dusty road leads down to Cana, through gardens hedged with flowering cactus. At the outskirts of the village is the spring from which the water miraculously turned into wine must have been taken, for Cana has no other. An ancient sarcophagus that serves as a drinking-trough for the beasts of the village has somehow managed to remain here through all the vicissitudes of centuries of Turkish rule, for the annals of early pilgrims mention it as a place where they bathed or washed in token of devotion; old-time pilgrims of course rarely bathed for other reasons. The once insufficiently stocked cellar is still shown; but now the Franciscan monks offer the pilgrim—nay, even the traveler—a glass of the red wine of Cana, in memory of the miracle.

Tiberias, city of origin of the Talmud, is still the home of the king of the fleas, and at least a principality of the flies. The same compact old town, beside the ruins of a huge old castle. Narrow meandering streets of slimy flagstones worn smooth centuries ago; miserable half-underground dwellings with married women in wigs; noisome old synagogues where groups of bearded, curl-wearing men still read the law beneath a kerosene lamp. But surrounded by imposing new suburbs, almost entirely Jewish. As totally different a Western world from the not so colorful as scented old city itself as that out along the Jaffa Road is from intramural Jerusalem. Happy, healthy young Jews of both sexes, quite up to date in garb and barbering, come down from these suburbs arm in arm in the evening, to the movies, the opera—"Tosca," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana" were announced, in Hebrew and in English (but not in Arabic), before the principal theater. Parks, several modern hotels, sturdy Jewish farmers; the famous old hot baths exploited after the modern fashion. Two towns of Tiberias now, mingling together yet seeming as wide apart as the Middle Ages and to-day, as incongruous as the sail-boat fashioned from an oil-tin which a small boy is launching into the Sea of Galilee.

Sunrise on Galilee: in its hollow eight hundred feet below sea-level the lake throws the first slanting rays up at the beholder on the western shore like ricocheting bullets from a polished steel mirror. By then the water-front is as thickly peopled as the evening before. Fishermen, who have been out all night, bring in their catches to the little wooden pier. Discouragingly small catches in some cases; mullet and a kind of bass, often distressingly little, and no longer cheap, litter the bottoms of the crude boats. Evidently no fish, however tiny, is thrown back. Some of the weary fishermen stretch out on their thwarts for a nap, their catches so insignificant that it is not worth while to stay awake until they are sold. Other men than the fishers sell them, by auction; wholesalers' porters, hotel servants, housewives carry them off. Most of the day the fishermen sit mending their nets among the empty café tables on the flagstoned shore, though during the hottest hours there is only a napping boatman or two on all the water-front.

An interesting scene, at almost any hour, the Tiberias water-front. Boats bobbing about the pier, ready to take tourists rowing, even swimming (and delightful swimming it is), clear across to the toboggan of the Gadarene swine, if necessary. As evening falls they are off again for a night of fishing, if nothing better has offered. All day long water-carriers come and go. Most of them are women, the lower lip, perhaps the forehead also, tattooed, if they are Moslem, only a few wearing the black veil; in wigs perhaps, if they are Jewish, the old-fashioned among these still considering shorn heads proper after marriage, that they may not be accused of trying to attract other men. Oil-tins, donkeys and men, professional water-carriers—many improvements have come to Tiberias since first I knew it, but it is still dipping up its water a few feet out from shore in the center of the dirty old town, still has not energy enough to build a runway out into the lake, from which to gather its drinking-water without at the same time bathing the carriers' feet in it.

Toward sunset the café tables grow popular. Moslems munch long green lettuce-leaves, consume unalcoholic drinks, slowly, smoke tombak, gently, in the hubble-bubbles, or narghilehs, the café servants bring ready lighted to those who clap their hands for them. Bootblacks and beggars wander about among the tables. Two little mosques with minarets, a palm-tree over each, fade away last as night settles down upon the low-set city facing its beautiful sunken lake, bounded by the now purple, now disappearing church-roof slope of the Gadara mountains. Now that the sun which leaves the place nearly deserted most of the day has disappeared entirely, behind the western curb of the well in which Lake Tiberias lies, the water-front is not only animated but crowded. French officers and parties, on their way to Jerusalem from Damascus, or vice versa, are enjoying their indispensable pre-dinner apéritif. Good Moslems do not follow their example. Instead they sip their soft drinks, munch their lettuce leaves, and play dominoes, the rattle of which on the bare iron tables, recalling their fellow-Asiatics, the mah-jong-players of China, goes on late into the night.

It seemed not so long ago that I first came to Tiberias. Yet I had not seen then in this, his native town, the alleged guide who had come down with us from Jerusalem; because, though he wore a stately black mustache, looked as old as I felt, and knew all the tricks of the dragoman trade—he was not yet born when I first tramped down to the Sea of Galilee!

We visited some of the government schools together. The Palestine Easter vacation of twenty-five days was just over; from then on Tiberias, down in its hole in the ground, is too hot for afternoon classes. The girls wear uniform garb, "so that the rich cannot lord it over the poor fisherman's daughter." The normal-trained woman principal spoke English perfectly, was superior in personality to many of our schoolma'ams. All her teachers spoke good, if somewhat limited English; all wore very modern dress and hair-cuts. Little girls of six or seven read and wrote our tongue as well as Arabic; they acted out nursery rhymes, crawling about the floor, modern-kindergarten fashion; actually learned some elementary hygiene. Knitting and sewing was taught to all; for here it is not taken for granted that every schoolgirl will either marry a rich man or remain an old maid and compete economically with the man she should have married.

Among the hundred and twenty-eight girls four were Jewish and twenty-four Christians. There had been fifteen Jewish applicants—children of old dwellers in Tiberias, who prefer being taught in the Arabic language they commonly speak. Only four had been admitted, because there are good Jewish schools now. Whenever we approached an open door, my companion, though Orthodox Greek in faith, clapped his hands, as a warning that a man was coming; the principal tempered her welcome with, "But of course I must first go and give those who do so time to veil." Two girls in the third-, five among the seventeen in the fourth-year class, wore the veil, though they could hardly have been more than twelve years old. They dropped their face-curtains in great haste when we appeared—double veils, one of which may under certain circumstances be lifted—held a corner of them away from their chins and peeped at the books on their desks when called upon to recite. It was uncanny to hear English, however badly read, from beneath such coverings. When I suggested a photograph, the principal first gave those who objected permission to withdraw—and the five veiled girls rose as one and filed out. They would probably be photographed as gladly as others, said the principal, if they could be sure their fathers would never hear of it. In Turkey the Moslem veil, injurious to the eyes, the complexion, if nothing worse can be said of it, is now forbidden in government schools, but the conservative British still permit it.

The boys' school, in another part of town, was not so good. The principal knew no English, the teachers very little. The man whose duty it was to teach our language spoke it less correctly than any teacher in the girls' school. The brighter women of Palestine can find little else to do than teach, while the up-and-coming men have better openings. There were more evidences here of self-indulgence, outside distractions, exaggerated egos, wandering minds, and pure laziness than among the women. In almost any Oriental community a boy has less chance to grow up into a real man than a girl into a worthy woman.

There were fifteen Jews among the hundred and thirty-five boys who hung their fezzes on the walls. Modern methods, and a vast improvement—at least if our Western pedagogy is on the right track—over the alleged schools of the Tiberias of my first visit. Under its British Ministry of Education, or words to that effect, Palestine bids fair to become as nearly educated as the rest of us.

It was election day on the Sea of Galilee. When asked how he would vote, my unhired guide replied, naïvely, "I don't know yet; I must ask my priest." This time the signs were in Hebrew and Arabic only; evidently no English voters; one must be a subject of the Palestinian State and a tax-payer, at least to the extent of paying room-rent, to hold the franchise. A few women hung about the new city hall on the slope outside the old city, but did not enter—the Jewish national committee, which represents the Jews in all dealings with the Government, split in twain in 1925 because the orthodox Jews were as a stone wall against woman suffrage. Two Jewish parties had presented candidates, and all day long the best and newest automobiles in town, covered with big signs in Hebrew and shaded with eucalyptus branches, rushed to the polls with Jewish voters. They brought Jews of the colony-dwelling type, the curl-wearers of the old city looking on aghast at these ultra-modern methods, the Arabs rather helplessly. The returns were not in when I left, but whatever the Jewish strength, it was fully recorded.

The highway from Tiberias up to Nazareth leads on to Haifa. There is still no road between Haifa and Acre, standing forth at the other end of a semicircle of superbly blue Mediterranean—yet we dashed over there, and back again, by automobile. In war days Allenby dumfounded the Turks by laying down several layers of wire mesh and taking his heavy guns over this supposedly impassable stretch between the sea and the swamps and sand-dunes in which no less a personage than Napoleon got lost in his attempt to make his way from Egypt back to Europe by land. Constant lines of net-pullers crossed the path by which we raced along the curving beach. As we flashed into sight they pushed down and stood upon their long ropes until we had ridden over them, more often scowling than smiling at us. Heaps of what looked like sardines, some larger fish, flopped here and there on the beach. Old iron hulls of ships wrecked on this inhospitable shore served some of the fishermen as homes. Arabs still plodded along barefoot in the edge of the gentle surf, as on that New Year's Day, 1905, when I, too, walked from Acre to Haifa.

Two or three cement or planked places carried us over creeks debouching into the Mediterranean; a dusty detour brought us to one of the narrow gates of Acre. No admittance for cars inside those massive old stone walls or earth-works, moated, in the best medieval, Crusade-time fashion. One must walk in the narrow streets, almost as colorful, nearly as pungent with the unsanitary scents of the East as on that morning when I stumbled into Acre after sleeping in the rain on a stone-pile, and ate myself to local fame. Less fanatically Moslem in atmosphere now, though still erecting no welcome-arches for unbelievers. Grown in size, advanced in Western ways, with new industries, such as a Jewish match factory; though even to-day not many Jews call Acre home.

Not the same can be said of the post-war Haifa. Of a total population of about thirty thousand, fully half are Jews; a different Haifa indeed, with modern suburbs stretching clear to the top of Mt. Carmel ridge behind it. New stone houses everywhere, light-gray stone amid green slopes, backed by the intensely blue Mediterranean, half of them with flat roofs as of yore, the others with the red tiles of Europe. Pink, red, white flowers among the rocks out on the poppy-dotted nose of Mt. Carmel; dust-clouds rising above the cement works in the outskirts, the largest factory in Palestine. Yet an air of peace, freedom, contentment, fearlessness, compared with the old sultanic days.

The Haifa I knew is now the market: a Greek priest, patriarchally bearded, high-hatted; Moslem women in raven black from crown to toe, their faces covered with impenetrable double veils. All types of Palestine's several races in these narrow-shouldered market streets, from New York-dressed Jewesses to desert Arabs—and no longer in the least surprised at one another. Shops that might have been brought intact from Bagdad shouldering those direct from Hester Street or Chicago's downtown slums. Street-markers and all official signs in three languages—the English letters large, the Hebrew almost as large, the Arabic very small. Mere numbers mean nothing in our modern world; it is articulateness that counts. Here and there still a memory of British military occupation: at the beginning of a market street too narrow for vehicles is the sign, "Out of Bounds for Carts and Cars." There are many new enterprises in Haifa—factories, transportation facilities, sales agencies. The Shublack Brothers, inconsistently, are tobacco wholesalers.

Both Haifa and Jaffa still have bad harbors, no harbors at all in fact, merely open roadsteads where loading and unloading are impossible when the wind blows. Haifa at least is to improve; a $22,500,000 loan, guaranteed by the British Government, is about to transform it into Palestine's first real port. The railway between the two roadsteads is less agreeable than automobile riding, but it runs through territory I had never seen. Most of this is the rich plain of Sharon, thick with flowers now wherever it had not been plowed, almost everywhere covered with young wheat. No separate farm-houses; the peasants live in clusters of mud or stone huts on the hillsides, above the arable land. There are no fences in Palestine, and grazing camels now and then brought us to a complete halt. Wise locomotive-drivers of trains as light as those of Palestine do not risk a collision with so bulky an animal, and the impudent beasts took their time about giving us the right of way.

Two "Ticket Examiners" were forever crowding back and forth through the uncomfortable little train, scrutinizing the pasteboard rewards of pitched battles at station windows. In third class they have an unpleasant habit of beating on the backs of the wooden seats with their iron punches, to announce their persistent presence. The one conductor's tasks do not include the collecting of fares. Arab and Jew in the same seat sometimes, but there was little intercourse between them.

A change at Lydda or Ludd again, to the old line down to Jaffa. There is something pre-medieval about the labyrinth of Jaffa's old sea-walls: hooded females, little shops in which men work long after dark, by lights that barely illuminate their hands and faces—then suddenly out into a wide modern street, with American automobiles, an instantaneous jump from the tenth to the twentieth centuries. By this time a thirst that needs quenching; a café whose long list of beverages, covering a whole wall in large letters, is headed "DRINKINGS"; then out to the Hotel Jerusalem, John Hardegg, Proprietor.

Easter over, I motored back to Esdraelon. The back of the car was more than occupied by a Syrian family from Brazil, on their first visit home since the children were born. So at least I could brush up my rusty Portuguese—luckily, for without some such pastime the ten blow-outs and several engine mishaps might have grown monotonous. As an automobile caretaker that Arab chauffeur so strongly recommended by a Jewish agency in Jerusalem was a splendid camel-driver. The not unnatural result was that I missed by hours the tri-weekly train to Deraa beyond the Jordan, with its troglodyte caves and the trail to Jebel Druse, whence another daily to Damascus.

The afternoon train from Haifa goes only to Samakh, down in the Jordan Valley at the southern end of the Sea of Galilee. Esdraelon has many cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys, some camels, yet is fenceless, so that trains go cautiously. Groves of new eucalyptus at every station; Jewish colonies decrease, until Jews almost disappear at the eastern end of the plain, as if they were afraid of raids from across the Jordan. Two most decrepit carriages of ancient model carry passengers from the station for ancient Beisan to the town, with its artificial-looking hill, its wholly Arab populace. An old woman in a back seat crossed herself twice as the vehicle started; she would have been still more foresighted, one would think, to have had extreme unction administered.

The immense Jordan plains are fertile up here, a broad expanse of wheat, some of it already ripening. The railway descends in wide, leisurely curves. Farther down are many black goat's-hair tents. Arab youngsters on the high bank of a cutting pretended to throw stones at me, standing on a front platform; for the Jews themselves did not know I am not one of them, so varied are the types of their people who have lately come to Palestine. One station is 809 feet below sea-level; but Samakh is only 609, with a long, nearly flat plain between. From Samakh, Mt. Hermon and a corner of the Lebanon raise their white heads into the sky across the mirror-like Sea of Galilee. Motor-buses that might have been thrown together in haste from a dump of discarded parts, by men devoid of mechanical training, compete for the privilege of jolting travelers from Samakh to Tiberias; fare only fifteen cents, but atrociously high for such vehicles.

This time I went to the Casa Nova, down in the old city. All monasteries are boarding-houses in Palestine; the "gifts" of guests support the monks, and lay servants attend to them, leaving the monks to meditate fancy-free. Yet it would be hard to consider oneself withdrawn from worldly contacts in such an establishment as the Casa Nova, for all its cell-like chambers; worldly persons of many types congregate about the long tables, well supplied with wine, in the refectory that is also an Oriental-mannered hotel dining-room.

Old Haifa is a contrast to its new suburbs

Nomad homes in Palestine

Nursery of the Zionist colony of Degania, on the Sea of Galilee

CHAPTER VII

HITHER AND YON IN THE LAND OF ISRAEL

THE name by which most of us know the Holy Land derives from the Philistines, from whom the Romans called it Palæstina. To Jews the world over it is not Palestine but Eritz Israel (Land of Israel). Yet even to-day, ten years after the Balfour declaration confirmed the world's growing suspicion that Great Britain would back the Zionist movement to make Palestine a "Jewish National Home," there are far fewer Jews than other people in Palestine, barely as many Jews as there are Christians, a mere fraction as many as there are Arabs—or, since many Arabs profess Christianity, let us say Moslems. In other words, Jews still make up barely a quarter of the population of Eritz Israel.

Yet the present-day traveler in Palestine sees many times more Jews there than a generation ago; partly because they have become more conspicuous as well as more numerous. The Jaffa Road outside old Jerusalem is but one of many crowded Jewish promenades, where, especially on Saturday evenings, men and women walk arm in arm, girls and boys in frankly loving-couple attitudes, to the disgust of the old-fashioned Jews and of the Arabs. In the Passover season at least, sturdy sun-browned young Jews of both sexes may be seen hiking about the country, German knapsacks on backs, the girls in comfortable country-excursion costumes (sometimes rather startlingly so), the men in shorts, thick glasses, and much the same boyish bob as the girls, solemnly swinging even on level ground a man-high, iron-tipped alpenstock. The roads carry also many of those little two-horse, four-wheeled wagons you see in Poland, the V-shaped box often filled to overflowing with women and children, perhaps in holiday attire. Jews from everywhere, even from the Yemen —thin and sun-baked Arabic-speaking nomads of the desert, yet with the unmistakable Semitic nose and still wearing the curl on each temple.

You can talk with most of the hikers at least; for even if you do not know German, close relative of Yiddish, the Jewish schools give courses in English now. But your advances may be less cordially met than you expected. "Palestine for the Jews" not only translates itself into a tendency to crowd others off the narrow sidewalks of old cities and to make certain highways so thronged at the promenade hour that automobiles can barely crawl along, but induces a not unnatural clannishness which leaves the Gentile in a Jewish throng more completely ostracized than ever Jew was in a Gentile gathering. There is much that is symbolical in an incident which makes a certain edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica valuable at least as a curiosity. It seems that some clever patriot or Zionist put one over on the editors of that solemn source of final authority, and among the national flags covering a page in this particular edition appears the white banner of Jewry—with its two blue horizontal bands and the double triangle in the center—as the flag of Palestine! Of course if Palestine has any flag at all now, it is the Union Jack—and a government whisper has accomplished a slight change in later editions.

If the Jews themselves are conspicuous beyond their numbers, in the new Land of Israel, their colonies are no less so. Wooden buildings are in a majority—in a land where lumber has long been a luxury; in the more urban centers stucco, often brightly colored, takes the place of time-honored, inconspicuous adobe; red-tile roofs, or sheet-iron, even shingled ones, abound where colorless flat housetops of poles and mud, rolled after each rain, were for centuries almost universal. Some of the colonies have tried out new ideas in town planning—Kefar Nahalal, for instance, on the plain of Esdraelon, is built in circular form, the houses of its eighty families resembling from the Nazareth-Haifa highway, above, a group of rope-limited spectators engrossed in a dog-fight. But most of the colonies are as commonplace and unsightly as the mushroom towns of our frontier West which they so much resemble, as evident in the landscape as the Arab towns are not. The contrast between the Arab villages, built of the soil or rock itself, and almost invisible, and the glaring wood-and-red-tile newness of the Jewish colonies is as great as that between the characteristics of the two groups of Palestinians.

Roughly, the hundred or more Jewish colonies may be divided into four groups, in two unrelated matters: location and type. In Judea about twenty-five of them spread fan-like from Jerusalem to the sea, with Jaffa as the western center. The score in Samaria are mainly on the seaside Plain of Sharon. The thirty or more in Lower Galilee stretch, red-roofed and conspicuous, like a series of outposts in a new country, across Emek (which we call Esdraelon), richest and largest plain in the Land of Israel, from Haifa to the Sea of Galilee. There are a dozen or more in Upper Galilee, between Tiberias and the head-waters of the Jordan on the slopes of Mt. Hermon. To-day approximately a million of the most fertile acres in Palestine, nearly fifty thousand of them on Esdraelon, are Jewish. Much of this land, bought with the so-called national fund, is the property in perpetuity of what Zionists are fond of calling the Jewish nation, "the inalienable property of the whole Jewish people." In theory, at least, such land is secured against every form of real-estate speculation. The halutz leases his share for seven times seven years, and may renew for another forty-nine years, or withdraw with compensation.

In type the colonies range from clusters of farms owned and worked by individuals, down—or up—through small-holder settlements, cultivated with no outside help, but buying and selling coöperatively, to the semi-communal and the completely communistic, where even clothing is common property. Some colonies are forty years old—Zionism was born long before the World War brought it world-wide publicity—were self-supporting even before that turning-point in human affairs, resemble in energy and initiative, in clean, comfortable houses and spacious barns, our great farming establishments. Some are about half that age; most of them are quite new and, far from being self-supporting, are in some cases rather miserable communities of amateur peasants from the ghettoes of eastern Europe, who suggest a discouraged group of Babes in the Wood. The large, long-established colonies are almost entirely self-sufficient, in the sense that they grow or make nearly everything they need; the smaller and younger ones go in for agriculture only, and that limited, and depend upon the outside world for all other necessities. Though even the newest colonies look at least superficially prosperous, the disinterested observer finds many reasons to believe that some will need outside help for many years to come, if not forever.

One outstanding reason is lack of farming experience, uneconomical farming methods. In the United States hardly ten thousand Jews are working on the land—real-estate gambling excluded. The Jews are not farmers even in Europe. There, arable land is usually so scarce that the ruling Gentiles want it all, leaving Jews to grub out a city living in their ghettoes. Jewish men and girls working in the fields of modern Israel are more likely than not to have bare sun-scorched arms and legs—sure sign of lack of farming experience, for your real farmer knows the wisdom of dressing all over, however hot the summer. Costumes as unsuitable as that of a tenderfoot on a Western ranch betray many a halutz as a city man trying to farm, unaware probably, like most of the urban world, that genuine farming is one of the most technical of trades, to which it is almost necessary to be born to be successful.

Nor does one see Jewish women weeding wheat, as Arab women do. It should not of course be expected of them; yet that is one of the reasons why the Jewish farmers cannot compete with their Arab neighbors without special advantages, which in most cases means outside help. More colonists may be seen loafing in the shade at ten in the morning than working in the fields. It is hot by then, naturally; but successful farmers take little account of such drawbacks; they do their loafing at less important seasons. The Jewish towns are almost all set on fertile ground; the Arab would never dream of so wantonly wasting arable soil. His villages are invariably among the rocky foothills on the edges of the plains or patches he cultivates. Arable land is precious in Palestine, and no village need be far away from its fields for lack of an otherwise useless site.

Or again: an Arab and a Jew are plowing in adjoining, unfenced fields. The Arab is using the Biblical one-handled wooden plow, drawn by a donkey, a diminutive underfed ox, even a cow, or two, scratching the surface as a pin scratches a board; the Jew has a splendid team of horses, the latest thing in horse-drawn plows. The advantage to the Jew is obvious; also the good example to the Arab. But the Arab has no wealthy Zionist enthusiasts to bring him modern implements, or to loan him on easy terms the money necessary to improve his time-dishonored methods. He must either plod on as have his ancestors before him or sell his land to the encroaching colony when a tempting price is offered, however much he may resent the Jewish intrusion into what has been the land of his forefathers perhaps these ten centuries.

Yet—one more picture: in another field an Arab hired man is leading the single horse, while an obviously city-bred Jew holds awkwardly the tiny one-handled wooden plow. Not very efficient farming; and not more than half of it Jewish at that. Already more than fifty million dollars have been contributed, mainly by outside Jews, to help build the new national home. There is considerable modern machinery among the colonies; yet much of it is lying idle, abandoned in favor of older, simpler, perhaps under the circumstances more practical, methods, or because it is out of order in some way, and there is not mechanical ability enough among the urban-born peasants to set things right again. At Kefar Nahalal, for instance, five thousand dollars' worth of agricultural machinery had been scrapped; new binders were rusting away for want of a bolt or two, or of the energy and ability to run them.

So it happens that after all the unassisted Arab is not without his advantages, that in spite of large expenditures farming in Palestine still depends largely on muscle. True, many of the halutzim, women as well as men, are prodigal with that: husky sun-browned girls work like navvies; orphan colonies of only boys or girls are well cultivated. The wanderer picks up the impression that the willingness to work is not lacking, midday loafing notwithstanding—at least among the fraction of the Jews in Palestine who are stick-ing to the soil—but experience is; and it remains to be seen whether all this exertion can be directed effectively enough not to end in general disheartening.

However, unless I have misread my Bible, the Jews must once have been experienced farmers. Perhaps, given time and not too great urban and commercial temptations, the descendants of Ruth and Boaz will be able to work themselves back into successful husbandry again. There is something more likable too, about the Jew when he is working on the soil with his own hands, living a frugal peasant life. Like so many of us, he spoils with success, ease, and prosperity. And at least, in the poorest and least self-supporting colony, there is clean outdoor living; healthy, plump, sun-browned children romp about the fields or the unpaved streets; a far cry indeed from the ghetto or slum conditions most of them would still be living in but for Zionism. No begging of passing strangers, no cries of "backsheesh!" as in so many Arab towns; little unpleasant forwardness, even if no great show of friendliness toward the visiting Gentile.

Uninviting as it may look to us from more fortunate lands, the poorest colony in Eritz Israel is a heavenly place compared with what many of the colonists came from. It is not at all strange that Jews from eastern Europe find life in Palestine desirable even now, while those from America are by no means satisfied with it, either economically or politically. It is much the same type of life as in Europe, and in some ways better; it is not comparable, except perhaps in climate, to life in the United States. European Jews wish to keep prices down; Jews from America wish to boost them up, on the good (?) old American theory that this makes prosperity for all. Colonists from America contend that Palestine's old-fashioned European type of government hinders that free play of initiative with which the Jew in America is familiar; the European Jew considers the British-headed government of Palestine almost heaven-invented.

On the way from Nazareth down to Tiberias the traveler's eye is sure to be caught by the frontier-like hamlet of Migdal (the Magdala of Mary Magdalene). To-day the broad fertile acres below the rocky summit famous as the Hill of the Beatitudes—more correctly, perhaps, called the Horns of Hattin, being better authenticated as the scene of the battle of Hattin, where the Franks were so disastrously defeated by Saladin that the doom of the Latin kingdom was forever sealed—are occupied by a new Jewish colony; the fields where the disciples plucked to eat on the Sabbath turn beneath the modern plow. Taken over by American Jews from their impoverished Russian brethren, Migdal now has two hundred individual owners, though nothing like that number of colonists. The owners are for the most part mere stockholders in absentia, who have never seen the colony, perhaps never expect to see Palestine. Of thirteen houses in one row, two are occupied by the owner; the other proprietors live elsewhere on their rentals. There are some hardy young workers among the colonists, but by no means enough of them; hired laborers, chiefly Arabs, do most of the work.

In Russian days this colony started experimental activities —tropical products: cotton, bananas, and other things which should grow well down here in the sub-sea-level vale of Galilee. The experiments have been a modest success, according to the manager (who had lived for eight years in New York city), but the colony still needs capital, and especially hands—will always want the latter, one surmises. To-day Migdal is putting the cream of its efforts into a big summer (or rather, winter) hotel, which the owners hope to make one of the chief resorts of Palestine. A worthy plan, no doubt, but not exactly what most of us understand by colonization.

Degania, astride the Jordan where it flows, clear and swift, out of the Sea of Galilee, is a colony of the communal type. Twenty-one families—sixty adults and thirty children—on the day I visited it. A kind of boarding-school communism, the children's lot especially, from birth or shortly thereafter, much like that of boarding pupils in some semi-charitable institution.

In the crèche or baby incubator the younger children were having their eyes treated by the community doctor. It seems there is considerable trachoma and some similar ailments down here in the vale of Galilee, and the youngsters suffer this treatment regularly. The usual shrieking among the victims. Doctor and nurses were kind enough, in an impersonal way; but one missed that father-mother sympathy a baby seems entitled to—worse for it in a way too, perhaps, than the impersonal kindness of trained nurses, but likely to leave out some little thing that seems necessary to the developing child. These babies were as much subject to the communal will, even as to what experiments should be tried on their bodies, as are soldiers. The thought intruded itself that if we all adopted communism and had our children brought up in incubators, not only would the characters bred by gentle family life decrease, but while we might achieve tougher personalities, more able to cope with the rude world, it might also become a tougher world, with less pity and sympathy for our fellow-man; more hard-boiled competents in the worldly struggle; hence more wars.

The babies were taking, or trying to take, their midday nap. Sturdy, bronze-skinned, healthy-looking youngsters, naked but for their diapers, lay in cribs on a side porch, protected by mosquito-nets and by towels or strips of canvas hung to shield them from the sun. But here again real motherly care was lacking. One or two of the nets had been pulled open by little clawing fingers; two or three had unrepaired holes in them; so that a few of the children were covered with those persistent flies of Egypt and Galilee. One or two of the shielding towels had fallen, or the sun had swung farther around than the nurses had foreseen, so that the infants involved were stewing rather than sleeping. The barefoot nurses did not seem to be worried about these slight defects —except as to our possible opinion of them. The visitor got the impression, as so frequently in large hospitals, that the nurses would be satisfied if they brought a large percentage of the children through to childhood; that the loss of one now and then was inherent in the law of averages, rather than an individual tragedy. Yet, after all, these incubated infants were better off than most children the world over.

The colonists of Degania scorned the suggestion that they had anything in common with the Bolsheviki. To be sure, theirs is a less pure communism than is practised in some of the colonies. For one thing, Degania children go home at night—a clever trick of the nurses, I suspect, to get the full night's sleep while the fathers and mothers, weary with a day in the fields, lose theirs. Each child had its own toothbrush; each a rather soiled towel. I cannot tell you how communists reconcile these things. There were kindergarten chairs and tables, play-porches, most of the things with which to amuse or teach small children. In some of the more purely communistic colonies none of the children—if I understood my informant—have playthings of their own, that common ownership may be ingrained from birth. In certain colonies the children are taken home to spend an hour with their parents each evening; in others they do not return to them at all. They are turned over at birth, or as soon thereafter as possible, like finished factory products, in order that the mothers may go back to work in the fields. It is said that even these parents and children manage to recognize one another; but except for the artist's pride in workmanship, when he happens to point out one of his or her performances, there is outwardly no connection between the children of such colonies and those who produced them. Too much like a breeding-plant, or an "orphanage" for unintentional children; personally I'd rather get up in the night and heat the bottle myself.

In the really communistic colonies, I gathered, everything, except husbands and wives, is common property—even clothing. On Saturday—or among Jews probably it would be Friday—evening, every one throws his soiled garments into the common heap, and picks out what he needs from another common collection. Surely some are selfish and snatch the best garments, perhaps slighting or hurrying through the weekly bath to get them; for who does not know that human nature remains much the same even under communism? There must be the making of many quarrels in such an arrangement.

No, replied the cultured young English-Jew woman who had taken upon herself the task of showing me about Degania; because human nature *is* the same, there are few quarrels. For some prefer a certain type of garment and some another; some bring with them or acquire garments which no one else in the colony covets; also there is the question of sizes, greatly restricting the chances for contention. I can see the point; yet I still feel as disinclined to wear some one else's underwear as to hand over my children, nuisances though they sometimes are.

The members of Degania and other colonies use no money, except when away from home; then they are provided with it from the common fund. The woman from London, who would have been an addition to any human group, had just come out to try colonial life—plainly from idealistic motives, for it was evident that she had not lacked the comforts of life. She had been put on a year's probation, like all others when they arrive. If she remained beyond that period, it would be "immoral" to quit, something like leaving a convent after taking vows. Communism? Well, some things about it were hard, at first. She had received a birthday box from London, and had of course been in duty bound to hand it over to the common fund; got one marshmallow and two gumdrops out of it herself. But it was good character training. I admitted it would be.

No trouble in keeping people in the colony, she said; the difficulty is to find room for all who wish to come. There is a waiting-list, and members are elected, as to a club. When Degania's irrigation projects have increased its available land, there will be room for more; yet those new acres are expected to fill up overnight. She insisted that every colonist, in Degania at least, was contented, would not go back to the cities under any circumstances.

A lame and halting Ford carried me over worse roads from Jaffa to Petach Tikvah, scene of a recent serious clash between Jews and Arabs. This individualistic pre-war colony of more than five thousand population is engaged mainly in growing oranges. Its checker-board streets were mere wide lanes of dust between the houses, arable land that might have been planted with something more productive than dwellings. Eucalyptus and cypresses alone were proof that, for all its desert aspect at this season, the soil is fertile. Petach Tikvah has mail-delivery, electric light, most of the adjuncts of urban life, at least in a crude way. Yet somehow I carried away the impression, and not from there only, that many of the colonists were unhappy, tied to their orange groves while their splendid talents in commercial matters were wasting away from lack of opportunities to use them.

In the sandy unpaved outskirts a man carrying a live chicken turned in at the lopsided gate leading to an unpainted wooden shack in the center of a broad sandy yard. A moment later he came out into the road again, with an unkempt, heavily bearded old man of exaggerated Semitic features, who was now holding the chicken. He killed it with one swift stroke of a razor across the back of the neck, held it firmly while the blood dripped in a little pool in the sand. Then he spat on the razor and rubbed it with a plucked weed; carefully covered with sand, using one foot, the little pool of blood; growled an unsatisfied thanks for the fee the owner exchanged for the dead fowl, and plodded back into his shack. One gathered that being a rabbi in a colony of Eritz Israel is no royal road to wealth, the added tasks of learning the butcher's calling and keeping his razors sharp insufficiently requited, even where the colonists are so orthodox that a layman cannot kill his own chickens.

As soon as it had picked up an assorted load of passengers, the great-grandfather of the previous Ford bounced me back to Jaffa. Off the main routes the roads of Palestine are still better suited to camels and donkeys than to their American counterpart. But main highways are now numerous. There is a well-paved one from Jaffa to Rishon le Zihon. "First in Zion," though not quite entitled to its name, is a fairly clean, prosperous-looking, wide-spread village of broad unpaved streets, a quaint old wooden synagogue, engaged in growing grapes and other fruits. Its interesting wine-cellar, built with Rothschild assistance, is one of the sights of Palestine; its wine is known throughout the Holy Land. Women pushing baby-carriages are not uncommon sights in these non-communistic pre-war colonies; preferable, surely, to communal nurses, though I grant that a happy medium would be an improvement even in our own highly individualistic land.

Then a seven-mile walk through a rolling, fertile country, across which an electric-power line was being erected. A new town, still mainly in tents, had sprung up, visibly a great improvement already upon the ghettoes—if the newcomers had such antecedents. Arab urchins were hanging about the citified new colonists, marveling at their queer custom of washing their food before cooking or eating it. V-shaped Polish farm wagons, on their way home after the day's work, carried twice as many Arab hired laborers as Jews. A pair or two of city-clad Jewesses picked their way in the sand; a man and wife, carrying the baby by turns, plodded along on their evening promenade. One of those desert-dry, Arabic-speaking Jews from the Yemen fell in with me for a space, and seemed to rate me high-hat because I did not reply intelligibly to his remarks in what I suppose was imperfect Hebrew.

About sunset, over the railway from Egypt, into Rehovoth. Founded in 1890; fifteen hundred inhabitants; surrounded by vineyards; a huge wine warehouse bulking above everything else. It is considered one of the most attractive villages in Judea. Clean, very modern, if rather squat, houses are set spaciously apart along nature-paved streets, on the top of a broad knoll; somewhat reminiscent of the towns of Paraguay. Most of the Jewish colonies have their own schools, dispensaries, piped water; malaria has been largely eliminated; typhoid is decreasing, though there are still complaints of a lack of isolation places. Here in unknown Rehovoth there is a spick and span tile-floored hotel—a better hotel, at least in so far as modern improvements are concerned, than up in Jerusalem itself. Supper and lodging cost me $1.10; but dogs and roosters and mosquitoes and one of those heavy quilts or nothing, such as the traveler suffers under or without in Japanese inns also, spoiled what had promised to be a memorable night.

Luckily it was not Friday evening, for supper was something of a disappointment even on Thursday: herring and butter, milk and eggs, new potatoes—but no meat, with rather a meat-demanding day behind me. The undoubtedly city-bred, educated young man in dusty riding-boots and breeches, across the table from me, got meat, but no butter or herring. Butter and meat at the same meal would, it seems, be equivalent to eating pork—a disgusting thought! One should allow six hours to elapse between meat and butter, or vice versa; should wash the mouth well between fish and meat; and the meat must be soaked at least an hour before it is cooked. So abhorrent is the mere thought of blood to your strictly orthodox Jew that he must refrain even from the involuntary temptation to thrust a cut finger in his mouth!

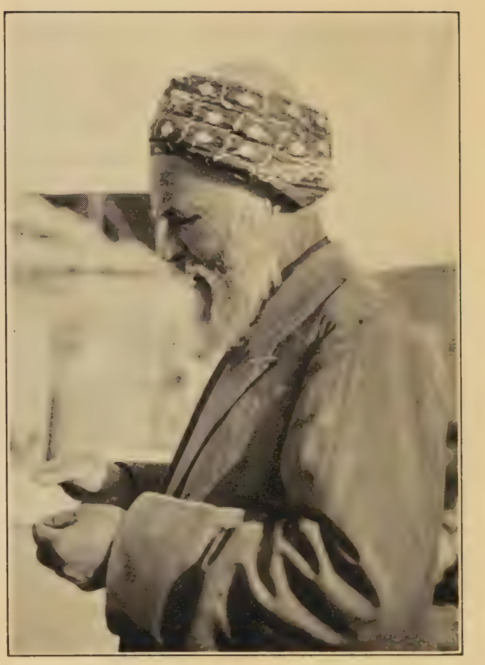
My supper companion was from Berlin; had been a year in Eritz Israel; had not liked it at all at first; now he looked back on city life with "Schrecklichkeit." Yet there was something unsatisfied in his manner as we sat talking in the darkness on the little front porch, a lack of gaiety, of spontaneity, a moroseness, a disinclination to enter frankly into communication, an unnatural attitude I sensed among many of the city-bred colonists. It was as if they were under some indefinable strain, though more or less unaware of, unable to account for it, themselves.

Yet there was laughter enough among the young couples passing silent-footed in the sandy, faintly moon-lighted streets. The Berlin youth was already married; had taken a wife soon after he came out, though in Berlin he had never dreamed of doing so until he was much older. But out here, he explained, there is a constant pressure for early marriage; not so much because more colonists are needed as because "we wish to keep the immoralities of the cities as much as possible out of our colonies." Complete success? Naturally not; what miracle do you expect where healthy young people of both sexes work together in the fields, beneath the enlivening sunshine, stroll together in Israel's magnificent moonlight? But conditions to be proud of, so far, compared with the brothel-festered cities of Europe.

Two hours' walk in the sand, beginning at dawn; a lovely morning overhead but not underfoot. Arab-driven camels sauntering along. Jews, afoot or in queer little wagons, already on their way at sunrise to work in the vineyards—hours of loafing in the shade in the middle of the day requited. Old Ramleh, where I once spent a brief night long ago, was little changed, except in size, for all the great doings in and about it during and since the war; the same colorful Oriental markets; the muezzin still chanting from his minaret; hardly a sign here that this is also a Jewish land now.

The Jewish teacher from Rehovoth whom I met at the near-by station had come through Ramleh in fear and trembling. A Jew had recently been killed in a town near Haifa, and no one knew when Ramleh also might openly display its avowed anti-Semitism. He was a sight fit for the comic-opera stage, this intelligent young Austrian-born Jew, speaking the guttural German of his birthplace more easily than Hebrew; a living proof that teaching is no more honored or well paid in Palestine than in the world at large. Being on his way up to Jerusalem, he was dressed in his best Sabbath-go-to-synagogue clothes: a frock coat that once, long ago, had been black, on which ten patches of as many differ-

An Arab from beyond the Jordan



A Circassian of Transjordania

A residence street in old Damascus

ent shades, some of them six inches in length, could be counted. His once proud hat, even his once patent-leather shoes were patched beyond anything American patience could accomplish; and what the world could see of his trousers was indeed a commentary on man's unfairness to the intellectual professions. Yet these were his Sabbath clothes, as he took pains to tell me; I wondered what he wore at other times. But personally he was far from sad. It all depends, on the attitude of the world about you, on your own natural self-assurance, whether or not mere garb troubles your spirits; and in Palestine a man may still be respectable and respected in what New York would consider disgraceful. He told many an amusing tale of life in the new Land of Israel as we stood strap-hanging together in the crowded third-class coach all the way up to Jerusalem.

Tel Aviv ("Hill of Springtime," hence "Hope"), often cited as the only purely Jewish city in the world, now joins Jaffa without a break. It was an insignificant suburb of that ancient seaport, where modern improvements are well-nigh impossible, when a group of Jews met out here in the sand in 1909 and decided to found a Jewish city. It is not quite true that all the inhabitants of Tel Aviv are Jews; there are a hundred or more Gentiles—English people doing business in Jaffa, for instance, who had made this their suburban home before Tel Aviv achieved a name. But to all intents and purposes it is a Jewish city: no street or shop or public signs anywhere except in Hebrew; even the plates over sewer manholes are founded with Hebrew names only. The place bears a strong family resemblance to Long Beach, New York, not only in situation, in what was once pure sand washed up by the sea, but in architecture, building materials, florid municipal buildings, cement streets laid down in shifting sand, to say nothing of the prevailing race—a Long

Beach without any New York city within reach. There is even a long beach, though this one is still an undeveloped field of sharp stones; and they are talking now of building a board-walk!

The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem cuts through the town, which stands out bright and inviting in its light colors of stucco, from a distance, but loses something at nearer view, like so many other worldly things. Most of the houses are of three stories; all of them have running water and modern plumbing—Jerusalem please take note. The climate is much like that of Charleston or Savannah. Many Zionists now admit that it should have remained a one-story town. But over-ambition is a common human frailty. Sure that Tel Aviv was the coming commercial and intellectual capital of Eritz Israel, its optimistic inhabitants built three-story houses; and now many of them live on one floor on what they take in by renting the other two.

Tel Aviv had 511 inhabitants in 1911; in 1926 it claimed 45,000. Granted its own municipal government some time ago, it can now make improvements without the consent or interference of backward-looking Jaffa. The council is elected, chooses the mayor from among its own members. Ordinarily he is a much-traveled, cultured man, unlike some other mayors. For not only do Jews come to Tel Aviv from all parts of the world, but it has a plethora of educated men—Ph.D.s who can find nothing better to do than municipal jobs such as cleaning toilets in the public markets. In fact, general education is enviably high, at least for the Eastern world, among all the Jewish inhabitants of the new Land of Israel. It is not unnatural, by the way, that English Jews are in prominent positions in the municipal government of Tel Aviv.

A large unfinished synagogue, its graceful wooden dome awaiting tiles or some other permanent covering; many a house in the same predicament, standing out in public without its outer garments, for lack of funds. The building boom in Tel Aviv reached its height in 1926, when one hundred and thirty-six "factories" were listed; rayon, tanning, candy (which sold at double price in the United States because of the sacred land of its origin)—who knows what all? But real-estate speculation broke out as furiously as in Florida; went through the same cycle. Those without money borrowed all the banks would lend, to complete their buildings; and when the banks refused to lend any more—crash! Though the fact has not, for obvious reasons, been broadcasted to the world, the Government of Palestine (in other words, Great Britain) has taken Tel Aviv over financially in order to save it from complete bankruptcy. Yet I saw not a single "Selling out!" sign there. Can't fool one another, perhaps.

Tel Aviv is reputed an immoral place. Common gossip has it that well-to-do Arabs provide Jewish daughters of ill-fortune with a means of livelihood. More smoke than fire, perhaps; partly jealousy and backbiting of the dashing young upstart by the frumpy older towns of Palestine, no doubt. But the general atmosphere of Tel Aviv is certainly far removed from that of pietistic Jerusalem.

The Arabs find it pleasant for other reasons. Jewish motor-buses filled with Moslem women all in black, even to thick double veils, dash in and out of town. Arab men come to the cafés, the theaters, the musicales of Tel Aviv; some come to learn Hebrew; ambitious or scholarly Arabs attend the Jewish gymnasium (in the German sense, of course) and perfect themselves in all three of the languages of Palestine.

In return, many Jewish colonists learn Arabic. After all, Hebrew and Arabic are almost as much alike as Spanish and Portuguese, Jews and Arabs both of the Semitic race.

Among many other tasks Zionism has set itself that of resuscitating the Hebrew tongue, entombed these two thousand years in the holy scrolls. Some consider this the outstanding achievement of the Zionist movement; others call it a sacrilege. The intramural, curl-wearing Jews of Jerusalem, of Tiberias and Safed, regard the ancient language of their people as sacred, to be used only in worship—another of the points in which they are at odds with the Zionists, with the more adaptable colonists, who might help them to better living conditions. Hebrew is the medium of instruction in all the modern Jewish schools; it is the language of the fields, the workshop, the market-place, of newspapers and books. The use of any other language among the pioneers is discouraged; and this cultural renaissance is one of the forces that are welding together the masses of Jews from all parts of the world, welding them into a single people thoroughly permeated with the Jewish consciousness—if that were lacking.

The Hebrew Academy in Jerusalem coins new words as they are needed, taking them from the Talmud, the ancient Seramic, the sacred texts. The chauffeurs of a dilapidated Ford can even say, "Crank 'er up!" in Hebrew. The passion for Hebrew only is a disadvantage to the traveler who knows German or Spanish, the mother tongues of most of the colonists; for now they take pride in speaking nothing but the ancient tongue, look askance at you if you address them in any other, still hesitate to answer you when they recognize that you are not one of their own people, for other Jews, older or more exacting Jews, may be listening and disapproving. Though the chancellor himself is understood to favor it, there have been protests from all sides, proclamations by the Legion to Protect the Hebrew Language, threats of a student strike, if the offer of a Jewish-newspaper proprietor of New York to establish a Yiddish Chair in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem is accepted. Not only should Hebrew be recognized as the language of the Jews in Eritz Israel, insist the majority, but Yiddish is not really a language at all. Hebrew is the mother tongue of children born in the new Land of Israel—which sometimes leads to difficulties. The four-year-old daughter of Tel Aviv's London-born secretary to the mayor spoke nothing else; her great-grandmother spoke only Polish and Yiddish, so there was no communication between them except by signs. One way to keep the new generation of colonists in Palestine, perhaps. But the trouble is that even the Jewish schools are teaching English, the world language, and the children have so much contact with the other race of Palestinians that most of them will also have Arabic, another widespread tongue, with which to begin their travels.

On the surface at least, Arabs and Jews seem to get on fairly well together. In not a few individual cases they become friends, especially the youngsters. So long as Palestine remains a British mandate they will continue to get along fairly well together. But once the British withdraw, if ever they do, all bets are off.

The Arab, being good-natured, unlike the Syrian or the Turk—a Palestinian Arab is speaking—is inclined to let Allah's will be done. In Nazareth, Arabs said to me, "We do not love the Jews from down on the plain below; but, being a peaceable people, we obey the Government and make no trouble when they come up here to market. Yet how can England say that Palestine is the land of the Jews? We drove them out many centuries ago, much longer ago than you did the Indians in America, and you do not say that the United States belongs to the Indians now. Balfour said, 'Nothing shall be done that shall prejudice the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish population,' but when a section of New York, or any other American city, is rented to negroes, what happens? The Jews loaned England so much money during the war that she had to back Zionism. We Arabs helped, too, but not so much with money, which is not our specialty; and Shylock opened wide his coffers.

"In Turkish days there was compulsory military service for Moslem Arabs (for Christians also the last few years), so that half of us were killed off or died in service, while the Jews and the Christians of Palestine stayed safely at home. Now there is no military service, so the danger of the Jews' ousting the Arabs, who breed even faster than they, is not very great. The Arab does not want the Jew; yet he gives up and sells his land to Zionists whenever a good price is offered. We are weak, in that way at least; but Palestine will never become a Jewish land."

The Jews boast that they have established themselves in Palestine without the aid of armies or navies; they say they have entered their ancient homeland with a single Hebrew word on their lips, "Shalom" ("Peace be with you")—blood brother of the Arabic "Salaam." They remind us that except for the local constabulary (soon to be renamed the Border Defense Corps) there is not a single British regiment garrisoned in the Land of Israel. "What a tribute to the genius of the Jew to get along with his neighbor!" Granted; though the simplest reader will admit that it would be no great task to pick several large flaws in that in a way truthful statement about no aid from armies or navies.

However strong the suspicion that the establishment of a refuge for oppressed Jews is but part of a British program for buttressing the crumbling walls of empire; however well we may know that the mandate over Palestine (like that of the French over Syria) by the League of Nations was no more unsought than our high political offices are forced upon unwilling and self-effacing candidates; whatever one may think of either its advisability or its practicality, the Zionist movement is largely idealistic in its conception. Much hard-boiled worldliness may be mixed with it; the Crusaders themselves were by no means free from secular ambitions, from those long racial hatreds that are nourished under the cloak of religion. There remains the question of how Zionism is working out in practice.

At the time of the Balfour declaration there were about 65,000 Jews in Palestine. There are barely 150,000 of them there now, ten years later. Of 46,225 immigrants in a little less than five years, only 2027 were non-Jews. Ninety per cent of the Jewish immigration was from Europe, more than half of that from Poland alone. Only 594 came from the United States during those five years! On the other hand, three-quarters of the 13,000 tourists to Palestine in 1926 were Americans—and tourists who leave money behind them when they depart are preferable during the present state of affairs to immigrants who come to stay and earn a livelihood. In 1924 there were 13,553 immigrants; in 1925 there were 34,641; but in 1926 there were only 13,910—and 9429 emigrants!

The fall of Polish currency played an important part in the exodus, since many of the newcomers depend upon remittances from relatives in Poland. But the principal reason for the departures is unemployment, the outstanding problem of Zionism to-day. Of a Jewish labor organization of 23,460 members, 8150 were without work at the time of my visit; the Zionist Executive Council had spent $220,000 in unemployment relief since the preceding October. The latest estimate is, that of 21,000 Jews in Palestine, agriculturists excepted, who must work to live, 10,000 are unemployed. The collapse of the big building program, especially in Tel Aviv and Haifa, is one of the principal causes of unemployment. It was hoped that in place of doles, emergency works by the Government would ease the situation; but the Government says it is not yet ready to start such work on any appreciable scale. The Jewish Federation of Labor asserts that unless drastic action is taken to provide new jobs, several thousand more will be forced to join the army of the unemployed.

The young, and even the middle-aged, leave, believing they can do better elsewhere. Old men and women come over and live on a pittance from their relatives in Europe or America, so that they can be buried on the sacred slopes of the Mount of Olives when they die. But the younger have other ambitions; many of them, seeing little prospect of better times in the near future, have left the land of promise but not of fulfilment. Most of the new-comers are not farmers; only a comparatively small proportion of Jews now in Palestine are actually working on the land. "Too many of us want to loaf and make fortunes in real estate; and even were the artisans, and all others who are not afraid of hard work, willing to become farmers, the land is not yet ready to receive them." Considerable swampy land has been reclaimed and in some cases made highly productive—land which under the Arabs has produced nothing as far back as records go. An attempt to increase olive-growing is being made; government initiative and encouragement has caused 750,000 olive-trees to be planted in Palestine during the past three years—but almost exclusively by Arabs. There are a million and a quarter acres of hill land available for olive-growing; but though it has been shown that hill land produces a higher percentage of oil, the additional labor required to cultivate olives on the hills has caused the Jewish portion of the population to stick to the valleys; and as valley land available for olives is also good for oranges, which bring higher returns in a shorter time and for less labor, the olive-route out of the difficulty is still untraveled.

The optimistic insist that this is no proof of failure of the Zionist movement; that the new experiment, unprecedented in the world's history, must move slowly—a few hundred immigrants a year; a weeding-out process; then adjustment to the special conditions. Far too many immigrants came in 1925; and 1926 paid the penalty; the next few years probably will also. It is hoped that new enterprises and fewer immigrants, properly weeded out and adjusted, will save the situation. The orange industry is prosperous; Jaffa oranges now sell as high as oranges do in America—and they are only a little better than those of California. 2,146,000 cases of oranges were exported in 1925; 1,515,000 in 1926. Irrigation and drainage will make more orange land available; the electrification and industrialization of the Holy Land will bring great changes; the port of Haifa is to be developed; above all, the exploiting of the fabulously wealthy Dead Sea is expected to make another land of Eritz Israel. The optimists think the future of the "Jewish National Home" is exceedingly bright, in spite of some recent setbacks.

To most of us "national home" means the place where the great majority of those of a given nationality or race live. The British mandate covers a territory about the size of Vermont. Some one of statistical talents has figured out that there are about seventeen million Jews in the world. Now, seventeen million people, not only living but earning their livelihood in Vermont would be a tolerably tight fit. Add to the analogy by picturing a Vermont almost isolated from the rest of the world, two-thirds solid rock, with a climate not particularly affable to farmers, and already occupied by three quarters of a million of another race, and the task of making it a real national home is apparent.

The Jews must again become a nation if the prophecy is to be fulfilled. There are Jews in Palestine who sincerely believe that the English are one of the lost ten tribes, and they have invented queer complications in wandering to prove it. Yet surely this is flattery; for, passing over certain Jewish characteristics in most Englishmen—inhuman clannishness, for instance, or even the fact that they have so large and choice a portion of the earth in their grasp—there are far too many reputable witnesses for the defense. Therefore few of us are ready to admit that the coming of the British to Palestine as rulers fulfils the prophecy.

Nor does it seem likely to be fulfilled in the near future, at least not in the sense of what to most of us constitutes a nation, a region ruled by, and occupied by the majority of, the Chosen People. Even with the most complete exploitation of its resources, the most thorough industrialization of which any land is capable, there would by no means be room in Palestine for the seventeen million Jews in the world at large, nor for any considerable portion of them, even if the non-Jewish population were willing or were forced to leave. Besides, Jews themselves have defined Zionism as the desire of all Jews to have all other Jews except themselves move back to Palestine. To the outsider peering in, it looks as if the Zionist movement would forever remain what it was in the beginning; an idealistic rather than a practical undertaking. It resembles the sentimental refurbishing, by some son of our own West who has made a fortune in Wall Street, of the old farm-house where his great-grandfather lived—a place to go back to on summer vacations, a sentimental refuge of the idealistic and the pious, a last resort of the hard-pressed, the unsuccessful, the weaker and poorer and perhaps more honest members of the family, but never a place in which the more successful of the clan will ever be satisfied actually and permanently to live.

CHAPTER VIII

CASTIGATED DAMASCUS

AN English officer from Cairo and his wife were glad to save something on the cost of their motor tour by taking a passenger or two from Tiberias to Damascus. One begins to swelter in Tiberias even before a reasonably early start; shivers half an hour later up at Safed, principal city of Upper Galilee, one of the four holy cities of refuge of Israel, with more curl-wearing Jews. Winter and summer resorts within sight of each other, hardly twenty miles apart even by a winding road. Safed is the city set high on a hill which cannot be hid; Christ had only to glance up to see it, as he spoke on the Mount of Beatitudes, even as the mere traveler can almost anywhere in Upper Galilee to-day. From it may be seen the waters of Galilee and of Meron and all the Jordan Valley between; and beyond, Mt. Hermon and the bleak uplands of southern Syria, the road to Damascus winding away thread-like over Hermon's shoulder.

The road gradually deteriorates as it descends to the old stone bridge across the little upper Jordan not far below the pond, said to be brackish, which we know as the Waters of Meron. There, in a rude room of a rough-stone building, a man who could neither read them nor speak with the owners thereof, pretended to examine our passports intelligently; inscribed our names, or failed to inscribe them if we chose to give false ones; set down as our wives the women traveling with us (which was only half true) no matter how much we, or at least the woman most concerned, protested against such haphazard conclusions. On the other hand, there was no examination of baggage in either country, though there is supposed to be both going out and coming in.

Formerly fishermen on the Sea of Galilee had to have passports, because the eastern shore was French territory. But in 1924 the mandatory powers adjusted the boundary, which now makes a great curve to take in the low lands and the headwaters of the Jordan at the foot of Mt. Hermon, and gave the British Dan and seventy-five square miles of territory. Thus the old Biblical expression, "from Dan even unto Beersheba," still holds; though, more exactly, modern Palestine stretches from Metulla to Ruhama, the last Jewish colonies on the northern and southern frontiers, barely three hundred miles apart. Palestine is after all but a tiny Vermont-sized country of nine thousand square miles, while the French mandate we know as Syria has sixty thousand, like Georgia.

We climbed out of the upper Jordan Valley into a region bleak and dreary, even compared with Palestine. All afternoon an almost wintry wind swept down off Jebel esh Sheik, which we call Mt. Hermon. For hours the long ridge capped and streaked with snow seemed to race beside us, as we hurried on through a landscape of black rocks that would have made splendid hiding-places for raiding Druses, had we of English speech had any reason to fear them. Thousands of columns of stones piled one on top of the other, for religious motives, one might have thought, instead of merely to get them out of the way. Red poppies incongruously dotted the forbidding prospect; certainly no place for walking. Only a few women in single file, wearing yellow-and-red homespun garments, their half-covered faces tattooed in blue, carrying on their backs, with a tump-line across the forehead, heavy loads of what looked like cactus-stalks, probably used as fuel. Others under great bundles of rushes, for basket-making, perhaps. Several of them were driving donkeys, also laden with the same scanty products of an inhospitable country-side. Nothing else, almost no other sign of human existence, not another automobile, no other traveler of any sort, for hour after stony hour. Only here and there a few grazing cattle and sheep.

Our passports were called for again at a French-Syrian "control station" in a black-stone town of a few faded-red roofs, with many stone and barbed-wire barricades, riflemen on the alert, the atmosphere of a state of at least half-siege. Jebel Druse, headquarters of the anti-French revolt, was no great distance off across the uninviting country to the southwest. Then on again, snow-streaked Hermon gazing coldly down upon us, seeming perpetually to keep pace with us, like a pursuing ogre biding its time. Even the flowers were different from those of Palestine; and, for all the flowers, it was a dreary, unenticing country. One could easily picture the French grumbling that they have the second-best to Great Britain in mandates, as they so often complain of having in colonies. Much larger, to be sure, but chiefly desert; 12,500,000 tillable acres, yet for lack of irrigation only one fifth of them under cultivation.

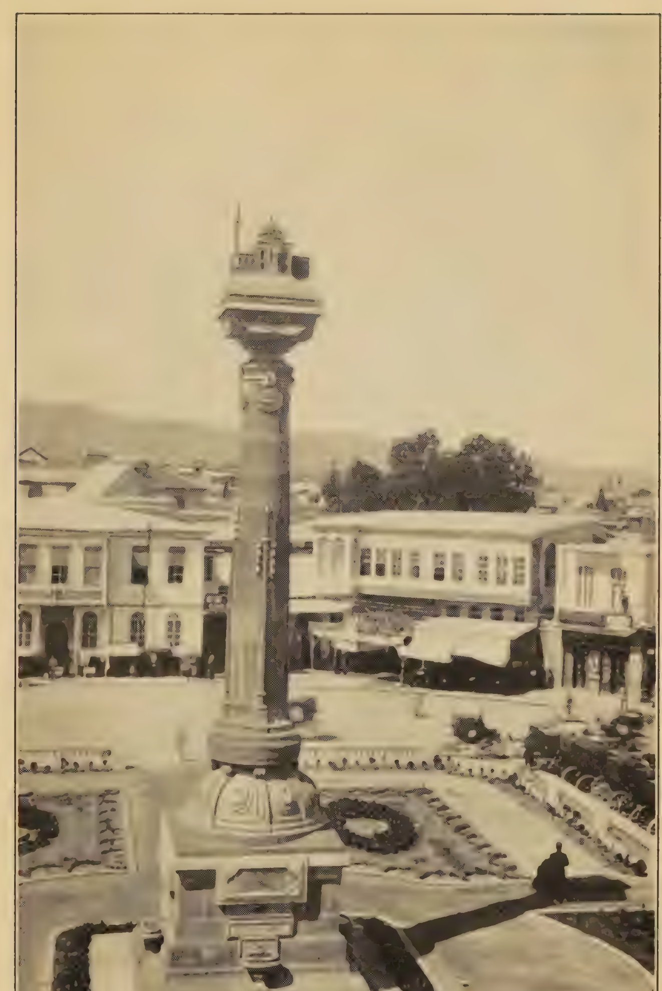
The worse than stony landscape began to take on more fertility about the time we caught sight of the minarets of Damascus. Soon the trees of the great garden in which the venerable place sits surrounded us. Rope-makers were plying their trade in long narrow spaces beneath them. White dust swirled everywhere; especially in the afternoon, we found, an exasperating wind is almost sure to fill the air with it. We passed through several barbed-wire entanglements, set aside during the day; in many a street sand-bag or woven-branch wall barricades of Z shape testified to continued trouble long after the world had been lulled into believing that the French have become the undisputed masters of all Syria. Troops by the thousand, the majority of them black—which is almost as great an insult to the Syrians as it would be to us. Senegalese, Malgash, black-toothed little Annamese, French officers and conscripts from France everywhere; whole squadrons of fast little tanks, rows of mounted machine-guns, in the yard of a great barracks; cavalry horses in long lines, feeding, their riders and equipment not far away. Police barracks like armed camps; swarms of Syrian police in round vizorless caps (fez-wearers long used to nothing over the eyes); brutal-looking Circassian and Armenian police. It was like being back in wartime Europe again.

A wreck of a city; streets poorly paved, if at all, as badly kept as in Turkish days. The newcomer wondered what the French have done for Damascus during nearly a decade of mandate, besides destroying half the town. With its throngs of police, of soldiers of every French sort, a grim warlike atmosphere, a floury white dust swirling over everything, into everything, that first impression at least is that Damascus under the French is a mess compared with Jerusalem under the British. Certainly a sudden jump from the chief and holiest city of Palestine to that of Syria furnishes all the proof any reasonable man needs that the British know better than the French how to handle alien races.

If you are one of those gifted individuals who can get the atmosphere—nay, all that is worth knowing—of a place from a taxicab or an airplane, you may catch your bird's-eye view of Damascus without running the risk of being shot down by the French. For close to the city, on the west, is a dreary, barren hill, very steep, and covered for the most part with dry, slippery rubble. Its geology need not trouble you much, however, unless you are one of us bull-headed fellows who must finish anything we undertake, be it the climbing of a hill for a view that is quite good enough part-way up, or the reading to the bitter end of a book that should be thrown into the trash-heap after the first few pages.

Just above the western suburbs, beyond a graveyard with iron-fenced, nay, almost iron-caged, plots in a little grove of tall, slender, fancily scalloped Moslem tombstones over straw-and-mud graves, without a sign of grass or other vegetation, the inevitable dumping-ground of garbage and rendezvous of mangy mongrel curs and loafing bums, you are high enough to see all Damascus. A long narrow strip of yellow-brown, flat-roofed city touches the foot of the hill, stretches north and south along it. Joined to this, narrowing almost to nothing at one point, is the city proper, ancient Damascus, already of venerable age in the days of the Apostles. The whole spreads like a filled-in Y, the right-hand branch, running far out to the south, forming the section known as the Meidan. Just red roofs enough to give the whole a reddish tinge. From here it seems as flat as the surface of a lake, though it is not entirely so. The Grand Mosque bulks above everything else, the ancient citadel, now a prison, almost rivaling it, the half-ruined arching roof of the Street Called Straight drawing its heavy line across the thickest portion. An immense barracks in a square near the outskirts to the right keeps the beholder reminded that Damascus is under military occupation.

The rest of the scene is mile after densely green mile of thick trees, then half-green, especially on the lower hills, and finally the tawny yellow desert surrounding the oasis as the sea does an island. Down among them you will find the trees nearly all small, olives and almonds for the most part. Roads that look good from this height set off in the directions of



The central square of Damascus

Recess-time in a government school of Damascus

An outdoor class; even within, the red fez is never removed

Jerusalem and Beirut; and far across the city is a wide open space through which leads the at this end well-built highway to Bagdad—when the Druses permit it. A striking scene; yet Mohammed must have come from Arabia if the legend is true that he refused to enter Damascus because a man should only once enter paradise.

There is more for the insistent climber who will scramble and claw his way for an hour to the top of the hill itself. The ruins of a stone building that may have been a mosque, possibly a church, form a welcome windbreak at the summit; without it there would be danger of being blown completely off the hill. This height discloses another and much smaller city tucked away in a great green pocket of trees cut off from the main oasis, among the green-to-arid hills to the north. Up here one can count at least twenty brown villages dotting the vast tree-carpeted plain. Almost all of them are in ruins now. For the French contended, more or less justly, that rebels had taken refuge in them. How we white rulers of alien lands in revolt lose our heads and see a bandit in every bush, a rebel in every peaceful peasant!—as we found in Haiti.

Beyond the hill, to the west, the vast snow-topped bulk of Mt. Hermon is guarded by range after range of grim brown mountains without a sign of habitation. Perhaps there are some, down in wind-sheltered hollows. Bandits still lurk in these hills; the French do not stroll even on this one, with its many convenient caves, on the edge of the city. But what to a Frenchman might have been a tragic episode would probably have been to me merely an interesting encounter—provided I could have proved my nationality before the shooting began. To-day, however, to all appearances a deserted spot, high above all sounds except the howling of the cold wind that nearly swept me off the summit, and now and then the infantile screech of the little made-in-Europe locomotives of the two railways out of Damascus.

As a city the ancient hub of Syria is somewhat less complicated than Jerusalem, even if Syria itself is quite as much so as Palestine, and too much so for the French. A mud-brick rather than a stone town, few fully stone buildings, except such as the Grand Mosque and the ancient citadel. Most of the streets have no other paving than the foot-packed earth, especially those of the souks, or covered markets. Where they are uncovered, by nature or by the French bombardments, frequent light rain leaves them slippery with mud, in contrast to the surrounding desert; and a wind that can be very cold even in late April sweeps through them, at least during the afternoon, covering, permeating everything with that floury dust into which Damascus mud dries. Where there are sidewalks they are so narrow that one or the other must step down whenever two pedestrians meet. In New York our newer buildings recede as they ascend; in Damascus the houses come forward as they rise, until sometimes the opposite balconies touch, and cover the narrow street entirely. They are not the open, happy-family balconies of Western lands, but the close wooden lattices of hidden Moslem life. Stovepipes thrust themselves out into the streets at queer angles, and climb uncertainly up the blank straw-and-mud outer walls to where a draft may be had.

There are imposing mansions among the homes of Damascus, though one would seldom suspect it from the bare unadorned adobe street walls. In the larger houses the man has an office not far inside the main gate—needs it, perhaps, to watch over and rule his several wives and their often numerous offspring, sometimes as many servants, hangers-on, poor relatives. Housekeeping must be a real job to the well-to-do, well-married man of Damascus. Fountains in the stone-paved yards; pools of water, some holding goldfish, are often set in the walls; unexpected and artistic touches; many evidences that the Turks held Damascus four hundred years; yet it is not the Damascus of yesteryear.

In contrast to most Near East cities Damascus has plenty of water, has had running water and sewers since Roman times. There are fountains in most houses that are not mere hovels, fountains in many of the streets, in the entrances to mosques or in their courtyards. Rather too close a connection between the incoming and outgoing streams in most houses, yet conditions far ahead of the almost waterless cities all about the southern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The ancient distribution system is complex and ingenious. The snow-cold Barada River sweeps through the town, first in a large, open, racing stream that gives the air a welcome moisture, then divides among brick channels beneath the streets and houses, on seven different levels, supplying house-fountains through separate holes to each at the stone-built public street fountains. The Barada water also carries off the human sewage, washes it out upon the plain, where it is used as fertilizer. Pure drinking water is piped to city hydrants from Ain Feegee, up among the hills toward Beirut. Consumers must come, or send, and carry this home. But many Damascenes drink Barada water; they say it has more "body" to it; prefer a water into which they can set their teeth, as do some born along the Missouri.

Great sections of the mud-and-stone buildings are now in ruins. Many of them should be destroyed, it is true, yet . . . In their quarrel with the "rebels" the French razed square after square of the best old Arab houses, especially about the Street Called Straight and out in the Meidan residential section, where a stroll or a ride discloses more ruins than houses. The recent destruction tells us a good deal about Damascus building, living. Eucalyptus poles are used as beams where beams are unavoidable. But there is little wood; the walls are mostly made of small stones set in straw-mixed mud, and they collapse easily, one discovers in clambering among them. Old hand-forged nails are more easily found than even old-fashioned wire nails, among the débris. Ruined fountains, painted-plaster interior walls now laid open to the glaring sunshine suggest ornate homes, cloistered homes, where now there is little more than heaps of broken mud-bricks. Here and there a new yellow-mud hovel has been built up among the ruins, its utterly tight tin-covered door testifying to family inviolability in any circumstances; suggesting an ant family that has survived in a destroyed ant village. Miles of mud ruins, only a few rebuilding; here and there the opportunity seized to cut new streets.

Algerian soldiers, in their flattish red fez and woolen khaki, sleep in rows in mosques, stand guard one by one in minarets overlooking the heart of the city, rifles with sharp French bayonets, and open boxes of hand-grenades within easy reach. Formerly the French not only mounted machine-guns in minarets but sacrilegiously occupied mosques with West Africans, Annamese, and other non-Moslems from among the French or colonial troops. Even the Algerians are not Mohammedans, the Syrians declare, because they do not say their prayers. A close-up view over Damascus from such a vantage-point is even more revealing than that from the hill on the west. In China there is grass and sometimes jungle on the tops of city walls; in Damascus the grass at least is on the roofs, where sheep often graze. Barbed-wire entanglements on the flat roofs too, one discovers, as well as in the streets; and many of those beautiful domes surmounted by lanterns, from which huge lamps hang down inside, have been bombed and riddled with shrapnel.

Bullet holes are everywhere, even through iron trolley poles, through the sheet-iron shutters—there are few wooden ones left now—that open in the morning and shut at sunset with a great noise unknown in the Damascus of a generation ago. The Street Called Straight—more nearly so now—is endlessly lined with den shops, as of yore. But to-day it is covered, if at all, only with sheet-iron, arched as the stone or mud-brick vaulting was in the olden days, as it still is in some of the less famous cities of Syria. A long stretch of the rounded sheet-iron roof of the famous old street is gone entirely, and the rest is so riddled with bullets from airplane machine-guns that the sun casts on the hard mud paving hundreds of golden coins the size of oranges. Automobiles, now and then a mounted machine-gun, even an occasional tank roar their way through it; horses, trained as colts to a donkey gait by means of weights tied to their front feet, so that riding them is as easy as sitting in an arm-chair, amble along it; now and again an old-time wagon, a string of disdainful camels, asses laden or "empty," pass; but its whole twenty-five-foot width is usually thronged with pedestrians only, a bicycle now and then squirming its way among them.

Long, unbroken rows of façadeless shops display nothing but bright-red slippers, sizes to supply all the family; scores of cloth-shops touch shoulders like soldiers in ranks; prayer-rugs of bath-towel size, their patterns the exteriors and interiors of famous mosques, hang high before shops where carpets are sold; craftsmen still using the crude ingenious processes of the East toil steadily, yet leisurely, without missing a single film-shot of the passing throng. In some sections of the earth-floored streets a great din sounds: men and boys pounding flat pieces of brass into basins, pitchers, ewers. Worn-out automobile tires are turned into crude sandals for the poorer classes. Vast warehouses that look like de-consecrated mosques or churches stand almost empty, yet with many bushels of wheat, barley, corn in scattered heaps about the great earthen floors, bearded keepers drowsing over their narghilehs just outside the wide doorways.

Open casks of ripe olives; almonds by the donkey-load (eaten green, as in China). Huge lemons are plentiful, but evidently few oranges are grown in the forest-garden surrounding the city, at least during this season. Raisins, too, are scarce, and many times higher in price than in those good old days when I got a newsboy's-sack full for a nickel. Do the French use them all for wine now; or are the Moslems themselves backsliding under French influence? Here a den where men are baking ghebis, the huge pancake-like bread of Syria that lies stacked up in sheets everywhere in the food markets. They manipulate the dough deftly into a sheet, lay this on a dirty cushion, and slap it up against the vaulted inner wall or roof of a mud oven with a small round opening, heated with hemp sticks. Among Damascus delicacies are the heads and the feet of sheep, tossed about on the ground whether cooked or raw. The chief export of the ancient city, according to our efficient young consul there, is apricot paste. The consul-at-large who wandered the streets with us that sunny Sunday morning had been writing and reading for years in consular reports of the apricot paste of Damascus; yet he had never before recognized it in the flesh, and no wonder. It is rolled out in sheets as large as ox-hides; folded and piled up, these look like stacks of thick brown paper. Some of this goes to Syrian restaurants in the United States —if you care to try a new breed of germs. But now even in Syria wealthier families are beginning to realize what uncleanliness in food products means, and to eschew the stuff.

Two chests of drawers on a donkey; one on a man. Another man carrying a huge sofa; porters under unwieldy loads not only too heavy but too undignified for men of the West. Men to spare, to waste; workmen ruining their eyes in the dark souks—poor lights, if any, in their tight little shops—or from the dust forever swirling in the open streets. They work late, perhaps early too, constantly, even if at no Western pace, for little pay. Of course we are selfish to doom them to this by our immigration act and our customs duties; yet . . . Let them become writers or lecturers and compete freely with us.

The men of Damascus seem to be off wool-gathering most of the time, even those who automatically ply a manual trade; day-dreaming, like their South American relatives; mentally fondling the houris of the Mohammedan heaven, perhaps. No matter how plainly you ask a question, the response is almost sure to be a slow, inattentive "Nahm [What]?" Yet they have outwardly an almost Chinese cheerfulness, several times our average contentment; there is probably more discontent in the United States, where the prosperous many see the lucky few get absurdly rich so easily, than in all the hopeless countries of Asia.

Men praying, at the hours set for it, some bowing down among their wares, others in a near-by mosque. Are they still dreaming of houris, hoping that Allah will see their devotions and give them plenty of sexual strength, the most voluptuous perpetual virgins of the Moslem heaven? (Christians, by the way, also go to heaven, according to pious Moslems—but only to assist the good Mohammedan as he makes his way from houri to houri, a kind of eunuch servant to the true believers.) A franker religion than ours; we too might enjoy such a heaven, but among Western peoples only the French and a few of their cultural satellites would have the courage to admit it. Mohammed knew his people. If the purpose of any religion (besides making its founder famous) is to induce its followers to do or refrain from doing certain things, be they what we generally accept as moral or immoral actions or merely the performing of rites and the paying of tithes, then Mohammed's promise of an unlimited supply of renewable virgins to the faithful Moslem was a stroke of genius, in so far as it was original. Fancy the plodding camel-driver, suffering from thirst and the endless desert heat and monotony, feasting his eyes on the mirage of a constant fresh maiden, his wife reborn every morning just as he first met her! Yet it is plain that Moslems do not know real wedded joy, or they would know that much would be lacking if things remained always as they were in the beginning.

Oh, well, so long as they really believe they are going to such a heaven (as with any one's heaven), what difference does it make whether or not there is such a heaven—any heaven at all? When death comes, either the belief in an after life will be verified or there will be no consciousness left to take account of the disappointment. Yet on earth one sees frequent evidence that letting the mind dwell upon a heaven of houris does not improve character; and veils emphasize the sex desire sharpened by such dreaming. It is no mere accident that the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah flourish in Moslem lands where outwardly so little is seen of women, and inwardly so much.

Now and then, even in the distressingly modernized souks of Damascus, a bright henna-reddened beard, here and there the edge of a woman's hair of the same false color, suggest that both sexes are inclined to try to beautify themselves. But with the woman it is largely love's labor lost—except for her own husband. Nearly all the women of Damascus still wear the crow costume, cover themselves in black from head to foot, face and all. A few dress in tan, gray, other colors, wear French heels, knee-high skirts, perhaps; but all hide their faces behind black veils, double veils usually. I wonder if the houris veil, before other men than their—shall we say?—husbands.

The veiled women of Asia are inordinately clever at scenting a man from afar off, and rarely do you catch sight of one without her veil at least in the act of dropping. Yet the sharp-eyed will get an occasional glimpse behind a half-raised or an unintentionally lifted veil: dreadful complexions, pores suffering from lack of air to breathe, eyes ruined with kohl and with peering through two thicknesses of black veiling; now and then a thrillingly pretty face in spite of the miserable custom. It is hard to get used to seeing an American-dressed, perhaps American-good-looking girl, in a short skirt above flesh-colored stockings—with a thick veil like an asbestos curtain pulled down over her face the next time you glance around at her; or veiled women clad all in black carrying on their shoulders or hips children quite like our own, walking beside little blond girls dressed just like our little girls. A queer feeling, as if one were constantly surrounded by members of the Ku Klux Klan; a sense of a sad masked ball, at which the guests will never unmask, never know one another. An unfair advantage; they see you but you do not see them, like the smart business man who puts his caller in the light and sits in the shadow himself.

Interesting to see, too, what feminine ingenuity can put across in spite of such a handicap. Some look at you through the veil until you cannot but realize it; stare at and appraise you, even though you only sense rather than see it, stare as if they rather wished you would force them to show their faces. One finds oneself trying to draw conclusions from the walk, the form, the often gloved hands, the general deportment—not entirely without success. If one may judge by the hands one sees, by the thick ankles, most women of the veiled Near East are stodgy in build. Some are obviously slender girls whom it should be a pleasure to unveil—yet in most cases that might be a disappointment, as the lifting of most veils is.

There are women who would gladly take off the veil if they were sure no one would tell husband, father, or brothers. For like the bound feet of China, the veil is as much due to the men as to the women. The opinion of men, and of other women, is inclined to scare all but the coarse and forward out of unveiling—or make coarse and forward those who persist in doing so. It is the same problem as the adoption of advanced styles by our own women and girls; with this difference—besides the great conservatism of the Orient—that where uncovering the face in public is a sign of belonging to a particular religious sect, in this whirlpool of religio-racial rivalries, those who do not wish to be mistaken for Jews or Christians hesitate to unveil. A Syrian mufti of high family and official standing said that he would take the veils off his women in a minute, if he did not have the example of Christian women to deter him. Like those Western women who more or less consciously long to show a fine pair of legs, as much of an attractive body as is becomingly possible, some Moslem women quite evidently wish they could show their faces; others must be glad of the custom of veiling, as some of our own more or less fair ones prefer the long skirt to the forced display of their pedal—or is it leg-al?—deficiencies.

As in Palestine, American automobiles are most in vogue in Syria. In assigning the mandates, the League of Nations had the foresight to forbid the mandatory powers to allow themselves a preferential tariff. Twenty-five per cent import duty on all goods, from whatever source; a small export duty on most things; and while rumor has it that there is a certain pro-French leakage, the American car easily holds its own. Largely Fords in Damascus, barbed wire on the spare tire to keep young Arab hoboes off; blue beads about the radiator cap, of course, just as there have been on horses, mules, donkeys, even babies, these many generations all over the Near East. Even Christian Greece believes that they avert the evil eye, bring good or drive away bad luck.

On the other hand, both Damascus and Beirut have electric street cars, unknown in Palestine. The conductors and motormen wear surplus American army uniforms. The cars dawdle out in three directions from the central square—where high on a column stands a miniature St. Sophia mosque in bronze, said to have been erected twenty-five years ago by order of Abdul Hamid in honor of the visit of his dear friend and colleague the kaiser. The cars wander a few squares, wait a while, ramble on, wait some more. Each has a harem compartment, carelessly curtained, reserved for women—provided there are any on board; a shamefaced scurrying to vacate it, among the men, when a veil does appear. Eventually any of those languid trams brings you to one of the three ends of the Y, which one depending upon your foresight or lack thereof; to the end of the Meidan, for instance, where the city breaks up into country. There the long snow-streaked stretch of Jebel esh Sheik seems only a rifle-shot away, an airplane crawling along it like a fly across a picture. A young French cub bawling out an old Syrian helper at surveying suggests another reason for hatred of the French. Being proud, like most peoples of ancient culture, and some without it, the Syrians can stand English scorn, indifference, mere aloofness, or whatever it is, better than intentional rudeness.

On the way back, endless labyrinths of yellow mud-and-straw walls, blue enamel signs with white names in French and Arabic on every corner, numbers in the two languages on every house, however small. That at least is one French improvement over Jerusalem—nay, over the United States. Youths gamble in the nearly forsaken streets by shooting mud marbles at coins set edge-up in the mud; shoot with the middle finger, held perfectly straight. In house-and-shop dens the same type of weaving as in China: family production, crude, in a way inefficient, no doubt unsanitary; yet, to my taste, preferable to a roaring factory and perpetual bossing. Here, instead of a boy to pull the warp incessantly, the man himself manipulates with his bare feet the wooden pedals, clever as an organist at getting the right worn sticks. The rugs are sent to Egypt and Bagdad, if I understood the very friendly weaver who scowled at me until he found I was not French.

Out Boulevard Bagdad poppies grow in profusion among barbed-wire entanglements. The adjoining Christian section is well built, gay with unveiled girls in colored dresses. A relief, at least, from the Moslem sections; though they do say the Christians are not the equal, in honesty, morals, or manners, to good Moslems. I wonder how much truth there is in this statement, so often heard in the Near East; how much platitudinous, to prove the speaker broad-minded. Out here where some of the old wall of Damascus is preserved you are shown at least six places from which Saint Paul was lowered in a basket. In any case he landed in an uninviting spot.

The tourist sights include the Grand Mosque, in the heart of town, at the end of the Street Called Straight. Admittance is granted a little grudgingly by the pious old hangers-on about the entrance, even though you accept a pair of their unwearable shoe-covers for the circuit. The immense floor is completely covered with Oriental rugs, hundreds of them, of all sizes. Moslems pray before the stone tomb of John the Baptist, one of whose heads is buried here. A fine mihrab in the Mecca-facing south wall; a delicately carved stone pulpit and stairs leading up to it. Are the details of Arab architecture so much more intricate than ours because Arabs like to loaf and stare at the ceiling? More time for building, too, perhaps. Particularly an air of peace and quiet, of real reverence, in the great mosques, for all the shuffling bums who come to pray or caretake or escape the burning sunshine.

Then there is the tomb of Saladin and his standard-bearer (not his wife, who no doubt was legion), side by side in a delightful little outdoor building, each tall tombstone topped by a blue cap wound with a turban. At least it was delightful until the kaiser took the quaint old decorations to Berlin and replaced them with ugly new elaborate marble ones, Arab and Turk inscriptions and all. The splendid old tiles in the walls are still intact; perhaps the kaiser could not pry them loose. But then, even Gouraud, first French High Commissioner to Syria, showed a soldier's tact when taken to Saladin's tomb, remarking that his presence there proved the final victory of the Cross over the Crescent. Perhaps he thought only the Turks use the crescent emblem; if he did not, he was very optimistic.

Among other venerated tombs are some to the iron bars of which sterile women tie pieces of their petticoats (still worn in Syria) with prayers to be granted children. No doubt they pick those saints who had a Don Juan reputation in life, which is not, of course, inconsistent with Moslem sainthood, any more than continence is an attribute of the Mohammedan holy man.

Unusual the tourist who avoids being taken to the Nassan factory; and only the penniless or the stiff-necked escape without leaving there some of their more or less hard-earned wealth. Four Christians and one Jew own the place at present. Wonderful (at least wonder-provoking) inlaid furniture of all kinds; wooden sandals with mother-of-pearl insets, used at home by the same women one sees tripping through the streets on French heels or, more likely still, slopping through them in "sneakers." Elaborately inlaid bridal stilts, from six inches to a foot high—as the girls of Damascus are usually married at twelve to fifteen, standing stock-still during the ceremony, in a long gown reaching to the floor, they look of more suitable age in stilts. Carved and hammered brass, inlaid with silver; remarkable examples of man's patience and Oriental skill, even if not irresistibly appealing to all of us.

Boys and girls learn these trades young, some beginning at the age of ten, even at nine, so that by twelve or fourteen they can carve brass creditably, can in some cases already draw the free-hand designs from memory. The art or skill is handed down verbally, so to speak, from generation to generation, as is essential in hand-work of the best sort. There can be none of that in our "efficient" factory type of civilization. Graduate journeymen earn from one to two dollars a day; women (Christians and Jews only, since Moslem women cannot work in public places) get from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. The Christians are best at mosaics, the Jews at brass- and chisel-work, the Moslems at woodwork—even the part-proprietor who showed us about did not know why; simply one of those unquestioned traditions that come down through the centuries in the enigmatic East. I much doubt whether our most skilful machine turner could equal the intricate thing of knobs, frets, and loose rings which one of the Moslem workmen fashioned for us from a stick in barely a minute, with a bow-string lathe and a chisel held with his toes and left hand. The Moslem men and boys are allowed extra time off for prayers on Fridays, and take Saturday off also, with the Jews. The Christians are away on Sunday, which accounted for the many empty benches that morning. Normally Damascus has sixty-five thousand Christians and six thousand Jews; but fifty or sixty thousand Damascenes, mostly of the better class, went to Beirut and other parts of Syria, to Palestine, Egypt, even Europe, when the French lost their heads.

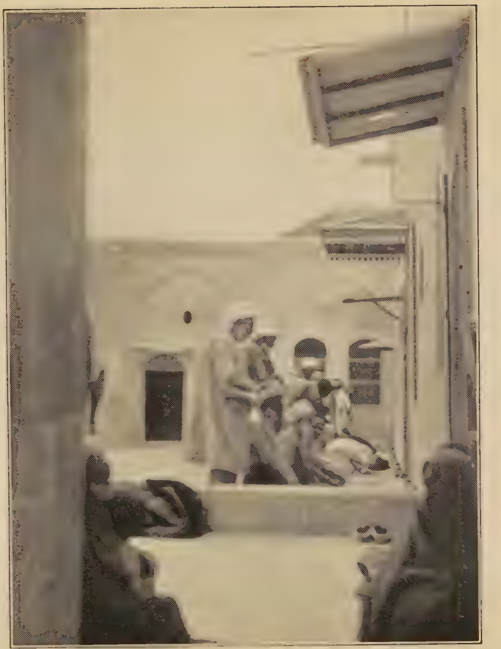
The partners long since became reconciled to paying fifteen per cent commissions to the dragomans or guides who bring tourist customers or other victims. Otherwise the brightest guide in Damascus would never be able to find the factory; would never, in fact, have heard of it. The throttle-hold of these pests would be the envy of our proudest labor unions. A week or two before, the American consul had brought to the factory, without native assistance or dragomanal knowledge, one of our former secretaries of war, who had left more than a thousand dollars there. To-day the partner showed us evidence that the firm had finally been compelled to pick out a dragoman, apparently at random, and pay him the usual commission.

Prices differ in Palestine and Syria, as between a par and a depreciated currency. French rule, French money; no wonder the Syrians are resentful. The French called in all the gold in Syria—except that in Syrian teeth, which was a serious oversight—six million Turkish pounds; and issued paper. Nothing but paper now, except the smallest and all-but-worthless coins. The new Syrian pound is equivalent to twenty francs; which in theory is $3.86, in reality was now seventy-five cents, had been less than thirty-five. In Egypt and Palestine the piaster is a nickel; in Syria it was barely three fourths of a cent and likely to get worse at any moment. To be sure, Turkish money, used before the French came, is now almost as bad; but the Syrians remember it as it was in the halcyon pre-war days, and think that if they were left to themselves they could handle their own currency better. Doubtful, of course; but they will never believe otherwise until they have had a chance to try it.

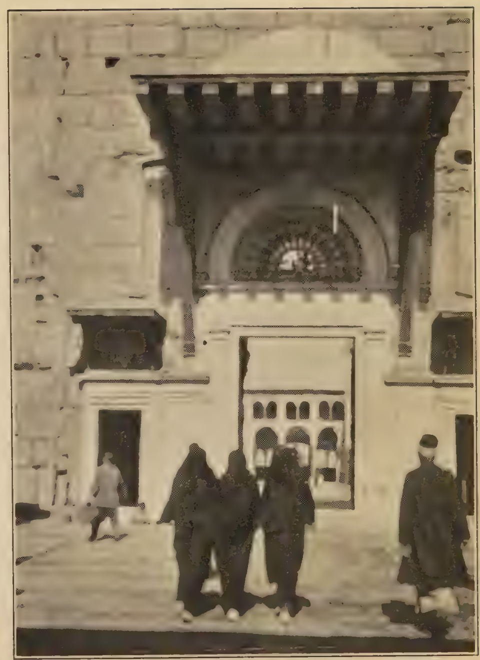
But while the Syrians grumble the traveler rejoices. Naturally, depreciation makes lower prices; at least it takes time for them to catch up with a rapidly sinking currency. Money-changers—a little glass box holding their stock in trade—perhaps combining this with some other business, line the principal streets of Damascus. American dollar bills are in constant sight, legal or at least welcome tender almost anywhere. Hotels and some other important establishments give their prices in Egyptian currency, gladly accept American money at par. Syrian newspapers quote subscription and advertising rates in dollars. But ordinary business must get along with the French-Syrian shinplasters.

Three fine big roses for two cents, at a corner mud-brick flower shop; for ten francs (thirty-seven cents) a suit French dry-cleaned to remove the ravages of Easter in Jerusalem; tramway fares hardly worth the collecting; a back room (modest, of course, but high up and quiet) at the Eden Hotel for half a dollar. True, I paid only eight cents there in 1904, but it would be absurd to sigh for those happy days of another era. A few minor refinements lacking, of course, but none of the hotels of Damascus are models among modern hostelries. It was the proudest of them all, I am told, whose proprietor replied to the client who expressed surprise that there were no bathing facilities, that he did not cater to people who needed baths. Table d'hôte déjeuner or dinner, quite good enough for us ordinary mortals, at six or seven francs in French-Syrian restaurants of pretensions; for less

The Grand Mosque of Damascus—half an acre of rugs



A mosque yard at prayer-time



Ladies leaving the Grand Mosque

than that if you can feel at home in the purely Arab places—provided you do not let a clever waiter bluff you out of your newly acquired ability to read real Arabic numerals hastily written. Even with the franc twice what it once was, twenty cents offsets, tip and all, a better hair-cut than the average in the United States; a shine by a street-wandering bootblack (called in with difficulty, since Damascus is not yet inured to the time-saving device of having two services performed at once) costs four cents, including a gratuity that brings tears of gratitude.

In the court-rooms where cases were being tried by the old sultanic code, with certain French improvements, all men kept their fezzes on; all women wore veils. Rather difficult, one would think, to identify a female witness; and what about the photograph for passports or identity cards? A snappy young Syrian judge, with two side partners, flanked in their turn by two secretaries, at a half-moon table, did all the questioning. Few questions, at that; evidently such as: Name? Religion? (He could guess that, of course, in the case of all women and many men.) Know anything of this case? Then every one in the room stood while the witness laid his hand on a cloth-covered Koran (sacrilegious for non-Moslems, even for real Moslems other than ordained hodjas, I believe, or without washed hands, to touch the Koran itself) and repeated a brief oath ending with "Allah." Christians and Jews among them? Of course; have you never seen Turks or Hindus as well as Israelites, not to mention atheists by the score, sworn on the Bible in our own courts? Judgments seemed to be passed with ideal celerity; but I cannot tell you how long a time elapses between the crime and the trial. Knowing something of both the French and the Syrians, I suspect it is not brief. Some of the criminals or accused bunched together in an iron cage outside the court-room did not look as if they had emerged from their own bathrooms that morning.

To a primary school for boys with a written permission from the Minister of Public Instruction—a Syrian of parts, including the inevitable fez. Teachers—all men, of course—and pupils also wore red fezzes, indoors and out, instead of hanging them on the wall, or on the floor, as in Palestine. The first grade did decidedly better than the average class of the same age in American schools. As in France, hard work is the scholastic rule; little of our modernist playing at school, and other educational fads. Boys of six or seven read well, in both French and Arabic, though their mothers, usually illiterate, even among the well-to-do, cannot help them at home, and fathers probably rarely do, from lack of initiative, energy, interest, or time left from their coffee-house loafing. Practical teaching; for example, in the fourth grade: "What is it best to feed chickens?" On the other hand, a lively young fellow, knowing comparatively little French, did not hesitate to teach it; he had certainly caught the "snappy," "efficient," "sell yourself" Western method. All pupils study French; in spite of teacher handicaps, even the first grade already spoke it fairly well.

The boys come at half-past seven, study or recite until a quarter past twelve, after which comes a fifteen-minute recess. During this they "only walk and do not play, as they might hurt one another." Then lunch, in most cases brought from home; after that, to a near-by mosque to pray until one, then back to school until half-past three. Those who wish go to the mosque again after that; but mid-afternoon prayer, like that at dawn, is not compulsory, so far as the school is concerned. No school on Fridays. The fourth and fifth classes study rug-making, one hour a week, taking eight weeks to make a little two-by-three-foot rug, on the whole very well done. Woodworking is similarly taught; the boys make even their own book-sacks. More common sense and attention to the probable life before them than most American schools can boast.

Only Moslems attend these primary schools; all sects of Christians have their own, though these also are overseen by the Moslem Minister of Education. This religious separation continues in the lycée, but ceases in the university. Even there, however, there is no coeducation. Girls do not go to school in Syria unless their parents wish it; and most parents do not, even to-day.

As a special favor I was taken into the class of Shirh Abdullah Momijid (if I understood the introduction), whose name might be translated "Reverend Servant-of-God Wool-worker"—some of his more or less remote ancestors having, no doubt, plied that more utilitarian calling. He taught the Koran, an hour a day of religious instruction being required of every pupil. The Reverend Wool-worker was said to be one of the few men in Syria (or it may be in the world) who know the entire Koran by heart, which is considered a great Moslem virtue. He was just as dogmatic and solemn, in his teaching, as is the most cocksure of our priests or ministers doling out to our own youngsters the Biblical account of the universe.

I, too, had a guide in Damascus, though he was not of the tourist-baiting brand. I met him in a shoe shop, where he did the interpreting. I had stopped to inquire the way somewhere or other, and he answered in English to my French. A graduate of the American University in Beirut, who lived out in the Meidan, which was still barricaded after dark, so that he must either go home early or not at all. "The French are afraid." It was not long since they had curfew for all the city at seven—not that there is much even now to do or see in Damascus at night.

My university-graduated shoe clerk was a mine of information—quite obviously authentic—on the trouble between the French and the Syrians. For months the Druses had free play in the city, he said, kidnaped at will, so that the French were virtually shut up within their own quarter. The Deraa train, southward toward Jebel Druse, thence to Amman and (were Ibn Sa'ud willing) Medina, did not run for weeks. At the height of the revolt the French, just then commanded by the brutal Sarrail, draped corpses of "rebels," dragged there like carcasses, about the foot of the column bearing aloft the bronze replica of St. Sophia in the central square, while wives and sweethearts came to weep. The French took official photographs of this edifying scene, not for general publication, of course, but as arguments, at home, for promotion. They killed innocent people in the streets by shelling from the citadel the just and the unjust alike; killed prisoners inside the citadel in such clever and amusing ways as yanking stairs from under them when their hands and feet were tied. If the French themselves are savages in such matters, their merciless Circassian and Armenian mercenaries were more so.

My informant knew his prison, for he had spent seven months in it himself. He acknowledged that he had been a "rebel" and had hidden his arms, wrapped in his burnous, in the grass one night out in the Meidan, just in time to save himself from summary execution. Even at that, he escaped only by knowing English. He was found to have an "incriminating" letter on his person—consisting mainly of a copy of an American President's remarks on the situation in Syria. Four times that night he was lined up before a firing-squad; each time he succeeded in postponing his end by getting the French lieutenant in charge of the detail, who fortunately knew some English, to listen to his false story. In the citadel they tortured him for weeks, on one occasion beat him steadily for two and a half hours to get him to confess; not the French themselves, but those directly under their supervision. At length, after seven months in prison, he was tried and acquitted. He was still so grateful to the French president of the court, and the members of the court itself, for their "fairness," that he urged me to be sure to tell them so if ever I wrote anything on the subject. He might, perhaps, have found a more direct way to thank them.

Evidently even the French do not put a man twice in jeopardy for the same crime, for my Damascene friend had no hesitancy in admitting anywhere now that he had been one of the thousands of Syrians proper who joined the Druses in their uprising against the French. He asserted that there were still many arms hidden in and about Damascus—weapons and munitions left by the Turks and the Germans, even the British. The Syrians declare that at least ten thousand French and colonial soldiers were killed; and at that moment two bandit groups, of about two hundred and fifty each, were operating in widely separated parts of the country—closing to the French parts of the Jebel Druse, while about Hama in the north there had been brushes with the other band within the week. The two roads from Damascus to Bagdad, one by way of Palmyra, the other more direct, were still far from safe, and a protected convoy left every Friday; later, twice a week.

"No, I am not married now," my Damascus ex-rebel confessed; "I was one year married, but I did not love my wife, so I could not live with her." (A naïve, Arabic point of view, isn't it?)

"Are you a Moslem?"

"Oh, no, sir, I love Jesus."

Which is nothing at all to the English of the second of two substitutes who took his place as my companion one afternoon when a rush of shoe business confined the ex-rebel to his shop. The first substitute, it seemed, had not come, "because he is a tailor and cannot leave his tailing." (It must be a hard language, after all, this absurd tongue of ours.)

Later, at the Azhem museum: "De guy make dat stone he dead now an' don' teach no other guy to make it."

The reformed rebel took me to the theater one evening, a double sacrifice on his part, for he had to hire a room in town for the night. It was a crude building on one side of the central square, and I assume that the performance was meant to be both comic and operatic. The audience comprised only men, except for two Armenian girls, with men, in one box, three fat Greek women taxing the capacity of another, and two slender American girls in a third. The last-named posed as bicycle riders in vaudeville; but it was common knowledge in Damascus that they were much more often compelled to accept less public engagements. What an advantage a girl has over a man in traveling about the world! What first-hand sources of information! Though in Syria, as in most Moslem countries, a good-looking young man has much the same chances, if he cares to accept them.

In the right-hand box nearest the stage sat a haughty young Bedouin sheik, rope head-dress and all the accoutrements of a Saturday-night party in the desert. His manner closely resembled that of a cowboy-bred cattle king in a New York box. All except a few ultra-modern men in the audience and all on the stage wore fezzes or turbans. The chief actor, playing a king, told his amber beads incessantly throughout the play, as was natural both in and out of character. The company was Egyptian, which is perhaps why it dared to gibe the Government at every turn—by such means as the king and the prime minister exchanging proverbs. Hearty applause when one of them emitted a long peroration on what a government should do for the good of the people. All evening the French were being baited, though it is possible they did not know it. They find it hard to get good interpreters, for the educated classes do not in the main love them; and, being French, they can hardly be expected to learn another language themselves.

In the box next to us sat as tough and brutal-looking a pair of Cherkas (Circassian police, a kind of Russian Turk or Moslem Cossack) as one could wish to see. My companion discovered before the evening was old that the one with whom he was rubbing backs was the man who had arrested him that night when he so luckily hid his burnous-wrapped arms, and who had done his best to have him shot. He reminded the Circassian of the amusing incident and they renewed acquaintance for old times' sake. But though his long line of gold teeth flashed out in a chorus-girl smile, the Cherka looked all evening as if he were deeply regretting that he could not take advantage of this new information—for the "ex-rebel" told the truth freely to him also now—and officiate at the shooting after all.

Aside from its gibes at the French, the entertainment was quite as silly as any American musical comedy; and a prompter did his best to destroy any illusion a naïve spectator might have conjured up. The women on the stage were obviously of low class; it was easy to see that neither they nor the audience, nor yet their male colleagues, considered theirs a moral occupation. In the shank of the evening a huge man in robe and turban came out and sang solemn love couplets, which plainly delighted the audience, though I could not gather whether it was the sentiment expressed or the length of a single breath and the Gargantuan grunt with which he ended each couplet that brought the delirious whistling and shrieking as well as hand-clapping and stamping. My interpreter himself was so moved that he could hardly give me the briefest gist of the song, which went on endlessly and to me, at least, monotonously, once the marvel of the physical feat wore off. The performance lasted until one in the morning, and then the American girls were carried off by a fat Moslem they scampered for before I got a chance to talk over with them the ways of the road—or of the street.

CHAPTER IX

THE FRENCH IN SYRIA

THE British have made mistakes in Palestine; on the whole they have probably done better there than any one else could have done. On the other hand, perhaps no one could have done worse than the French have in Syria. To those of us who believe that there is no overwhelming difference, in motives at least, between the British and the French attitudes toward the alien peoples over whom they rule, it is interesting to search out the reasons for the very different results in the handling of their essentially similar jobs in the Near East.

It seems that what the Syrians wanted most of all, what they expected for espousing the cause of the Allies and turning against the Turks, was independence. They say they were promised that, along with their fellow-Arabs of Palestine and adjoining lands, they should have a vast Arab kingdom, from the Suez Canal to the Taurus Mountains and from the Mediterranean to Persia. The Grand Sherif Hussein was to be their ruler, under the title of King of the Hejaz, with his capital at Mecca, while his three sons were to rule in his name in Jerusalem, Damascus, and Bagdad.

The French declare they knew little or nothing of these promises, that the British purposely made them left-handedly, through unofficial agents (Lawrence, Gertrude Bell, and the like). When he arrived in Paris, President Wilson found that a secret understanding between the British and the

French had already promised Syria to the French. Meanwhile the Syrians, beginning to scent that they were to be disappointed in the matter of complete independence, named as their next choice a mandate by the United States. As you know, we refused the job—an empty gesture, since the fate of Syria had already been sealed without our knowledge or consent.

Well, then, said the Syrians, let us at least be made a British mandate; and if that is impossible, do anything with us rather than hand us over to France. But like an orphan in court who is awarded to the relative it likes least, Syria's own choice was completely ignored in the final decision. When the loaded dice ceased rolling at Versailles, and the Treaty of Sèvres had been signed, the three million people of what we call Syria found themselves "independent"—under a French mandate attested by the Supreme Council of Allied Powers, much as the pope divided the New World among his favorites in the sixteenth century. Clemenceau vetoed a plebiscite, thereby disposing of any French contention that the job was forced upon them.

Thus the Syrians were disgruntled from the start, and the French little less so, because the Syrians had expressed a preference for another guardian, above all for naïve, uncultured America in place of the mother of weak nations and the leader of civilization. The French were inclined to pay them back for the preference, and "every child in Syria hates the French—unless he has a job under them."

Now, there is little doubt that the Syrian love of the United States is partly imaginary; in practice the Syrians would perhaps have found our rule nearly as troublesome, if not so brutal, as that of the French. But you know what bad management it is to marry a girl to her parents' choice before she has had a chance to try out the man she thinks she loves; the disappointment and the perhaps false impression usually last all her life.

The main difficulty between Syria and her French husband de convenance appears to be one which a few moments with a dictionary should correct. The French do not seem able to distinguish between a mandate and a colony. The British in Palestine, in Irak, in Transjordania, act as if they really expect some day to get out; they seem to realize that a mandate is a kind of stepfather's job; and even if, way down in their hearts, they do not intend that their wards shall be completely independent when they grow up, that like Ireland, Egypt, and other places too numerous to mention, they must forever remain loyal to the empire, they are more or less bringing them up as if they were likely some day to be independent. Whereas the French act as if they intend to stay in Syria forever. They treat the Syrians—who, after all, were civilized long before the ancestors of either the French or of us of English speech had advanced much beyond the caveman state—very much as they treat the Senegalese.

One stumbling-block is the French colonial system. Most of the functionaries sent out from France are trained to govern colonies, without gradations; they know of no other way to treat the Syrians than the way they have been taught to treat their other colonists—as a conquered, backward people. Few of them have breadth of view or experience enough to realize that here is a job where it is less a question of commanding than of getting people in many ways as advanced as themselves to coöperate. Instead of the stepfatherly attitude—or, since France is commonly and rightly visualized as feminine, the stepmotherly—they act like prison wardens, at best as drivers of negroes who will never be able to do for themselves unaided. One example, among many: there is a kind of Syrian congress; but while it was debating the budget, the French High Commissioner sent a soldier with a note to say that they might as well spare themselves the trouble, since he had already passed by decree the budget they were considering. With no inkling that a mandate is in essence a new form of "white man's burden," the French attitude toward the so-called Syrian Government seems to be, "Let the children play at governing themselves, and meanwhile we will run the country."

However high French intentions at home may be, the colonial system vitiates them before they reach the Syrians themselves. Men are sent out who might do splendidly at some entirely different task—reconquering a territory in revolt, for example—but who lack the experience, if nothing more, for the job in Syria. Trained in colonial office methods, they are hampered by their ignorance of the people they come to govern, are careless of local customs, of individual or collective susceptibilities. We hardly expect the missionary spirit in the hard-headed French, least idealistic, politically speaking, of Western peoples, but it would be better for all concerned if they could more nearly divorce such jobs as this from politics at home. The British come nearer success at this; they are more likely to let home politics interfere as little as possible with the governor of a colony, to let him and his subordinates learn really to know the country and the problems they are sent to handle, before snatching him away again. As in Indo-China, Madagascar, the Sahara, in all French colonies, there is a tendency in Syria to have the governor's "career" come first, to make the good of the colony and its people secondary.

There has been a constant procession of French High Commissioners. As fast as their political friends at home could boost them into higher positions, or their enemies discredit them, they have been replaced, before they have learned enough of the Syrian problem to handle it efficiently. Men who knew nothing of the people, men hampered by the caprice of French interior politics; worst of all, most of them military men, given the job both as a personal reward and because France has them on her pay-roll anyway and it is easy to shift the expense of their maintenance over to the Syrians: "Gouraud the Simple," "Weygand the Pious," "Sarrail the Terrible," "Jouvenel the Magnificent" . . . Ponsot—who may also be gone by now—is the sixth High Commissioner since France took over the governing of Syria.

Like chiefs, like subordinates. In the lower grades the men sent out from France were petty bureaucrats, to whom this was just another colonial job. Naturally, the smaller the man the more pomp he puts on. Captains, lieutenants, even non-coms and subaltern civil employees demand outward marks of respect from Syrian notables which neither commissioners nor generals would expect, or have any right to expect. These local satraps ordered sheiks, pashas, sherifs, emirs—men accustomed to high honors, even from the Turks—to come to their offices, let them stand while they themselves sat and perhaps smoked cigarettes, and gave them orders, emphasized by pounding on the table, instead of asking for their wisdom and coöperation. "From High Commissioner down to the most lowly negro soldier from the French colonies, they act as if Syria were a conquered country. We have, after all our efforts for the Allied cause, only changed the Turk yoke for the Christian French yoke—and Syria is a Moslem country."

What we call Syria is made up of more component parts than Cæsar's Gaul. To the natives this territory is divided among three religions and half a dozen races, besides many minor subdivisions of at least one of those religions. Each group wants special privileges, and would like to keep the others as far from the trough as possible. The French scheme is to take advantage of these divisions, to isolate insurgent regions or sects or racial entities and heap benefits upon those who admit that France is their second mother. The good old French custom of winning personal loyalty to themselves as against solidarity among the alien races they rule, by pinning medals and ribbons upon those men of influence who play on their side, is in full swing in Syria.

The French have tried to divide the country against itself still more by setting up new political divisions. Gouraud, the first High Commissioner, separated what we call Syria into four states: Damascus; Grand Liban (Great Lebanon), with Beirut as capital; Jebel Druse, capital Soueida; and the Alouites, headed by the little port of Latakieh. Further subdivision is threatened. Naturally, the Syrians contend this is merely in order to multiply jobs for French functionaries—and to a man outside looking in it is hard to see any other reasonable excuse for it.

Gouraud, "who looked upon this Syrian job as a new crusade in which he was the Godfrey de Bouillon," soon fell under the spell of His Beatitude, Monseigneur Hoyek, Patriarch of the Maronites. This queer Christian sect, living mainly among the Lebanon ranges northward from Beirut, makes up only ten per cent of the population. Yet as long as Gouraud remained, they were the virtual rulers of all Syria. In fact, their overwhelming influence did not end with him; pious Weygand, his successor, told the magnificent Maronite patriarch that he began to function only from the time he received his blessing.

Gouraud, especially, encouraged even small minorities to hope that they also might be made into separate states, with their own representative council, capital, and postage stamps! (The French never overlook a trick; instead of using French stamps in Syria, they have issued different stamps for each "state" thereof, even two sets of them, by surcharging, and make frequent changes of design, thus capitalizing the rather childish stamp-collecting fad into a real asset—not to the "states" themselves but to the French Postes—and burdening the traveler with a new nuisance, since the stamps you buy in one town are useless over in the next "state" a few hours later.)

Miserable burgs aspired to be capitals; minor functionaries, hoping to become governors, did their bit toward separatist movements. There was that little man of the Reclus family, of geographic fame, for example. A captain or something of the sort in command of Aleppo, he dreamed of himself as a little king, no longer taking orders from superiors at Damascus. Though it is getting ahead of the story, Jouvenel was finally prevailed upon to try to break up the revolt by giving the people of the Aleppo district a special election with the privilege of making themselves a fifth state. The elections took place as scheduled, but in the first hour of its first meeting the constituent assembly voted unanimously "its inalterable attachment to Damascus and protested with all its vigor against any attempt to divide Syria further"—in other words voted to support Damascus and the Druses in their revolt. To say that the French were surprised and little Reclus disappointed would be wasting words.

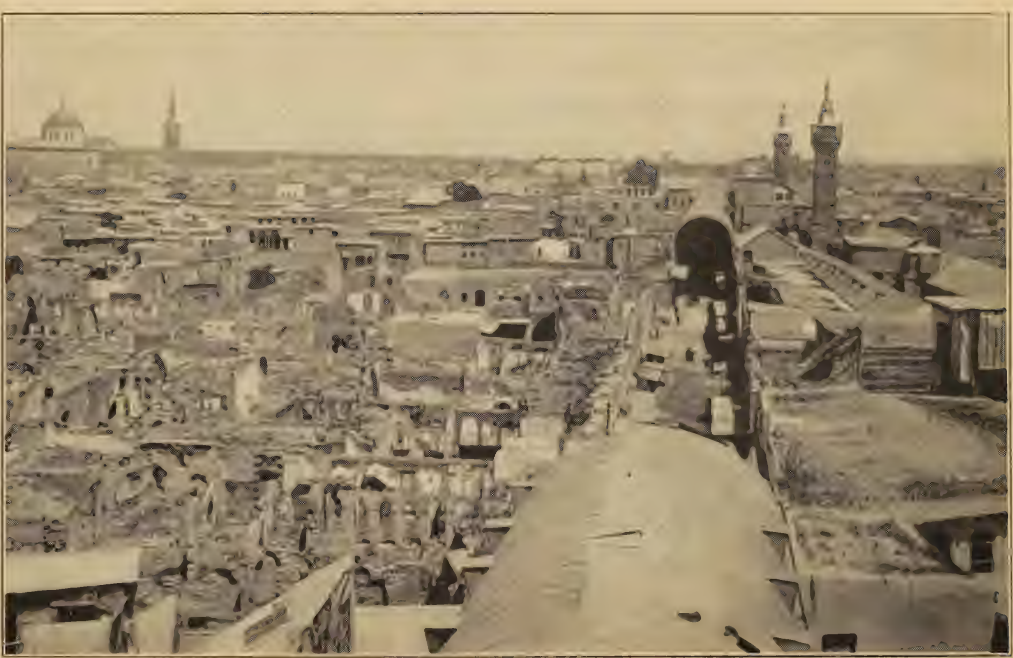
The French and the Syrians have much in common. France has long been the "intellectual mother" of Syria; most educated Syrians speak French as a second mother tongue; in customs, traits, and point of view there is considerable similarity; one marvels therefore that they do not get along better together. It seems to be a case analogous to a man and wife of the same temperament, who do not suit one another as well as do more dissimilar couples. The French are not the people to handle other excitable races; not only the phlegmatic English but even the stolid Dutch do better with them.

Among many reasons why at least the Moslem majority of Syria is antagonistic to the French let us snatch a few at random before hurrying on:

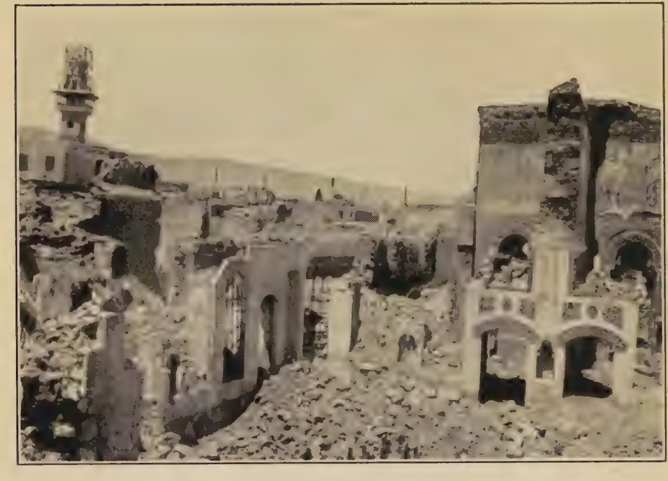
I have already mentioned the Syrian contention that the French have ruined them financially, not only individually but as a nation or ethnic group, by calling in Turkish gold and making paper money that fell with the franc legal tender even for the payment of past debts (contracted prior to November 26, 1918). Syria woke up one morning to find her real money—Turkish, Egyptian, or British pounds, or American dollars—transformed into French paper, not only at an unfair rate of exchange, arbitrarily set by the Government, but steadily falling.

They are exceeding wroth at the great increase in brothels and prostitution on the heels of the French, for the Moslems, in spite of their houri heaven, in spite of a tendency to the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah, are not great patrons of brothels. The French themselves do not deny that they have sponsored houses of ill fame, for the "good" of their army. One of their first High Commissioners made it possible and worth while for a French bounder who had lived for some time in Syria to establish as many "maisons militaires" as might be needed. This fellow was at last accounts still director in chief of eighteen official houses, with a personnel of two hundred women; boasted of having taken in 238 "passes" on his initial night, with only ten women. It goes without saying that he now wears a diamond in his cravat, if not indeed a ribbon on his chest.

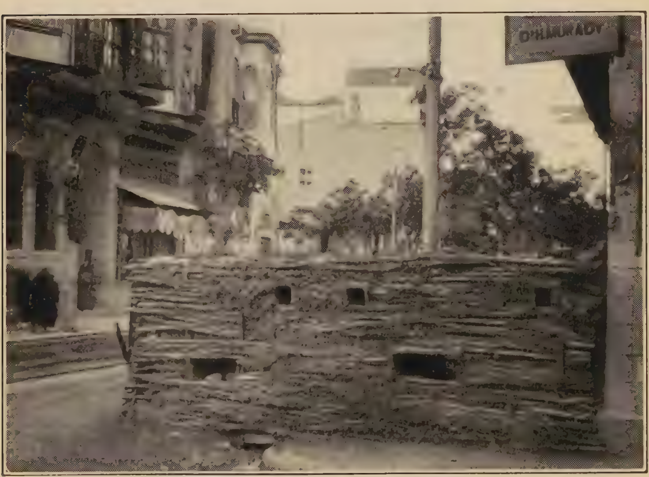
The Moslems resent keenly the mistresses of the French and other Gallic frankness that to the West is no longer news. Accustomed for many generations to completely veiled



The Street called Straight—after the French-Syrian misunderstanding



The French in Damascus



Damascus under the French

women, they are shocked at bare arms, low necks, and the bend of a knee in flesh-colored stockings. Only the most sophisticated of them can believe that any Frenchwoman, showing to other men so much of her person—provocations which they see only in their harems or in their occasional public houses—can be a virtuous wife. The rank and file have not broad-mindedness enough to realize that these are merely different customs.

The great Arab-Moslem majority of the population hold it against the French for not making Damascus their Syrian capital. Especially to the great masses of semi-nomadic tribes to the south and east of it, ancient Damascus is almost a sacred city, the navel of the world, the natural seat of the central government. Beirut is to them cosmopolitan and corrupt, a voluptuous, decadent place, a false heaven of fast women and weakening luxuries and all those things which kill the Moslem soul. The French, on the other hand, naturally prefer the fleshpots of what to them is civilization, in orange-scented Beirut, within easy reach of their own land, to grim, backwoods Damascus, for all its ancient picturesqueness. And instead of making it the capital, say the Arabs, they more or less wantonly destroyed a great part of the beloved old city.

The dissatisfied Syrians point to what the United States, or even England, would probably have done for them in the way of electric power and irrigation. The Euphrates, properly harnessed, would make their land as fertile as the Nile Valley. Only now have the French begun to talk of coming to an agreement with the British-mandated countries that also have rights in the Euphrates—water as well as oil can disrupt international peace.

The original discontent increased under Gouraud, grew worse under Weygand. Yet many insist that it would have died out but for the next French mistake; that Weygand had not done badly enough to be recalled; should have been given time to justify himself. Certainly he would not have done so badly as his successor, Sarrail—Sarrail the Terrible, the Impious, his enemies call him, Sarrail of Verdun, the Marne, Macedonia, the only full French general who was not made a Marshal of France, or permitted to march beneath the Arc de Triomphe on July 14, 1919. Even Sarrail's open-minded enemies say that Clemenceau, "who hated him because he had an equally detestable character, something the Tiger could not endure in any other man," took the command away from him on the Western front when success was at hand, in order that others might gather the laurels.

A man soured as well as naturally hard-fisted was Sarrail. Violent and brutal, permitting no contradictions, loving power more than any other man living, even suppressing the truth in order to keep authority in his own hands, breaking any one, even his best and most devoted friends, who dared to resist him; anything but a democrat; and a man devoid of gratitude. The worst possible governor for a dissatisfied people not yet in open revolt; and to appoint him High Commissioner in Syria was the worst thing France could have done to Sarrail himself. Many assert the thing was "framed" against him by his powerful enemies at home; he was too blind and self-satisfied to suspect any such plot.

Yet he had one splendid asset, if only he had used it. Far from being the pious dupe of the Maronites or any other Christian minority, he was a Mason, as are so many influential Moslems. But his World War reputation made his appointment a challenge to the discontented Syrians. In vain his friends tried to cover up his brutal record. Considered anticlerical, he had even the French priests against him. The Jesuits, of whom pious Weygand himself had written, "I am tired of their tyranny," naturally took the field against him. His Beatitude, Monseigneur Hoyek, had words with him almost at the beginning, so that the three hundred thousand Maronites were soon ranged with the opposition.

Knowing what was in store for them, the Syrians rose en masse before Sarrail the Terrible could try his third-degree methods. The Druses under Sultan el Atrash revolted in earnest; discontented elements of the Moslem, even of the Christian population joined them; and Sarrail won the blame for some things that might have happened if he had never heard of Syria or Syria of him.

On a tormented, volcanic, rocky mountainous mass, limited on the east by the Syrian desert and on the west by the frontier of Transjordania, lives a primitive people of shepherds and peasants. Separating from Islam in the twelfth century, they formed a new religious sect, a warlike, fanatical sect whose faith is said to combine doctrines from the Pentateuch, the Gospels, and Sufi allegories from Persia, its basis the transmigration of souls, yet a religion so secretive that it is claimed no Christian, Jew, or Moslem has ever yet succeeded in really penetrating its mysteries. Abstemious, hard-working, with the generous faults of rude peoples, the Druses hate all those who do not share their beliefs, and have never ceased to struggle in savage fashion against any power that seeks to rule them. They recognize no authority except their religious chiefs and the heads of their feudal families. During all the centuries that Syria was under the Turks the Druses never really submitted to Turkish rule. Time after time the Turks ravaged their country, destroyed villages, exterminated whole populations, hanged notables en masse, exiled leaders to other parts of Syria; and every time the insurrection was reborn almost before the Turk forces could get home. In 1910 the Druses asked for a truce only after a whole Turkish army had been sent against them, had burned a hundred and fifty villages, confiscated thirty thousand weapons, killed six thousand combatants, hanged thirty chiefs, and court-martialed eighty more.

Independent, more American-looking than the other Syrians, with strong hooked noses, the Druses are distinguishable also by a white turban wound flatly about the red fez, instead of being carelessly rolled. Though scattered to some extent in the Lebanon, they are mainly at home in the Jebel Druse, a dreary country, with few of the amenities of life, to the west of the Sea of Galilee. The fertile Hauran, between there and Damascus, has been perpetually the scene of their struggles, not only against the outsiders who seek to rule them but between the two types of their own leaders.

The French insist that the British drew the dividing line between the two mandates so as to include in their own the rich head-waters of the Jordan at the foot of Jebel esh Sheik, and leave to the French the Druses—though the British had been the protectors of the Druses since 1860—at the bottom of a pocket where French troops would be handicapped in any struggle. Far be it from us to believe the British guilty of any such nefarious plot against their chief ally in the recent world-wide misunderstanding; yet a glance at the map might lead a cynical person to suspect some such gerrymandering design. But when the French go on to assert that England has secretly supplied the revolting Druses with everything except money, and perhaps that; that she not only engineered the Druse rebellion but is still actively helping the rebels, ordinary credulity begins to be stretched permanently out of shape. The World War seems to have left the French with a persecution complex; they see perfidious enemies behind every bush, in every debit in their balance of trade, even in their own refusal to pay their debts. No one denies that Cairo is the center of the anti-French propaganda, headquarters of the so-called Syro-Palestinian committee. The French do not understand the English and American custom of harboring political agitators of another country merely in the interest of fairness; they mistake this for active anti-French propaganda and worse. It is true that the British did not put on extra guards to stop gun-running from Transjordania over into Druse territory; but at worst the British have probably been nothing more than officially neutral in the discord between France and her new wards.

At any rate, the Druses started trouble once more almost as soon as the French took over. Here again there was discontent on both sides; the feudal chiefs thought they would be better off under the British, and France resented this poor taste. Like the Turks before them, the French have had to fight the Druses more or less constantly; but it was with the arrival of Sarrail that the real trouble began.

As so often happens, it was a mere spark that finally set off the slowly gathered powder. Weygand had sent a Captain Carbillet to Jebel Druse as governor; the Druses were displeased to be put under a man of so low a rank. Moreover, Carbillet seems to have been rather a tactless young man. When he went on furlough, his place was taken by a Captain Renaud, a former officer in Morocco, and the worst personal enemy Carbillet had. Renaud helped the Druse chiefs to draw up charges against Carbillet; let a delegation take them to Beirut. Sarrail refused to receive them. That was the last straw to so independent and hard-necked a people.

The French garrison in Soueida came perilously near starvation. Sarrail sent a General Michaud—having jumped him overnight from major to this new rank—"whom he liked because of his lack of character and his great insignificance." When, in August, 1925, Michaud escaped from the disaster in which so many of his officers and men perished, his only thought was to find others on whom to lay the responsibility for his check. A real war resulted. Druse villages, made of basaltic blocks of stone, are virtually indestructible; otherwise there would have been little left of Soueida, of many another Druse town.

It would be hard to believe the stories one hears of French brutalities in Syria, without the enlightening experience of having seen how they treat their own people, as convicts, in French Guiana. The dragging of bodies of dead "rebels" through the streets of Damascus and draping them about the central monument was only one of many incredible savageries of Sarrail's régime, before he was recalled in haste, discredited even in France. But the three High Commissioners who followed him in rapid succession have not been able to put down the revolt completely. Though France has more or less convinced the world that her troubles with the Syrians are over, "rebels" still hide in the hills about Damascus, itself barricaded with sand-bags enough to dam the Mississippi, with sufficient barbed wire to fence a Wyoming ranch. The two roads to Bagdad are still so unsafe for French travelers and mails that biweekly convoys are necessary. At last accounts Syria was overrun with forty to forty-five thousand French soldiers, including colonial conscripts from Algiers to Annam; and "rebels" and "bandits" are still being hunted in several parts of the country, as we shall see before our travels in Syria are over.

The Syrians have the Polish trait of living mainly in yesterday and to-morrow. They have visions of big things ahead, but they cannot do the small things about them to-day. Politically they are idealists, perhaps only from lack of practice, more likely from temperament. The more intelligent and reasonable of them admit that it will take at least a century of tutoring before they can hope to function as a real democracy. Besides, the immense majority of all classes prefer a prince living at Damascus. The British have created kingdoms with native kings, and gained prestige thereby. Not a few thinking French believe France should do the same; and they ask whether it is because France is a republic that she does not dare. After all, Syria is a Mohammedan country. Of its 3,000,000 inhabitants only 700,000 are Christians, and 300,000 of those are Maronites. Friendly critics of France regret that she did not have the nerve to turn the governing, within certain limits, over to the Moslems and say, "Go to it; and so long as you do not persecute the Christians and the other religious minorities, we will keep the Maronites and the Druses from bothering you."

Outsiders sometimes wonder why France wanted the job of ruling Syria, or trying to rule it. Largely, no doubt, it was "keeping up with Lizzie," that is, England, and to a lesser extent Italy. The French themselves have said much harder things than I about their attempt to govern the Syrians. Read, for example, "Partant pour la Syrie," by the French novelist, Pierre la Mazière. As he puts it, they have neither made themselves feared, which is one way of ruling, nor loved, which is another and perhaps better way. Any other nation, he contends, would have had similar difficulties—which is debatable—though another might not have been cursed with a Sarrail; but "we have lost so much money, so many lives, so much prestige that— Ah, if only we could get out of Syria on our tiptoes without any of the rest of the world noticing it!"

CHAPTER X

DOWN TO BEIRUT

THE dust-laden wind was already blowing that morning when I bent beneath it and my knapsack on the half-mile tramp to the station. Two hard-faced Cossack-looking policemen appeared along the running-board on one side of the compartment as the ticket-collector, trailed by an assistant, rapped with his iron punch on the other. Probably only looking for fare-dodgers, but by their manner it might have been for bandits or "rebels."

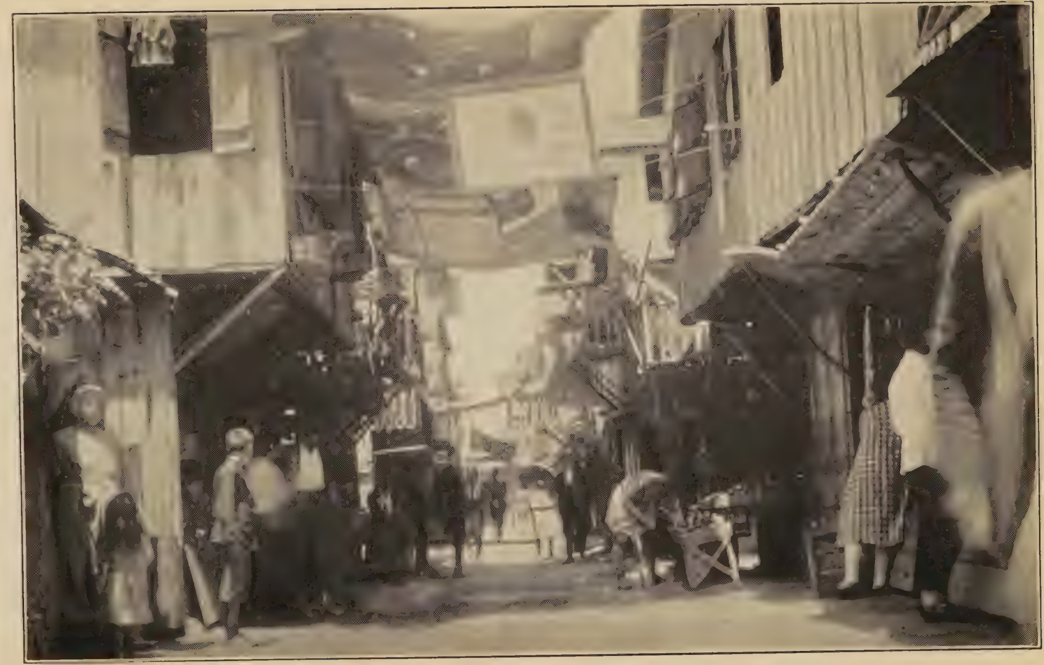
Nine hours' train travel for a dollar! True, we did not move all the time; often took time out, in fact, and made no championship speed at others. But who wants to rush even in the western fringes of the Orient? Or expects all modern comforts? In third class at least there were no toilets; yet numbers of women also made that nine-hour journey.

At 8:30, Ain Feegee, source of the potable water of Damascus. Here it flows into the Barada, main supply of the ancient city, up which we had come all this way. Mountains on each side; groves of poplars. Many passengers left us here; had come up, perhaps, for a good drink. Plenty of room from then on; six in our compartment built for ten.

Singing in the next compartment, over a half-partition, by a group of Mecca pilgrims, among them a boy who had barely reached circumcision and pilgrimage age. Each carried a goatskin water-bag shaped like a Catholic bishop's miter, with two wooden stoppers at the top corners as corks. They

A scissors-grinder of Beirut

A candle shop in Damascus



Main street of the makeshift town of Armenian refugees, on the outskirts of Beirut laughed at my American-army canteen as ridiculously small; thought they were always in the desert, no doubt. But of course mine would be inadequate for a trip to Mecca. Heavy beards, some henna-stained, made them seem much older and more masculine than they really were. Looking back upon the beard I once brought home from the Arctic regions of northwest China in midwinter, I realized how solemn they felt. How could a man in such an adornment smile at small jokes?

Rather arid, almost completely bare, mountains, thinly scattered with mud-and-stone villages. Perfect protective coloration; they blended not only in hue but in texture with the surrounding landscape. Women in gay colors squatting on the flat roofs. A narrow, ever lower, gorge below, filled with densely green trees, mainly poplars, in contrast to the rest of the bare scenery. Broad vistas: almost perpendicular patches of thin planting; and above, masses of rock, among which, through one tunnel, we climbed, leaving all vegetation, even all flocks, below. On the opposite side of the gorge what seemed to be a new road, workers still toiling leisurely along it, was apparently made of a soft soil which the rains would soon wash away.

A ruined station building, surrounded with military force, barricades, and entanglements, a veritable Mexican scene of over-armed police and soldiers. At least a corporal's guard at every station. On across a fairly rich, if very stony, upland plain, walled by ragged mountains, some lost in clouds. Jebel esh Sheik—Mt. Hermon peering over the rim like a grim-visaged, white-haired old man. Down into lower valleys. Whole families in the fields, primitively plowing, the baby propped up within easy reach. Women in bright-red skirts over pants tied tightly at the ankles standing out against rock hillsides; some picking their way down them on bare feet.

Bedouin, country women, without veils, often decidedly good-looking, despite tattooing and congenital lack of washing, comely with the natural grace of outdoor life.

Yahfulah at 10:30 ended the Damascus-ruled division of the country; began the Grand Liban, tributary to Beirut. A broad fertile plain between the two ranges of the Lebanon, punctuated by the junction, at Rayak, with the line to Baalbek and the north. A dining-room here, with a French dinner of Syrian ancestry for about forty cents, fair wine included. Other passengers buy sheets of native bread and boiled eggs, still pink with the aftermath of Easter evidently, and the resultant debris soon covers the car floor. Red poppies dot the less grim prospect; then come rich rolling vineyards; grapes are an important product of the Jebel Libuan, which we call the Lebanon. Red-roofed towns appear, modern-looking compared with Damascus, though they are not so new-fashioned once we are in them. Flat roofs still in the majority, with a stone roller on each. Here a man stone-rolling one in the rain, under an umbrella; the Syrian substitute for our lawn-mower exercise.

Then the train crawls up the edge of a mighty chasm until we are lost in the clouds. Though May has begun, it is still cold and miserable up here. A long tunnel—and no lights in the train. But passengers have matches and candles, should any one be so bold as to start any sheik stuff. That is the trouble with trains: they never go over the top. Get near the climax and then suddenly dodge it, by darting into a black, smoke-and-coal-gas-filled hole, to come out upon quite another problem, without any indication of how this one was solved. More trees over on this western side, though still nothing to excite Hiram of Tyre. Turks and Germans used most of the cedars of Lebanon during the war. Weygand tried to reforest, but the owners of goats invoked Wilsonian principles.

Then Bhamdoon, on its ridge above a vast slope of narrow stone terraces, just as it sat when I lost myself there long ago on the way to Damascus, and was offered charity railway fare. But how it had grown! How many completely new towns had sprung up here since my tramping trip early in the century, when every step forward was a thrill, a real accomplishment. Summer homes, gay hotels and road-houses; different even in atmosphere from this same slope when I first walked up over it. Bhamdoon is now one of many big, bustling, red-roofed modern towns catering to summer colonists, and no longer has the slightest interest in a wandering faranchee. There is little of that naïve, hospitable friendliness of 1904 left in the Lebanon, anywhere in Syria, now. Hotels and other fine things of civilization have killed it.

From there on the brakes ground constantly. The western slope of the Lebanon is steep as a church roof. The sun, thus far frankly admitting its inability to cope with the leaden shroud that had covered the heavens, now struggled to break through. Some small cedars graced the station at which mid-afternoon overtook us. There, half a dozen adult male passengers climbed out upon the freight platform, above the mud, slipped off their shoes, spread old sacks or whatever they happened to have with them, as prayer-rugs, and bowed down to the rest of the train, which chanced to be between them and Mecca. Faithful Moslems are almost as clever at sensing the direction in which to cast their prayers as their women are at scenting a man in time to drop their veils. Yet why every good Mohammedan is not provided with a compass is beyond my simple understanding. Think of the risk it would save him; and it could surely be so arranged that he could keep an eye on it while praying—for sometimes sad mishaps befall a man engrossed in his requests for special favors among the houris. I have seen one on a turning ship, for instance, kowtowing to the Kremlin in Moscow before he was aware of any change in direction, his horrified fellow-believers torn between the duty plainly laid upon them and the sacrilege of disturbing a man at his devotions.

One belated fellow, who no doubt had overslept, jumped off at another station, with no rug at all, said his prayers to a water-tank during a brief halt—knees, hands, and forehead on the wet ground—and dashed for his compartment again with almost sacrilegious haste in bidding Allah "so long." Usually Mohammedan trains wait for passengers and crew to do their religious duty. But perhaps the engineer already saw his home down in Beirut—though, come to think of it, only the station-master can give starting orders within the periphery of European railway rules. Probably the fellow's discomfiture was to be charged against our Western mania for haste and keeping to time-tables, as far as its French manifestation goes.

Now the train turns around or backs up—goes, at any rate, in the opposite direction—and suddenly the Mediterranean appears. Beirut, like a queerly shaped stain on the edge of the sea, towns in hollows, a half-wooded plain degenerating into a stretch of sand, so far below that it looks like another world.

Up here, cedar groves and red-tiled homes and much greenery; down there, a subtropical land, half seen through a haze that resembles murky water. The train goes forward again, as if it were tired, like a playing child, of backing up. Down, down, down, to orange groves, to palm-trees, to a caressing air quite unlike that of the highlands, and on across a great green, tree-growing plain, with many modern red-roofed houses, of stone, and evidently a more advanced population—if comfort and luxury are progress.

Damascus and Beirut are in truth in different countries. Between these at least the division into states was no outrage on nature. The coastal region is quite unlike that over the Lebanon, in climate, landscape, atmosphere, even point of view. Beirut had grown enormously, too, both in size and citification, since the old Turk days when I first landed there. All the bucolic, naïve simplicity of the place is gone. "Progress" has overwhelmed it, even as it is being slowly overwhelmed, in spite of the broad cedar grove planted to protect it, by the red sand-dunes steadily encroaching upon it from the south, inexorably dooming it to be buried in sand, as so many even more famous and worthy cities of the past have been. To the mere traveler, at least, it is no longer a pleasant abiding-place. In fact, what with a deadening heat, dust or mud, trains, tramways, snorting, horn-shrieking automobiles (two horns each, that their raucous voices may not be missed in the perpetual bedlam), and all the roar and uproar of a busy city that flatters itself on gaining a place in the world, a city peopled with the usual unfriendly atmosphere of urban centers, it might be called a hateful place.

One of its principal streets is Avenue Weygand now, which is much as if our Northern carpet-baggers had named the principal thoroughfare of Atlanta or Savannah in honor of General Sherman. In its haste to grow up, much of Beirut is still composed of dirty little hovels; but there are good modern houses, not a few twentieth-century buildings among the warped and misshapen places of the past that are straining themselves to contain what the new turn of the wheel has brought them. Just as we have no place for pedestrians in the country now, here in a city that is overtaxing its narrow arteries there is little or none for that disappearing type of the two-legged fauna; sidewalks, if at all, barely wide enough for a single-file place of refuge from the shrieking, roaring, murderous traffic.

A conglomerate human stew: a Presbyterian minister preaching in a street-toeing den serving as chapel, his head and those of most of the congregation still covered with the fez; a veiled woman squatting on the narrow sidewalk at Beirut's busiest corner, nursing twins surely not more than a week old—so young they were still red in the face from the strain (or embarrassment) of getting born—for, as you may or may not know, it is no fun to come into the world. An atrociously hot day; yet mother and twins wrapped in as many thick garments as if they were about to take off on a flight to the Pole. Every type of French soldier: little yellow black-toothed Annamese; stalwart giants from equatorial Africa, blacker than a stormy night, gashed across the face with a gleam of ivory-white teeth. Among the civilian population, representatives of every land of Europe, most of Asia, and the Seven Seas. A broad red sash wound about the waist outside the uniform of every French soldier, and about this, holding it in place, a great leather belt like a horse girth. An honorable decoration; or a means of making sure at a glance that the men are wearing the "cholera belt" French superstition thinks necessary in any place even remotely resembling the tropics?

In Beirut all money-changers are gathered together in one room of a rather aged building known as the "Bourse," not scattered along the principal streets as in Damascus. Plenty of what the French exiles and their native sycophants consider fast life, in several establishments of the night-club variety, all about this same palm-topped central square. They say there is much wicked night life in Beirut. But I failed to find much of it; visible wickedness of the more sinful varieties, like hair-raising adventure, has always had a tendency to dart out of sight when I put in an appearance. Or do I need the pink glasses of popular novelists?

The city slopes gently, if noisily, down to the muddy waterfront and the intensely blue Mediterranean, water-going craft of medieval and of modern kinds mingling pell-mell together. On a low flat hilltop above squats the principal seat of government, flying the tricolor now instead of the star and crescent. Out along the tramway to the Phare, the lighthouse on the south, the American University of Beirut has a site any campus in America might envy. A splendid influence, of course, these many years. Yet somehow the absurd notion strikes the mere beholder here, as at those similar establishments along the Bosphorus, that charity to foreign students who are sometimes too lazy or too proud to earn their own education might stop short of giving them advantages most American youths are denied, that it may be time we put an export duty on wealth amassed from American consumers and given to foreign loafers and paupers (admitted that the words are rather too strong), who are neither visibly grateful, nor, in many cases, make anything more than selfish use of their charity educations.

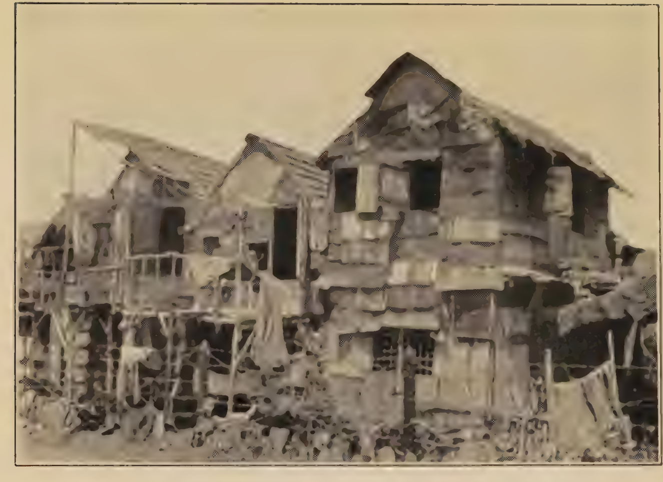
In the opposite direction, quite a different scene. Street after street (if one may pauperize what we know by that name) of worse than unsightly shacks of Armenian refugees. They toss together the materials of a few drygoods boxes, and behold, a new home; they throw up tin stalls and soon become merchants, more than competing with the less grasping (or shall we say less industrious, less merchant-minded?) natives; sit with glass-sided money-changers' boxes on their laps, and presently become bankers. The French let them come into Syrian territory against Syrian protests and, Syrians think, for the same reasons that the British allow

Zionists in Palestine—in order to hamper Arab plans of self-rule. But while the Zionists brought money and strength, the Armenians, they contend, brought only misery. They take work where it is already scarce; bring epidemics: more than once already disease in virulent form has swept into the city proper from that dreadful tin and drygoods-box village out in the dusty, dirty northern outskirts of Beirut. Yet one cannot but admire Armenian perseverance, such superhuman ingenuity. They achieve hammocks from strips of burlap, flower-pots from rusty oil-tins, swinging pens for Baby from a few sticks and a piece of rope—and breed faster than ever, for all their misfortunes.

It would be hard to find more industry, better and wiser treatment of innocent dependents, than in that Near East Relief establishment not far north of Beirut, where sturdy Armenian boys, still at the play age in most lands, make clothing, shoes, a hundred and one things of common necessity with a skill and perseverance many adult workmen might envy. Yet the old adage anent making Jack a dull boy is not overlooked: no playground gets harder, more effective usage than that bare dusty field behind the barracks and workshops.

Farther still, out at Ghazir, where Renan wrote (reached by a score of rising carriage-road turns that are much like climbing a winding stairway by automobile), Armenian girls make rugs no less industriously. Hard, long-hour, uncomplaining workers, the youngest of them; our pampered labor-union workmen are languid aristocrats by comparison. The average earn twenty to thirty cents a day at piece-work—or knot-work. How many thousand knots their deft fingers tie in an hour I cannot tell you; more than you could in a day. A slash with a short, broad knife after every knot; a periodical trimming of the nap with crude sheep-shears with which you or I could only ruinously haggle. Week after week they

Armenian girls weaving a rug—Near East Relief establishment in Ghazir



Armenian refugee homes in Beirut

Baalbek—Temple of Bacchus

sit in trios on hard, narrow wooden benches, the most skilful girl in the center, giving life to the designs pricked on cardboards by still more skilful workers, until at last the finished product comes down to them over the great roller high above.

Little as these tireless workers get, they live on half their meager earnings, save or squander the rest—unless they have to support an old grandmother or two, and it is astonishing how many old grandmothers survive the deportations and other atrocities. Some spend whatever is left over on trinkets such as girls long for who have never had anything: cheap combs in gay colors, pathetic trash for the adorning, as they misunderstand it, of their persons and the cells, or the scanty spaces above their cots in their ward-like dwellings-in-common, in which they live. Buy them at piano-box-sized shops kept by Armenian ex-orphans—or can even the most industrious youth ever become an ex-orphan? Perhaps so, if the N. E. R. has been a mother to him.

Ridiculous wages, of course, by our standards. Yet outside the protection of our charity organization, in such places as Aleppo and the hinterland beyond, Armenian girls are paid two cents a day (incredible as that may sound) for even longer hours at rug-making, under immensely worse working conditions. Men of their own race, priests among them, three or four sets of at best mere middlemen, make profit out of their misery. These fellows, and transportation, and our beneficent Government, take all but this infinitesimal wage of the goodly price you pay for the incessant labor of gaunt girls who eat stuff you would under no circumstances feed your dog, who live in places our poorest street curs would turn tail and flee from.

Not a few of these boys and girls lived literally like wild animals, some of them for years, up in the mountains or on the edge of the desert, and learned to be as clever as wild animals in eluding the Turks, who wished to exterminate them. Numbers of the girls bear blue tattoo marks on their faces. Those are thus branded who enter Turkish or Arab harems, or are kept by Arab, Kurd, or other tribes until they are old enough to be of use. Three girls out of forty in one N. E. R. orphanage admitted, to American women supervisors, having thus lost their virginity—all between the ages of ten and twelve. Most of them had been rescued, or had found their way back to civilization, before they were old enough to know the meaning of the word. The boys who ran wild in gangs had little to fear from capture; there are men and to spare in most parts of Asia.

I went out to Dog River again, naturally, if only in memory of the time when Abdul Razac Bundak and I used to take tourists there, and share their tips between us. I did not walk this time; and I cannot remember having gone in any other way in those primeval pre-automobile days. But then it was December, and now May was already well advanced, so that the sunshine was scorching. A rock in which those with sturdy imaginations can detect a resemblance to a dog guards the mouth of the river. Visitors, however, come mainly to see the sheer rock faces of its cliffs, bill-boards of many centuries. Egyptians, Assyrians, Syrians, Greeks, Romans, French, British . . . I cannot tell you all the races that have left there advertisements of their prowess. The Turks and the Arabs seem to have been wiser; or was it merely procrastination, or laziness, cutting too lightly to withstand long the rough hand of time? One would like to feel that they recognized the futility, where the oldest figures we can be sure were not merely carved by Nature are almost entirely gone, and those of such recent upstarts as the Egyptians and the Assyrians are so nearly obliterated that you have partly to guess, partly to use imagination mixed with faith, to see them at all.

Gouraud has copied Marcus Aurelius almost exactly. He tells us in stone that he and his generals and troops "entered Damascus victoriously on July 25, 1920"! Most of us were back home by then, toiling again at our civilian pursuits, thinking the war long since over. Besides, there seems to be something wrong with the records here; for a little farther on we are informed, in a still more familiar language, that the British "entered victoriously into Damascus in 1918 *avec un détachement français.*" D——d good at times, you know, those laconic British. It is a wonder the French have not cut away or altered that "detachment" stuff; they admit they are sore about it. But . . . let the pompous sons of Albion have their way. . . . Gouraud's name is in the most prominent position at Dog River, from the modern automobile road and bridge. Next to it in prominence is that of Napoleon III. His blurb was cut away by the kaiser's minions, and the virtues of the ogre of Potsdam carved in its stead. But the wheel of Fate turns swiftly, on this minor aster of ours; in due time the kaiser's name and omnipotence, still gleaming new, like so many of his stone reminders to posterity, was shaved down, and that other giant, Napoleon III, restored, deeper in the rock. Queer amœbæ, this human race of ours; were we not so familiar with it we might frequently get a good laugh by standing off and looking at it.

Patches of the old conglomerate Roman road still climb the blistering rocky hill behind, steeply, giving to travel then an entirely different meaning than does the level, smooth automobile route cut into the cliff down below. But more to the point, about this hour, is the leaf-bower shaded, Frenchified (yet not too much so) Syrian restaurant on the farther edge of the river that is forever hurrying on its way to the Mediterranean with the willingness of a true Buddhist to attain Nirvana.

Southward it is the same story—a good automobile road where once I struggled down to Sidon and Tyre by atrocious, delightful trail. Beyond that broad line of cedars that were planted in the vain hope of saving Beirut from the encroaching sands, it passes through what the Syrians say is the largest olive orchard in the world. This belongs to many people. In one place in Syria there is a single olive-tree that is the property of sixteen persons—and not all in equal proportions. Like the holders of a company's stock, each gets his proportionate dividend.

We passed many chain-of-buckets irrigation wells incessantly encircled by blindfolded animals; and once two mounted police so brutal-looking that they must have been Circassians, driving before them a handcuffed prisoner on foot. On a hill overlooking Sidon, just before you reach it, is the palace of a rich Druse pasha that has been turned into a "Birdsnest" of young Armenian orphans. Here, babies up to ten, after which the serious business of learning a specific means of livelihood begins elsewhere. Why babies, so long after the massacres and deportations? Silly question; do you imagine that so reproductive a race as the Armenian ceases to produce orphans simply because it is confined to the misery of refugee camps? Rather the contrary, as if it were the only available recreation. They get so used to being massacred that they start a new family the next evening as naturally as the up and coming business man begins again the morning after a fire. Yes, you are right; no doubt there should be a law, with teeth in it, forbidding reproduction below certain standards of living as well as against passing on other heritable defects. But . . .

Meanwhile here are the children clamoring for attention—sturdy, sun-browned, beautiful little tots in not a few cases; no time to sit mooning over what should be in an ideal world. Delightful that they are so well housed and mothered, up here, with a beautiful view over Sidon and its great surrounding orange groves, and the Mediterranean beyond. Many an American child might envy them; yet nothing is squandered on frills and furbelows. The rich Druse did all the squandering. Big birds flying on the walls—not all of them true to natural history, but let's curb our tendency to carp. Very high ceilings give the large rooms an air of vastness. No way of partitioning them horizontally, however, so there can be no charge of not making the most of the space.

Sidon also has spoiled since last I walked into it, though not so much so as Beirut. The Crusaders' (or older) castle on the sea is now a gasoline depot; and other wicked things have taken away from the orange-streaked city most of its charm.

I should have liked to go on down that excellent coast road to Haifa; I missed especially not seeing delightful old Tyre again. Never before in the history of man was there a road all the way from Beirut to Haifa. That spur of the Lebanon which comes clear down to the Mediterranean under the name of Ladder of Tyre was the chief difficulty. I have already confided to you how Allenby put down several layers of wire mesh and took his heavy artillery along the beach to Acre. Well, when Acre had been taken, he pushed on northward—until he struck that spur of the Lebanon. Called in his chief engineer and told him he must have a road for big guns over that spur within three days. When he had recovered his breath, the chief engineer replied, somewhat acrimoniously, that it couldn't be done in three weeks. Exit Mr. Chief Engineer; enter his understudy, due henceforth to play permanently the part of the man who had just dropped out of the cast. He asked one question: what restrictions as to men and explosives? None; go the limit. Three days later the big guns went forward, and the Turks, awaiting a land detachment up in the mountains, woke up to find they did not have the British caged down there between the Mediterranean and the swamp and sand-dunes after all. Darned mean tricks the British played on the Turks during that late unpleasantness, once they got started, with Gallipoli behind them. One gets so accustomed to considering them so . . . well, not stupid, of course, but . . . you know what I mean . . . that one almost resents being so grievously disappointed, running across these instances of how deucedly clever they really are, after all, don't you know.

To-day the boundary line between the two mandates runs down that spur of the Lebanon; and if you journey by the coast road from one to the other, pompous minor officials will come out and take all your oranges away from you. They say it is because of the danger of spreading some dreadful orange disease; most of us suspect that it is because they want us to spend our money for their own brand of oranges. War, after all, has its advantages over peace.

CHAPTER XI

BACK OVER THE LEBANON

A DODGE that had promised to come at six called for me at 5:30. The Orient we are so prone to call slow is often ahead of time. Can it be that the Orientals seem lazy to us merely because they get up hours before we do, and move more leisurely in the middle of the day, when we are at our best after a late sleep? In spite of many halts and side trips to pick up elusive Syrian passengers, including a distractingly pretty girl, we were soon struggling up over the first Lebanon range. There is a splendid road out of Beirut toward Damascus now, almost a network of S-shaped roads, covering all the steep Mediterranean slope, to important towns non-existent in 1904. Beirut flees to them in summer; yet when the sirocco is blowing it can be hotter up there than down on the coast, as those discovered who had gone up that mid-May week-end.

Then suddenly the coast country, with its many towns (just as if they simply must look down upon the blue sea) disappears. Delightfully cool again; the sirocco has blown itself out. Comes the bleak and stony ante-Lebanon, heavily snow-streaked even this late in the year, with its tattooed Bedouin women walking, its Bedouin men on donkeys—it is indecent for the women to ride; or so, at least, the tired men convince them—its recuperated camels continuing their eternal march between the cities of Asia. Many policemen pass, in pairs, like the carabinieri of Italy, the guardias civiles of Spain, armed with rifles, some mounted. They wear khaki wool uniforms, topped by black "bearskins" of goat's hair, with red tops; seem a little too impressed with their delegated authority. Huge steam rollers, and road gangs; lower down, on the broad plain between the two ranges, the way is lined with roses, and there are more towns even here than in the olden days. Vineyards; one tractor, compared with many ox-plows of the Biblical one-handed variety; and so along the hills to Zahleh, looking eastward across the rich valley to the inner Lebanon, with Mt. Hermon, still streakily covered with snow, staring down upon us.

Zahleh is an entirely Christian town, mostly Greek Catholics, then Greek Orthodox, and finally Maronites. No veiled women, yet almost no Protestants, either. Plenty of water, as at Damascus, racing downhill from snow-clads above. Men as well dressed as in New York, where many of them have been. Most Syrians in the United States come from Zahleh. Those who have been in our fair land can usually be distinguished from the others, for they are less courteous. But Zahleh is still making a toilet of its streets, still cheating the stranger within its gates—if gates it has. Quite modern in many ways, very up-to-date—and uninteresting.

Nor did the returned Zahlehites, evidently, learn anything of railroading in America. The station down below is a filthy hovel, without a seat, the ticket window a waist-high hole that opens shortly before the train comes in. Behind it a surly brass-toothed loafer wanders about as if each ticket were a needle in a haystack, and usually cannot make change, which is always to the advantage of his pocket. When the train comes in, the hole closes. The train may be there for half an hour, but the entrance to the platform is locked, and nothing short of influence, violence, or audacity will get you aboard unless you arrive early and engage in the communal pushing-match.

The train that wandered in about noon dropped me half an hour later at the Rayak junction for another good French déjeuner, vin compris. I had snow for lunch, too; it is brought down to Rayak to cool the wine furnished with the station meal. Then another train crawled for an hour up the plain to Baalbek, snow on the range at the left looking like huge letters; one could make out T L K R T plainly. Have our advertising geniuses not been overlooking a bet?

A troop of Algerian spahis looked strangely out of place in Baalbek, with its two or three excellent hotels, absurdly cheap at this season (if you are experienced at spiking Oriental tricks), when there are so few visitors that runners come down to the station to fight like Egyptians over a lone passenger. The place sits in a delightful little oasis of many fruit-trees, musical with clear waters hurrying down from the still heavily snow-streaked Lebanon.

One pays admission, of course, to the great ruins. An inclosure worth crossing the ocean to see; absurd of me not to have turned aside to Baalbek on my way to Damascus the year the Germans uncovered the ruins. Stones bigger than those of the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem, some surely fifteen feet square by thirty long; granite pillars easily seven feet in diameter. Defense-holes, evidently made by Arabs, disfigure the enormous walls; only one great building may be truly said to be still standing. Lizards scuttle about the ruins; birds make their nests in the holes that time or desecrating man has dug in them.

But enough is left of the imposing temples to carry the weakest imagination back to the distant past. That isolated row of pillars alone, standing out against the blue sky, is more awesome than all the paintings of Velasquez; one can easily people the great underground vaults with the dramas of many bygone centuries. One ancient pillar is so tired (or drunk, perhaps, since it was a part of the Temple of Bacchus) that it leans heavily against the building it was to help to support, has leaned there since the earthquake of 1739—after all, only a few minutes' breathing spell, as time is reckoned here.

Dr. Michael Alouf—who, in spite of his name, runs a hotel—is the best local authority on the ruins of Baalbek. But their real origin is wrapped in mystery, as the poets say, though archæologists contend that they know much about them. Certainly the great buildings existed long before Solomon, whom Arab writers credit with constructing them, began gathering wives about him. The Canaanites, you may remember, worshiped Baal. But what matters, after all, mere origin? What remains is more than we have the genius to build to-day. Would that I could give you even a hint of the beauty of it all by moonlight from my bedroom window.

Next morning the train came in long ahead of time, so that I ran my legs off over an atrociously stony short-cut, to reach the station twenty minutes before the thing was even scheduled to leave. Yet the doors to the platform were already locked; the station-master would sell no more tickets; he was busy writing out a list of those already sold, with prices, destinations, what not, which, it seems, the conductor must take along with him. Here was one of the times when it is useful to be a "European," with a loud voice.

Several of the third-class coaches were filled with Senegalese soldiers, black as ink. Most of them lay asleep, their naked bayonets protruding from the windows or into the aisles. Some got off at every stop, to squat in prominent positions on the edge of the right of way, though there were women in the train, and toilets, too, of the Moslem kind. Snatched up their nether garments as the departing signals sounded; which was not within its comic aspect, to be sure, yet . . . The French non-coms in charge of them showed no surprise, offered no suggestions; the French are hardly the people to correct such primitive manners, or poor station service. Evidently the rations of the black primates were adequate, for they threw big chunks of brown bread all morning long, with roars of African laughter, to the half-wild-looking shepherds, of both sexes, who raced for it across the dry, slightly rolling uplands along the way.

Crowds of these same Bedouins were pouring into Homs, beyond a pale-blue lake between the railway and the seaside range of the Lebanon. The women and girls wore red trousers and skirts, the latter drawn up about the waist for easier walking. They walked with a man's stride, in their heavy boots; were covered with as many queer homespun garments as the Indian women of the Andes; perhaps if one wears thick layers enough, the discomfort of drying sweat disappears. Some had tattooed faces; there were numbers of blue-eyed blonds among them. In almost endless files they plodded in through a haze of dust that gave them the appearance of evolving endlessly out of nothing, like the djinns from a magician's bottle.

The mightiest wind I have ever struggled against in all my travels was blowing westward from the station to the town; a wind you could lean upon, as against a stone wall. It raised a dust thicker than smoke in a burning building; one could hardly see, barely breathe; relief was to be had only in the covered souks.

The Bedouins gathered in the stone-cobbled market-place, the men standing, the women sitting, with their backs invariably to the sun. Not out of spite to the photographer, since few of them seemed to recognize a camera, but have you ever noticed that a wind almost always blows from the sunny side? The women were all sewing patches as they squatted; patches were as the sands of the sea on the rough many-colored garments of men and women alike. Not only the girls but many of the men had kohl-blackened eyes; and in some cases they, too, wore their hair in braids, wrapped with red rags; and—oh, conquests of civilization!—brass teeth were legion.

Interesting open shops, along the uncovered as well as the covered market streets, some wood-roofed, some vaulted with stone. But modernity is encroaching even upon Homs, and a few of the souks are now roofed with sheet-iron. A body blow to romance, of course, this abominably practical material, yet hand-labor and Oriental selling can be just as fascinating beneath it.

A stroll through such streets is like seeing our factory processes in their infancy. Blacksmiths doing everything blacksmiths have done since Vulcan graduated his first class. Solid iron horseshoes, perforated for four or six nails, also made by hand. Plowshares, keys, chains—everything hand-forged. Two small boys polish the chain-maker's wares by pulling two chains back and forth across each other for hours, until they are ready to be hung up with the others that form an unintentionally artistic screen across the shop-front. Two men squatting on the earth floor of another little vaulted cell make jack-knives of hand-forged blades and goat-horn handles, straightening the handles also by fire, as other workmen do long sticks used in husbandry. Two men making bone combs, with adze and saw, fastening the three flat pieces together edgewise with little brass studs. Cart wheels, the hubs turned on primitive toe-aided lathes, the spoke-holes cut out with a hack-saw fluctuating between a man and a boy. Your Syrian workman has four hands, many an American only one. Much hut weaving, silk bobbins twirling. Dyers, their arms incriminated to the elbows, their faces showing every spot a flea or a fly attacked during their labor. Like walking between rows of benches in some great factory specializing in everything; we hardly realize how little we really know of the making of every-day things, in our land of shut-in manufacturing.

Shops well stocked with gay clothes for the Bedouins of the cobbled market-place, strips of uncut red bandanas. Even the poor man can afford enviable rugs as wall-paper in his home or shop, in Homs. A coffee-house—stone-dead now in mid-morning—its only sign a stool or a chair (one of those commonplace, home-made straw- or rush-bottomed chairs so "artistic" to our people at home that they will pay more per rush than the Near East pays per chair) hauled high up above the door by a rope over a pulley. Symbol of the Near East pastime of sitting down, lynched during working hours? I had reached the land of the metleek, the bishleek, the mejeedieh again; here French paper money has not yet entirely ousted the old Turkish coins.

There were many soldiers and barbed-wire entanglements in Homs, and it did not seem particularly friendly to faranchees. A man half in uniform, bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind, rifle on the alert, was racing back and forth through the narrow streets, covered as well as uncovered, on a small horse. I took him at first to be some dangerous lunatic at large; evidently the squatting shopkeepers and craftsmen did not, for they gazed after him merely in curiosity. Several times I saw him canter past. An hour or so later I caught sight of him standing on the seat of one of the aged public victorias of Homs, before the headquarters of police and courts, apparently haranguing the crowd about him. As I drew near, he kicked off the carriage floor, out upon the stone sidewalk—quite as a butcher might a slaughtered sheep

—the body of a man. A pool of blood remained on the floor of the vehicle.

Still waving his rifle, the fellow harangued the crowd a little longer, then drove off to lunch. The body lay, slightly breathing, on the sidewalk, where he had tumbled it. There were half a dozen bullet holes in the chest; the face, still flickering with life, was ghastly and distorted. By and by some policemen carried it inside and dumped it upon the stone floor; dragged it by one foot into a better position for sightseers. No attempt was made to call a doctor to stanch the wounds; perhaps there was no use; more likely no one cared; and presently the man was dead.

Crowds poured in, police with naked bayonets fiercely challenging each and all of us, meekly accepting some excuse in every case—as is the way of the easy-going Orient. The killer was a native policeman. But he was French-sponsored. A French soldier too young to have lost the thrill of such things was gloating, "En voilà un de plus." I should have said "un de moins," but such was evidently not the French point of view. "Oh, c'est un bandit!" he answered my query. Perhaps it was; but he did not look very formidable in his calloused bare feet, the paling body only half covered with rags, with several bullet holes in his chest and a ghastly distorted face. He looked more as if he might merely have been hungry.

At the automobile station across the way, where I answered "Américain" when my passport was being examined by the police, a bystander asked in English, "What state?" He had lived with us for seven years, five years ago; wished he were back. The dead man a bandit? He shrugged his shoulders: "No, just one of those who do not want the French. It is too bad. I am sorry," and his eyes said far more than he evidently dared say with his lips, even in a tongue it was not likely any one else within hearing understood.

The trouble is, as it was with us in Haiti—and for all I know may be still—to distinguish a bandit from an ordinary peasant, a harmless workman. Native police have been known to vent personal grudges, too. Hardly what we think of as a mandate, of the duties of a mandatory power toward an orphaned nation, this abetting the stepchildren to kill one another, when the task is to bring them up to manhood and self-support.

There was passport control again at the edge of town—and once more on the edge of Hama; carts and carriages full of soldiers and police along the way, many rifle-armed pairs, groups of alert mounted men, stone breastworks for guards, further protected by barbed wire, every evidence of military activity and a state of war. Yet newspapers had just been telling the world that the French had completely extinguished the Syrian rebellion.

There was no train to Hama except the one I had come by, due again at ten next morning. But the amphibious Ford sets out at least once an hour from one city to the other. In several parts of Syria automobile travel is cheaper than third-class by train—if you can get *une place;* a car to yourself is of course a thing of another color. Not only cheaper but faster, and more frequent, and from near the heart of town, while the railway station, thanks to the bygone Turks, is bound to be far out in the country.

Two Bedouin women occupying the back seat grumbled when I also crowded into it. But perhaps they were weary, or sleepy, accustomed, it may be, to an afternoon siesta. Before long the younger and less distressingly repellent-looking of them was leaning against me; within a mile or two she was laying her head on my shoulder with an almost wifely contentment. Probably she had been good-looking ten years before, when she was sixteen—though she had been at least sixteen years without a bath, even then. One of those skins you love not to touch. Whenever she woke up she moved demurely away. But you know the hospitality of a Ford back seat for three. It allows little aloofness, especially when the contrivance is tearing along an old Turkish trail not yet made over into a French road. I doubt whether an Englishman could have ridden there at all; would probably have got out and walked—no, have ordered the driver to put the damsels out.

On a hill ahead appeared what at first I took to be an encampment of soldiers—scores of tents covering the top and running well down the slopes. It was the first of the many tent-like villages of northern Syria. Before long, another such town, even larger, in a still more striking situation. Made of mud and straw, whitewashed, except that the foundations are of blackish stone, the houses are shaped like conventional beehives, like Eskimo igloos, Indian wigwams, army tents; and about them are great heaps of argol, the chief fuel of this treeless region, which the women gather and shape into cannon-balls, by hand, as nonchalantly as if they were kneading dough.

By now the woman beside me was unconsciously (I never stretch a point against the fair sex) tickling my knee with a loosely hanging tattooed hand. She permitted more of her face to be seen than even the jouncing of a Ford along no road at all makes absolutely necessary. All the chin, commonly covered with a fold of her flowing garments when strange men are near, was tattooed in blue, in various patterns; there were blue marks on other parts of the face, as well as on the hands, perhaps elsewhere for all I know—

Baalbek the magnificent

a distant airplane, broken by another falsetto timbre, was entrancing, soporific, immensely suggestive of the East. Some of the wheels were in pairs, one close behind the other, evidently made of wood, but as covered with green hair and moss as if they had been unceasingly turning since Methuselah. Spilling the water out across the road in the subsiding but still strong wind; a lush green strip along the dripping old stone aqueducts.

Men and boys swim in the Orontes. Donkeys, Fords, feet, clothing are washed in it; a communal male bathtub. Naked bathers, others all but naked, skylark under the very feet of passing women. Some of them ride part-way up the huge water-wheels, slow-moving at best, jumping just in time. Two or three boys are enough to halt a wheel entirely, yet they drone incessantly on. Outdoor cafés on earth floors within the shadow of the wheels are dotted with men content to let the world amble on without them. A constant procession of less fortunate men come down into the river with their horses and donkeys, fill goatskin water-bags, and wander away to empty them where water is needed. The street-sprinklers of Hama consist of a man with a horse and two goatskin bags of water across the pack-saddle, who sprinkles from another bag in his hand the dusty streets before the homes or shops of those willing to pay for his services.

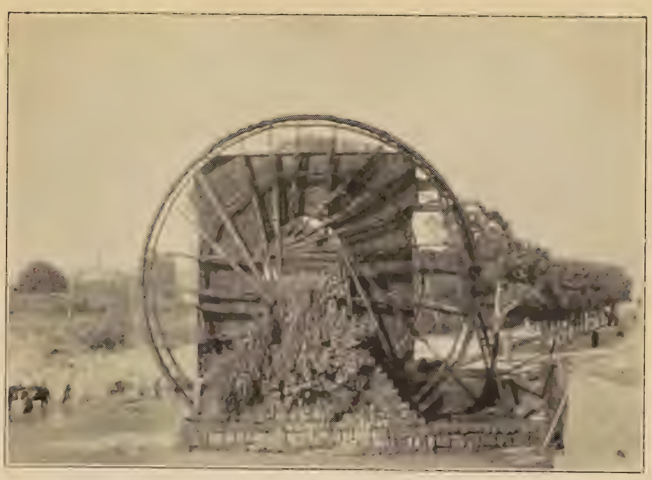
The town is in several sections, piled up bare hills, the Orontes dividing it, water-wheels out along both branches perpetually groaning over their endless labors. Imposing buildings of alternating layers of black and white stone, many with nothing inside them, contrast with the more numerous low flat ones of mud and straw. French soldiers overrun a big military establishment on a commanding hill.

From above, the souks look so much like fields that even sheep are deceived; browse the brown grass covering acres of flat dirt roofs; here and there stand out against the skyline on the extreme upper edge of a street. A fine means of keeping your sheep safely within bounds; an idea for the preservation of our children, in these automobile-mad days—but no, Ford airplanes will soon make even the roofs unsafe. By then, perhaps, the streets will be safe again, except for what drops into them.

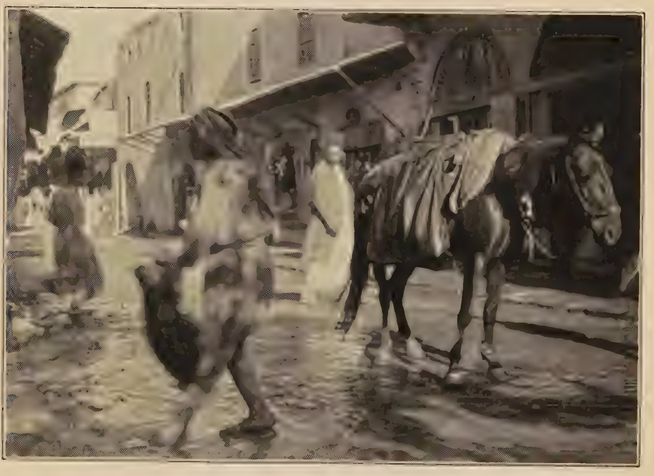
The shops in the many covered streets of Hama are even more inveigling than those of Homs. Nearly all such streets are vaulted with stone, as, long ago, in Damascus. The shops on each side are like endless rows of pigeonholes, no front at all, except by night. Square iron-barred holes at frequent regular intervals in the roofs of the streets, with a checkerboard of sunshine splashing the earth roadway every few steps in those dark tunnels beneath the sheep fields. An almost musical section of tombstone-cutters, making and lettering—if you can say that of Arabic characters. Men twanging wool-fleecing bows, exactly as in China; squatting on matted masses of black and white wool, striking with a mallet the bowstring of their harp-shaped implement, which twangs resonantly when it clears of wool, every fourth or fifth stroke. Rope-making; black and white strands of goat's hair alternating, the ropes strung back and forth over pulleys inside dark little frontless rooms much longer than they are deep. Men weaving goat's-hair rugs in similar cells.

Scores of men with big flattish baskets full of little baskets on their heads were trotting into town that afternoon. The contents looked like white blackberries, turned out to be unripened mulberries, of which there are many orchards in the fertile environs. Hurrying them to market before they were ripe enough to be worth stealing, evidently, and while the price was still good—though the little half-pint baskets of them sold for barely a cent each. Flies literally hid the fruit from prospective customers, swarmed upon every Oriental manner of food, such as gaily colored, dreadful-looking candies. But that of course goes with Oriental prices and colorful customs.

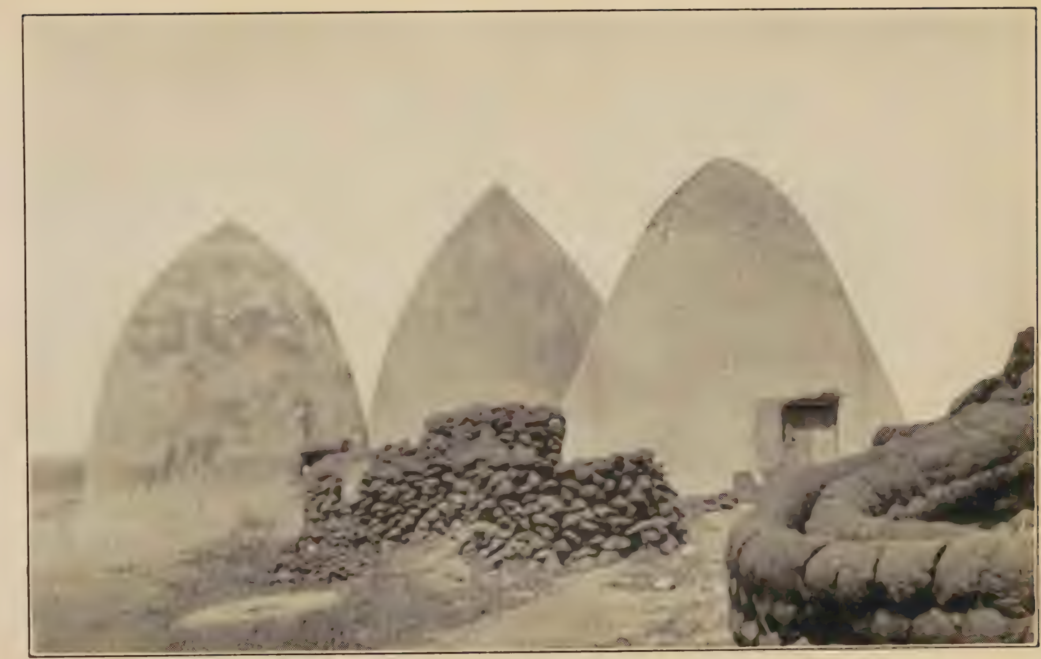
The best hotel was very bucolic, even in its eagerness to please. In most of the Near East still unspoiled by progress, keeping hotel is subordinate to raising children. A dandified young native, speaking fluent French, came and spent an hour discussing and copying my passport. The sleep-inducing droning of the water-wheels drowned out the chanting of cocks, the howling of unfed dogs, the braying of gay youths and donkeys; but who would be foolish enough to expect to find so ancient and delightful a place free from fleas?



Endlessly the water-wheels of Hama drone on



Hama's street sprinkler



Elusive to photography, the bivouac villages of upper Syria

CHAPTER XII

UPPER SYRIA

AN old but sprightly Ford, its voice, thank Gawd, virtually gone, agreed to transport me from Hama to Aleppo, which nearly all-day drive cost me something like half a dollar. My fellow-passengers seemed to pay even less. I had, however, two advantages over them: first choice of places and a vote of confidence—never did one of these semi-public automobiles ask me for money before the end of the journey, though they almost always collected from the natives before a wheel turned. No personal compliment, of course, merely a racial one.

A portly citizen of Amman in Transjordania, in robe and turban, from his air of self-importance evidently a merchant or a politician, shared the aristocratic back seat with me, and we squeezed between us a Bedouin minstrel who nursed a one-string fiddle played with a bent-willow bow. That is, so played when he was urged, for he was artist enough to like to be coaxed. The usual friend or companion of the driver sat under his right wing; then there was a meskeen, or poor devil, also in the front seat—until the policeman who stopped us for passports at the exit from the souks (like driving in a medieval tunnel) vociferously ordered him out. It seemed he had no travel permit, required of natives; evidently no papers at all.

The merchant or politician advised him to stroll on down the street to where we could pick him up again; the driver told him to stick around. They were both right; for the driver finally talked the fire-eating officer into letting the ejected one climb back in, and if he had walked on a block or two he could have been picked up, as was another man without documents, whom we found blithely awaiting us around the next turn of the narrow street, outside the barrier. Rebel or the harmless townsman he seemed, it was demonstrated again that this passport-control business amounts to just about as much as the paper travelers' names are so carefully inscribed upon, except for the good jobs it furnishes deserving friends of the Government. Like many another law, it bothers only the honest; others easily circumvent it.

The possible rebel tucked himself in somewhere, which made seven of us, including the driver. But that is nothing compared with the burden the Orient often puts upon the American camel. We crossed the now standard-gauge railway and were off in earnest. There was no road most of the way, yet how we did fly! As recklessly as across the trackless Gobi Desert. It was probably market day in Hama, for we met numbers of Bedouin girl wives, some of them pretty, at least as seen at our speed, astride donkeys, behind their husbands (surely!) and immodestly showing their red trousers.

The wide open spaces between Hama and Aleppo include broad plains, great flocks and herds, rolling stony hills, a number of those whitewashed villages of cone-shaped mud-and-straw huts. These striking bivouac towns symbolize the canniness and suspicion of the peasants who inhabit them: built always on a hilltop, at least on a high knoll, completely shut in by stone walls that link the outer houses together, the one or two entrances to the village well fortified. No matter how often I tried, never did I get anything like a satisfactory photograph of those almost snow-white country towns of upper Syria. Nor could any one, unless from an airplane, or a step-ladder a hundred feet high. I have sworn at the thoughtlessness of the builders in setting them in places so inaccessible to the camera. But of course it is really thoughtfulness; they have their own good reasons: defense, an outlook over their crops, use of the stonier rather than arable ground, possibly a mood-producing feeling for high places, though this is not likely among clumping countrymen.

But they are so immensely striking, unique, sitting off there on their hilltops, covering all the upper slopes, easily capable of deceiving the untraveled album-holder into thinking them the tents of an army, that the longing for a good picture, and the resultant exasperation, frequently came upon me. One Sunday—or was it Friday? Probably the latter, since the shops were closed—I spent nearly a whole afternoon trying to get into photographic range of a village wonderfully seen from the citadel walls of Aleppo. Walked two hours out, beneath a blazing sun, by a dusty, shoe-destroying road to reach it, and had of course to walk all the way back—and all I got is not worth the film it covers. Savage dogs deafened me with their incessant invitation to make myself scarce; the clumsy men who watched my vain antics looked surly; old crones peered out at me about as invitingly as the heaps of huge dung-cakes piled up outside the village wall like the cordwood they substitute. Seen thus closely, the beehive villages (as most foreigners call them) of upper Syria looked much less romantic than from a distance. The picturesque tent-houses proved to be mere earth-floored dens of stone base and cone-shaped mud-and-straw superstructure, protruding pole beams near the middle evidently supporting a windowless garret.

Camels were numerous; we passed long lines of sheep, saw files of them crawling along the horizon; grazing sheep scampered away from the fleeing car, their fat tails shaking behind them, like the hips of provocative dancing girls. Now and then we were held up by a flock huddled together in the road; and before this obstacle even your Near East driver is cautious. Not that he fears the impact of a mere sheep; he runs blithely over worse things than that. But . . . well, a flock of sheep was run down in Palestine not long ago; the shepherds cut the chauffeur's throat, poured gasoline on the car, and touched a match to it. I do not exactly advocate such emphatic evidence of displeasure on the part of our own harassed pedestrians, but it would be a relief if a few of them showed some such signs of virility.

Our driver was a pleasant fellow, cheerful even in the face of such adversities as almost no horn to blow. I regretted my linguistic inability to catch more than a hint of his evidently picaresque conversation. Though he often knows not another syllable of French, your Syrian chauffeur is sure to be fluent in that language so far as automobile terms are concerned. The gears, for instance, are "première," "deuxième," "troisième," "en arrière," even when he is chattering of them in Arabic with the friend or assistant driver who is almost certain to be packed in beside him.

Peasant women in red trousers squatted in the fields, cutting wheat. For some distance a real road was being built, with long piles of broken stone and some up-to-date equipment; so those who come later may miss some of the pleasures of the trip—such as the bouncing like an airplane on a route full of air-currents. There were wells rather often along the way, with a round stone curb a foot or two high, but no covers. Some of them were so deep that at one where we halted to quench the thirst of our rattling steed, the horse that was hauling up the water walked fully two hundred yards away before the leather bucket at the end of a pulley-

In the souks, the stone and earth-roofed markets, of Aleppo

In the streets of Aleppo

Departed Moslems of the wealthier class

rigged rope reached the surface. A group of people and animals was always waiting about the trough, the people drinking from the bucket, the animals usually from the trough, the Ford from any battered receptacle to be picked up in the vicinity.

There is no limit to the load the pitiless Orient will put upon our Occidental beast of burden. When we came upon a stalled Ford, we took on most of its passengers also, and had thenceforth to back up every slightest hill. All but the more haughty of us, whose social standing forbade it, spared the vehicle during these feats, and at length our two front-seat men, who were evidently more or less charity passengers, got out and walked even on the flat, and were gradually lost beyond the southern horizon. The fat man and boy who replaced them, and the three or four others who clung here and there like hoboing monkeys on the outside of the panting car, stuck with us until, after one distant glimpse of Aleppo, we ran out of gasoline and came to a final halt. The cheerful driver apparently had not realized that a car will not go without fuel, since a camel will without water. I left my belongings in his charge and walked on, glad of the opportunity. When last I saw them the others were all sitting in the car, waiting with the patience of the East until Allah saw fit to do something about it.

But in this gasoline-maddened world what chance has the queer old-timer who still likes to walk? Though he aches for exercise other than the clinging to the top supports of a Ford like a monkey to a tree-top in a gale, it is ruthlessly denied him. Hardly had I covered a mile when a big aristocratic car slowed up behind me, and an American I had known in Beirut insisted on taking me down into Aleppo. We had a magnificent view of it on the way in, the famous old citadel bulking above the rest like the body of an octopus, of which new suburbs, some with very modern buildings, were the tentacles, stretching far out our highway and the two or three others. But a walker would have seen, and photographed, and laid away in the files of memory much more of that engaging scene.

The only hotel to which Aleppo points with pride was already full. Still, in the Arab-mannered establishment that housed but did not feed me, I got the hottest bath in Christendom—if Aleppo is—in a room I am glad to have seen only by dim kerosene light.

Many ruins in Aleppo also, though by no means anything like Damascus; and perhaps they were due only to natural destruction incident to rebuilding, rather than to French-Syrian misunderstandings. A hard, verdureless, whitish, limestonish town, with a number of wide new streets and whole sections of new houses, that seemed deserted, though they may merely have been shuttered and closed against the blazing sunshine. The lime of this light Aleppo stone comes off on the hands or clothing that touch it, so that not merely because of the swirling dust common to all Asia Minor does one constantly need a clothes-brush.

A rather torpid city: banks, government offices, most important establishments, including the American consulate, are open only from seven to one in "summer," which mean from early May to late in October. True, it is hot during all that time, but I have known hotter places that work all day long throughout the year. Even the shops, at least in the sun-scorched outdoor streets, take two or three hours for the afternoon siesta. But what matter, so long as Aleppo is satisfied with what it gets done?

The square-squatting clock-tower of Aleppo shows "l'heure turque" on two sides and "l'heure française" on the others, which is symbolic, for Aleppo, once an important city of

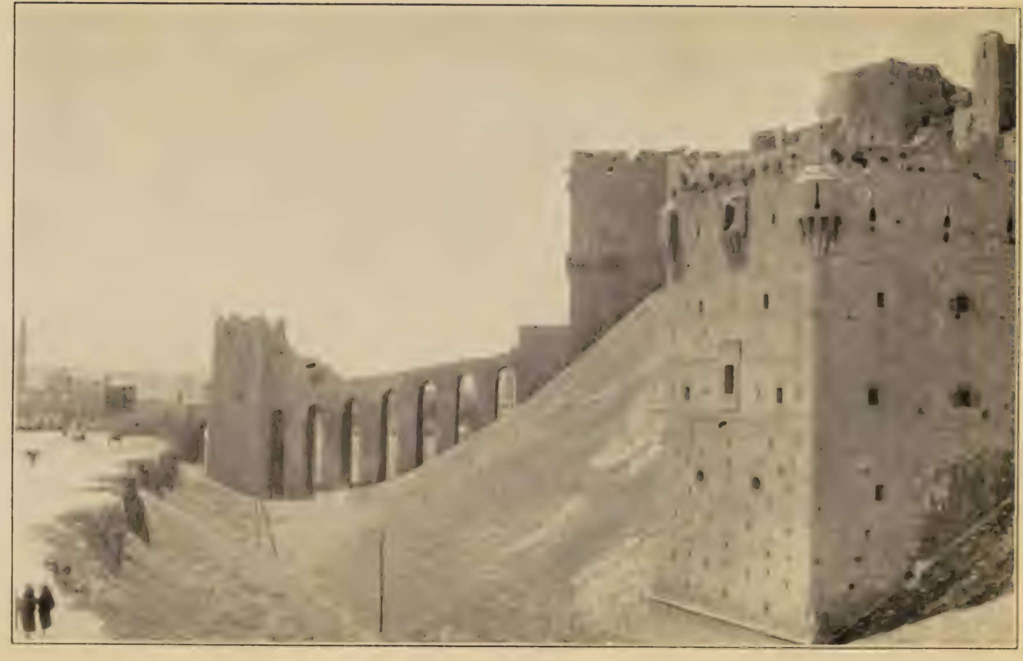
Turkey, is more Turkish than Syrian. That is, it is about six o'clock on the north and south sides of the tower when it is somewhere around noon or midnight on the east and west. But the clock always struck in Turkish, and even the "French hour" differed so much on its two sides that almost any one could find one face of the tower agreeing with his own version of the time. Anachronistic, now that Turkey itself has adopted Western time-telling as well as the Christian calendar.

It was just my luck to arrive on the eve of Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, which somehow one resents much more than the deadness of Sunday in Christian lands. The mosques swarmed with men; the shops were nearly all closed. There are many vaulted souks, not labyrinthian, to be sure, since almost all meet at right angles and are very nearly straight. Yet somehow it is easy to get lost in them, particularly to come out of them way over on the other side from where you expected, like a man wandering in a sun-hiding forest without a compass. Here wooden shop-fronts are still in use, upright boards replaced one by one at nightfall, as in Damascus when first I knew it. So that on Friday a walk in the covered markets is like plodding through the tunnels of an abandoned mine, a mine whose shafts run into a hillside on the level, with at most a few drowsy watchmen on duty.

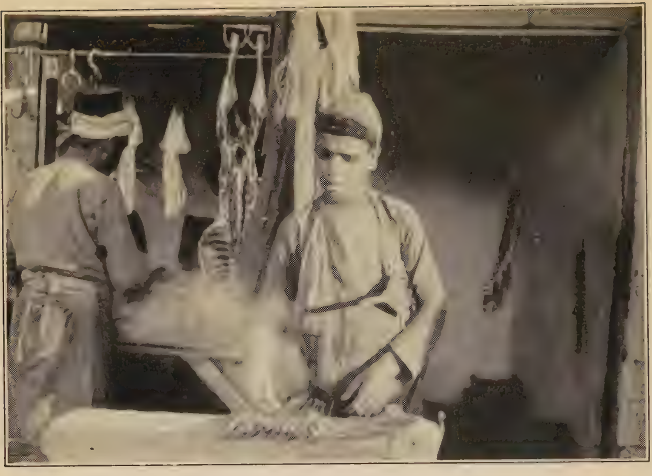
There was a Friday market out in the broad verdureless space among ruined mosques near the old citadel; and all day long great spiral whirlwinds of dust, that looked sometimes like a conflagration sweeping along an erratic path, sprang up and swept over the trashy, mainly second-hand, wares, over sellers and buyers and idle stroller alike. You must have a permit through your consul to visit the imposing old citadel, only to find that inside it is an almost complete ruin, with barbed-wire covering gaps in the encircling top wall. French negro soldiers in fez-caps live among the ruins, go down to the city for their water, in pairs, with big pole-supported buckets between them. There are many wells in Aleppo, mainly of the haul-up-by-hand variety; but also hydrant faucets, with iron cups chained to them. Otherwise men would dry up entirely in those baking, moistureless, glaring streets.

From the citadel the uninformed stranger would get a wholly false impression of the town, for he might easily fancy much of the central part of it mere fields, without habitations or cultivation. Yet beneath these fields is the most crowded and important part of Aleppo—on any day but Friday. Sheep graze on these broad fields of withered brown grass atop what some call the underground markets, which in a sense they are. Sometimes camels and donkeys may be seen on them, spend their nights up there, occasionally, or at least on the earth roofs of warehouses and khans that look exactly like trampled inn yards. There are second-story gardens, too, in Aleppo, patios on roofs between higher buildings, where families find cooler evenings.

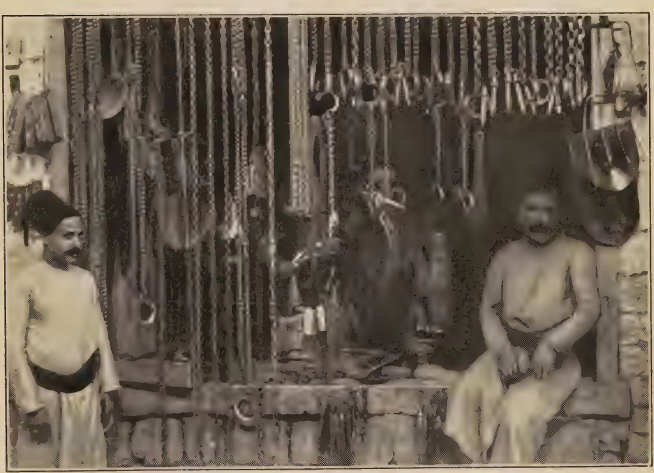
On Saturday things were better. It was no longer necessary to walk in the blazing sunshine or wander dismally through unpeopled tunnels as the only alternatives to retiring to one's uninviting hotel room. Step into the almost-night of the souks and find a welcome coolness, an almost complete freedom from swirling dust, from the sense of a danger of drying up like a cluster of grapes in a raisin plant, and with it all endless sights of teeming interest on any week-day. More picturesque than those of the Damascus of to-day, the covered markets of Aleppo, perhaps even more so than the Damascus I first saw. An endless panorama of all the wares of East and West, like a vast gallery of large mural paintings of exotic life almost completely covering the walls.



Aleppo's ancient citadel is a ruin inside



Spitted mutton is a prime favorite in Moslem restaurants



The chain-maker of Hama curtains his den-shop with his hand-forged wares

Files of camels stalk solemnly through the principal covered thoroughfares; barriers of four upright iron bars, through which pedestrians can slip easily, stand at the head of some of the less animal-loving channels.

Here, where it is always as dark as late twilight, men squat, doze, smoke, gossip, quarrel . . . sleep hugging their meager wares, the tube of a narghileh perhaps still between their lips . . . now and then bargain, even occasionally sell something. No mere words can describe the multicolored panorama of the covered bazaars, and they are too dark for successful photography, at least while humanity is flowing through them; and when the stream ceases they are mere board-sided tunnels again, without interest except as places of refuge. Were these endless cubbyhole shops out in the sunshine, their agglomerations of wares and costumes would be too colorful for eyes to look upon without blinking. No wonder men come in here from the biting, blinding sunshine, the stinging, suffocating dust, even though no business calls them, so that at any hour of the day (except on Fridays, when the mosques take their turn as places of refuge) the souks are crowded, almost entirely with men, though the unroofed streets outside may be so nearly empty that one might fancy it a holiday.

The striking contrast of a great splash of sunshine in some mosque courtyard (large enough to hold a hundred of these merchant stalls) into which the souk-wanderer gets a peep through a narrow side-alley. Streaks of golden sunshine pour down through the square iron-barred holes in the tops of the vaulted streets—barred because no one, however partial the Moslem is to mutton, wants a sheep tumbling in upon him as he wanders a-shopping. Only once in a while does the sunshine enter in any other place, though it clings like a score of pet cats to the garments of those who take refuge in the souks, to be scraped off only at the last moment, and pounces, like a panther lying in wait, upon any one who so much as peers out at the ends of the street tunnels. A few broken places which, after the Moslem and Oriental fashion of letting things slide, have long remained unrepaired, admit irregular patches of sunshine that suggest bars of pure gold against a background of lead.

Here one is struck again by the cheapness of labor, the plethora of men, perhaps because of the contrast with our own under-servanted land. Men to shoo flies off clients and workers in the barber-shops, some by hand, some by punkah. Every little stall has its extra clerk—who usually has to call the real authority when he sees that you mean business. Perpetually thronged by day, after sunset the souks are like a deserted railless subway, like an abandoned city of troglodytes that have long since disappeared from the face of the earth.

There is not much else greatly out of the ordinary to keep the mere sightseer in Aleppo. The place is beginning to show a longing to be Western in its evening recreations: men were painfully learning to ride roller skates, in coffee-houses where the tables had been set back against the walls, to the joy of a crowd about the wooden-railed ring, and of as large, if more impecunious, a throng peering in through the windows. In the outskirts, the usual graveyard dumping-grounds, with some oval-shaped, elaborately carved stone tombs, a tall stone shaft at each end, of the departed well-to-do. Many miserable hovels in these garbage-heap-graveyard sections; veiled women, and dirty, or at least dust-incrusted, children. Out there is the slaughterhouse, policemen helping to separate the sheep (evidently males from females, which are so different to Moslem taste that the sex of the carcass must be plainly marked in the butcher-shops); long files of unsuspecting sheep following their shepherds through the open door to slaughter.

The Aleppo branch of the League of Nations Commission for the Protection of Women and Children in the Near East is in charge of a competent Danish woman whom the visitor will find it a privilege to visit. Seven hundred thousand Armenians died during the deportations from Turkey, it is estimated; the young women and many of the children were sold as slaves to the Arabs of northern Syria. Report has it that there are still thirty thousand slaves, mostly Armenian women, in the French mandate. Armenian men consider it a racial disgrace to have women of their race in harems, yet there are many even in the Bedouin villages, marked with tattooed faces, like branded cattle. For this and other reasons many of them do not wish to be rescued; prefer to endure whatever they are enduring rather than face in disgrace their own people. Fourteen thousand such women have been rescued through the efforts of the Danish woman, who advises Armenian or Greek women to stay with their forced husbands, at least if they have children, unless they are very badly treated. Washerwomen and the like smuggle messages in; rewards are given to cameleers and other desert travelers who bring escaping women to Aleppo or help the work in other ways. But as slave-dealers who peddle their wares far beyond the reach of any Western influence have a way of sending in similar messages, the unwilling wives have still another reason to cling to their unchosen husbands. The work of rescuing those who wish to be, or can be, rescued, is now considered done in Syria. But the commissioner is to remain in Aleppo in order to do what she can for similar women in Turkey. Henceforth, however, she is to be only semi-officially connected with the League of Nations, since Turkey is not a member of that body.

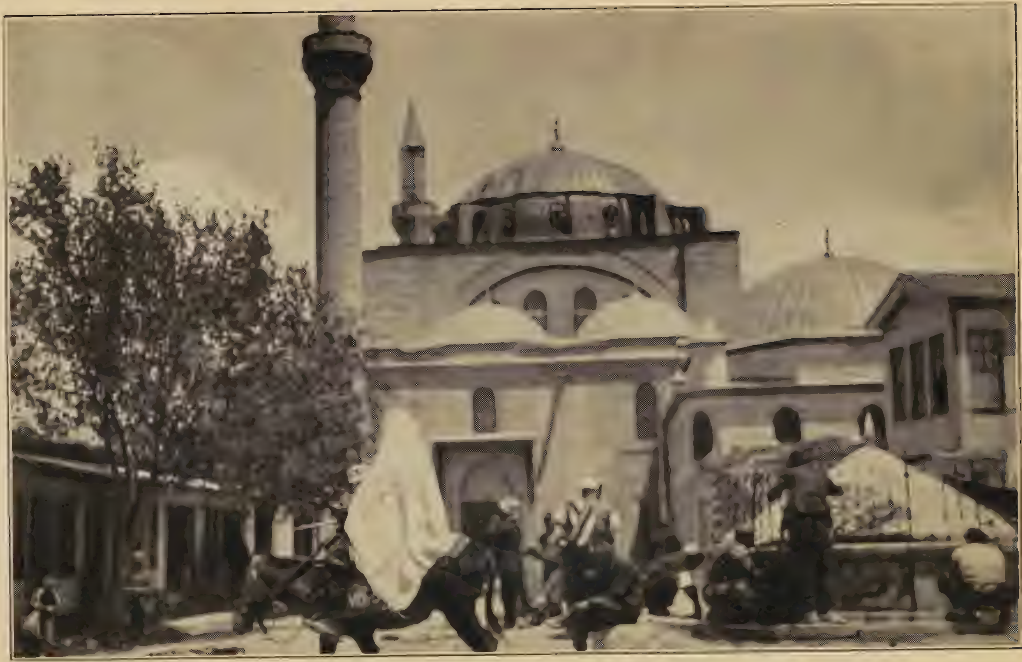
CHAPTER XIII

INTO SHRUNKEN TURKEY

THERE are two day and two night trains a week from Aleppo to Adana, first city of importance in what is left of Turkey. The Bagdad Railway is much more of a railroad than the Syrian line that comes in on another side of town: standard-gauge, real trains of good European cars, stone stations that are adequate from ticket wicket to baggage platforms—all, except a certain lack of repair, due to German influence, since the short branch into Aleppo was a tentacle of the Berlin-to-Bagdad world-conquering dream, now dead, or at least in a very comatose condition.

One of the queerest of many queer details in the treaty of peace between Turkey and the Allies is that for the first time in history, unless my memory is failing me again, a railway was made the boundary line between two countries, a railway of economic and strategic order of the first importance. Thus the was-to-have-been Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad is now for quite a distance the frontier between the French mandate we call Syria and the "new" Turkey. The right of use is exercised in common by Turkey and Syria—that is, France. But as it is impossible to have a railway in two countries at the same time, and as it would be impracticable to have one rail in one country and one in the other, there is a more or less gentlemanly agreement that the line is in Turkey—unless something very important comes up, in which case it would probably find itself in French territory. How-

A properly veiled lady of Konia, whose son is celebrating his painful but important thirteenth birthday



A lady, and a famous mosque, of Konia

ever, since that part of the railway which runs eastward from the junction just north of Aleppo to . . . as near Bagdad as England sees fit . . . is exploited by a French company, the two peoples involved have arrived at the tacit understanding that so long as passengers remain on the train they are in Syria, but if they step off it they are in Turkey.

Good railway as it is, the section from Aleppo westward to Adana is run by the Turks, and trains stop incessantly at every station. We wound half-way around dry, treeless Aleppo, then out upon a broad fertile plain, the stony places evidently having been chosen as town sites. We checked out of Syria at Médain Ekhèse—a considerable village of tin and dry-goods-box shacks of Armenian refugees on the very Syrian edge of the frontier—at eleven o'clock, and checked into Turkey at Islahia at noon. The hour in between was taken up with the usual formalities of passing a frontier in this absurd post-war world, and with a short run between the two towns. Before I could enter the train at the Aleppo station an officer of the Sureté Générale had examined my passport; there was a Syrian, or French, officer on the train to look at it again; and Turkish soldiers got on at the junction of the main line.

To my surprise, the customs examination was very lenient. I had heard such tales of its rigors that I was smoking my last cigar . . . and I might have brought in a thousand of them! But passports were another matter. No doubt the Turkish examiners mean to be fair, but they are arbitrary and often stupid. Any American pays a $6.50 tribute to the Turks every time he enters the country, no matter if it is every week; and petty officials not only confiscate your passport, contrary to international regulations and common sense, but keep it for several hours, scribble all over another precious page of it, and—if luck is with you—eventually give you back your own rather than that of a stranger of perhaps not even the same nationality.

Several tunnels, one very long, took us through the frontier ridge; and at first there was little sign of population. Once actually over in Turkey, we looked out upon broad plains of mustard and wild grass, totally uncultivated, as if the Turks ruled indeed. But there were crowds at the first station of importance, a station and a crowd startlingly like those on our Western prairies; prairie-like also the landscape, the roads, even the muddy hard-used old Fords waiting for more labor. To one coming from still colorful Syria and the lands south of it, the arrival in a de-fezzed Turkey was almost painful. Colorless garb of caps and tramp costumes began at once, beyond the border; a sudden good-by to the snappy tarboosh. The crowd was as drab as a gang of Italian subway muckers—where have the poor fez-makers gone? Not many veils, either, though I soon found that those had not really disappeared, as the tarboosh and the turban have.

I had been so foolish as to bring no food with me. Certainly I have had experience enough to know better. The real station of Aleppo, and the genuine European trains I had seen there must have given me the subconscious impression that the latter carried dining-cars; or some printed or spoken misinformation may have led me astray. But here it was, well on in the afternoon, and no food whatever; and Syrian breakfasts are painfully French. Finally, at a station where a man was selling a bag of snow brought down from some far-off and to us invisible mountaintop—snow which he cut into pieces with a saw as they were demanded—there were hard-boiled eggs; and the fact that they sold six for a nickel, salt included, took some of the sting out of the long fast. Also there were tobacco and raisins, or vice versa. But Turkish eggs are evidently tenacious; to pick the bits of shell off was like picking out pin-feathers. I tried three different brands of eggs that afternoon, all with the same ill success.

The rest of the day we rambled along a rich plain, apparently with plenty of water and as fertile as any in our West, and with one striking old castle on a rock. We stopped at every excuse, long enough to marry the fireman to the station-master's daughter, but gradually got to Toprak Kalé, whence there is a branch line back into Syria to Iskanderoon, which we call Alexandretta. After that, as if they had at last shaken off all French or other nefarious influence and could be their own untrammeled new-Turkish selves, things picked up.

Many old-fashioned reapers, from Canada, on the broad plain of good wheat along which we crawled westward. These are said to have come since the war. Little hand-work to be seen in the fields—surely not merely because it happened to be Sunday. Only here and there a man or a woman working. A tractor snorted by, symbolic of the new Turkey. It is asserted that three hundred Fordsons and six hundred Fords have been sold by the agent in the Adana district during the past four years; that there is no duty now on agricultural implements, on machinery used in factories, no income-tax for farmers or factory-owners, and that the ten-percent "produce tax" that harried the farmer in the old sultanic days has been given up, so that taxes fall mostly on city people, merchants and middlemen, where they should. But I was to hear two sides of the story before I left Turkey.

Adana was terribly run down, compared with Syria, and almost colorless. The men squat in cafés—some of them, as well as the principal hotel restaurant, on earth roofs—as if they had lost their pep with their picturesque garb. Yet Adana is still a great place for gaudy clothing: the shop windows were full of it—as though the inhabitants could not bear to give up the old custom of bright colors even though they must give up the old costume. Gay and inartistic waistcoats, ruffled caps, shouting shirts seemed to have all the sale so impecunious a place could possibly afford them. New water-wheels, much less enticing than the aged ones of Hama, toiled beside the river here; men were still followed about the streets by pet sheep; streets and public squares suggested long incurable bankruptcy.

My first night in Turkey I spent in a hospital; for the "best" hotel in town could not give me a room alone, and none other than a fellow-alumnus runs the Americano Hasta Khana of a mission station. It was in Adana, too, that I at last gave up speaking the little Arabic I knew. Arabic is probably the third or fourth, at least the fifth, most important language in the world: English is undoubtedly first; French or Spanish second and third; with Arabic, German, and Chinese fighting for fourth place. Turkish is much less important, since hardly fifteen million speak it, and most of those are illiterate—all which is by way of excuse for learning none of it except by accident.

All foreigners entering Turkey must report at a police station within twenty-four hours of arrival. Every time they leave one city for another they must apply to the police for a travel permit; and upon arrival at the new destination, the traveler must again report. Yet the newcomer must find all this out for himself: the police are not going to take the trouble to inform him, until the time comes to fine him for disobedience. Fortunately, my fellow-countrymen hospitaling in Adana set me on the right track. Under the wing of their Turkish doctor I spent only an hour or two at the police station, before I was armed with a long tissue-paper document bearing one of the five photographic evidences of my facial deficiencies which the ordeal required, and permission to betake myself to Konia, with a side trip to Tarsus and Mersina.

Paul of Tarsus would find his home town a sadly unpainted, dilapidated place now, containing little of interest, unless it be the tomb of Jonah (according to the Moslems), to the iron bars of which women anxious for offspring tie pieces of their petticoats. Just what Jonah has to do with increasing the race is not explained to Christian satisfaction.

Battered auto-buses rattle on down a fair road from Tarsus to Mersina, with the added advantage that the police rarely check up on those who travel thus, though no traveler by train escapes them. One marvels that tractors are used at all on the great wheat plain just outside a city full of ragged out-of-works of both sexes. Long lines of a score or more of men and women each—the women in the majority, but all in trousers—hoe in the cotton fields, always in a half-moon formation among the close rows. The men wear caps, but the women have white cloths over their heads and hanging to the waist, half covering the face if strange men draw near. Semicircular gangs hoeing cotton, with a man or a woman in front, like a corporal or sergeant, drilling, suggest a platoon "at rest" when a train or an auto-bus passes, so long do they stand perfectly still, leaning on their hoes; and they drop them very gently even when they do work. A few men and women were already cutting wheat, though it was still May. Most of these peasants of the great Osmania plain that stretches from east of Adana down to the sea at Mersina are of the fellaheen race, or secret sect, speaking Arabic, largely of Arabic blood, most prosperous of the countrymen of the district. But there are also Kurds from farther east and repatriated Turks from Crete.

Back at the junction of the Tarsus-Mersina branch I caught one of the better expresses that leave Aleppo for Constantinople and Angora two nights a week. A train of the side-corridor compartment type, as up-to-date as any in Europe, except in speed; far superior to the diminutive Syrian and north Palestine lines. But in Turkey the signs on trains and stations are only in Turkish, which gives even an experienced traveler a feeling of insecurity. Many tunnels with only flashes of scenery between them, on that journey up through the Taurus Mountains, rocky and striking and cool, with many streaks of snow even at that late season. A job of railway-building which one knows instinctively could not have been done by Turks; rather, by the Germans. Oleander bushes in full bloom bordering dry creeks; many rusted old engines in yards along the way. Once up through the Cilician Gates, you stay up—on a treeless plateau, dotted now and then with nomad tents, beautified by distant snow-streaked mountains.

At Konia, with nightfall, I was picked up by the lanky owner of the "Palace Hotel"—save the mark! A negro girl with a slight knowledge of Italian saw me to a room of which little need or can be said except that it was higher than it was wide and long enough for a foot-race. It was to cost me a Turkish pound. (Before we forget, let it be understood once for all that the Turkish pound that summer was worth fifty-two cents, and is divided into one hundred piasters.) Afterward I realized that I was probably cheated; though, to be sure, prices are on the whole higher in the new Turkey than in Syria. The "Palace" had music and meals in the garden, though it was too cold to sit there with pleasure, and recent rain had left skating-places for the waiters. The music, from an orchestra mixed as to sex as well as in several other respects, toiled in a makeshift kiosk beneath a tree, combining jazz with Arab love-songs, than which . . .

Turkey is taking on Western ways, and Konia was not to be left behind in this misfortune. In her "best" hotel there was the same mixture of guests and girls of easy conscience, usually in alternating rooms, the doors invitingly open, as in Brazil. The night club of Konia operated in a rather dismal room adjoining the hotel garden, to which musicians and such guests as remained fled when the full chill of evening made lingering in the mud-floored dining-room worse than disagreeable. By the time I entered, the place contained three girls, a hundred men, seventy-three neckties, and eighty-five collars. Awkwardly, clumsily, bashfully, Konia was trying to adapt herself to Occidental fashions. A hat pirate at the door was needed for once, since the gentlemen of Konia were not yet used to taking off their head-dress upon entering a room. Only a few of them did so, and then generally so long after they should have that the gesture lost all sense of spontaneity; and only a few of them knew what to do with their unfamiliar hat or cap even then. Men introduced to a mixed group shook hands with the girl last; the girls themselves were evidently so unfamiliar with social deportment of the Western brand that they shook hands half standing, half sitting, hovering in mid-air, like Mohammed's coffin, as if of two minds, when a man awkwardly thrust a hand at them, as to the posture that was proper under the circumstances. Naturally, since in Mohammedan society it is the proper thing for a woman to stand respectfully before a man, and to sit down, if at all, only after he is comfortably seated. None of our absurd spoiling of the unimportant sex among the practical Moslems. Several gentlemen well informed on Western customs showed their superior knowledge by genially slapping the girl introduced resoundingly between the bare shoulder blades. Rotary or Kiwanis literature, carelessly omitting information as to the unisexual character of such intellectual gatherings, may have reached them. There ought to be a good sale for those etiquette books we see so well advertised, if some enterprising person will translate them into Turkish, and some salesman with the ability to overcome sales-resistance in that language will take over the Turkish concession. Altruistic by nature, along with my many other weaknesses, I broadcast the suggestion without demanding, any more than hoping for, my fair share of the returns.

The orchestra of three men and as many women continued, indoors, its praiseworthy attempt to play and "sing," now alternately, now simultaneously. As to the dancing of, naturally, not more than three couples at a time, there is little to be said, except to mention the extraordinary interest of the audience, sipping its thick coffee, its soft drinks . . . nay, in some ultra-Westernizing cases its stronger beverages . . . blowing its cigarette smoke sophisticatedly from its nostrils, fingering its lack of final touches to newly adopted Western garb, worrying over the proper disposal of unfamiliar head-gear. It was cold enough for overcoats up here on the plateau, after dark, even near the end of May; though northern Syria was already roasting. Konia is 3250 feet high —one place on the way there had lifted the railway 4700 feet —and it felt several times that before the evening was over. So now and then a girl in the latest (?) gown, flimsy and low- and high-cut as they make 'em, insinuated herself into some admiring man's coat—not overcoat, but the garment more indispensable to social correctness—reaching only to her prominent hips. But at least it had the advantage over a more proper wrap that the fellow might have to come to her room in the hotel to retrieve it.

In every Turkish city of size and pride the socially lofty at least are striving to inure themselves to European social customs. Dancing, in particular, is on the increase. Just now the more progressive class is at about the embarrassing period of the second term in dancing-school. Forty men to every woman willing to appear on the dancing floor is the average proportion, and most of these will dance only with their own husbands. Other husbands, even "modernized" Turkish husbands, officials, traveled and outwardly completely sophisticated, stand sulking in corners like boys in the throes of the first calf-love, glaring with a ferocity that suggests a duel or a murder before the evening is over, upon the forward scoundrel who has had the audacity to embrace the wife or wives of such husbands in public.

Rarely have I seen people trying harder to be gay, to suggest that they are having the time of their lives. But they all wore a hang-dog expression, especially the girls, who multiplied from three to five before the evening was over. Later I found that all but two of them were Russians, as were the musicians and the lively head waiter, in shoe-clerk garb, who put into the evening whatever life there was in it. Of all the gathering, evidently he alone had a slight knowledge of Western social usage, of the night-club variety, from something more personal than a correspondence school.

But let us not forget the virtues, in pointing out the idiosyncrasies, of Konia's night club. There was not a visible case of intoxication even at the height of the evening; no bandits, either of the gun- or the bill-armed variety; in fact, the prices of the "consommations obligatoires" were so low in comparison with the entertainment offered that any American colleague of the lanky proprietor would faint at mention of them. One can hardly expect the Turks to become completely Westernized overnight.

Coffee-sipping youths stared their eyes red at the flimsy costumes of the girls, slipping now and then off one shoulder, by design or from bad dressmaking. It was easy to see through their eyes how immoral, how deliberately provocative Western feminine garb really is, though with us the wearers have long since forgotten the original purpose of it, and the beholders have largely become callous to it. Easy to see that to these Oriental eyes of a nation just beginning to peer out of its chrysalis, all women who appeared in public thus exposed could be nothing but ladies of pliant virtue. The men who from time to time gawkily departed got far more kick out of seeing those five girls in ordinary Western garb than any but the most unsophisticated of us can out of the bracelet-clad dancers of our Follies or more intimate evidences of folly along Broadway and its provincial imitations; and they were as sneakingly ashamed of whatever pleasure they derived from the sight. After all, everything depends on getting used to a thing. The explorer is not in the least shocked by the natural nakedness of tropical Asia, the nonchalant clotheslessness of African ladies. These Turkish countrymen, who had rarely seen a woman's uncovered face before, outside their immediate families, naturally drew their own conclusions and left them plainly written on their naïve faces.

Roosters—and a red-hot quilt or no covering at all—ruined what should have been a night delightful for its contrast to the midsummer ones of upper Syria. It is not enough to be gifted with the ostrich's advantages in stomachic matters; the well-equipped traveler should also have the Chinese power of sleep under any circumstances, and this latter boon has been denied me. But at least the alternating denizens of the hotel did not disturb my slumbers by so much as a light tap at the door, not even by engaging the Italian-mangling negress as emissary. A compliment . . . or a tribute to age? More likely a proof of sufficient clients from among the dance-gazers.

A drab town of horrible once-cobbled streets, up which a strong wind whips dried offal into your face. Women in huge white shawls over the head and reaching to the heels, always held together with one hand in public so that just one eye shows in a triangle where the two folds of the shawl cross. These one-eyed Susans of the triangular peep-hole, wearing voluminous trousers, besides whom one saw few if any women in the streets, were a great contrast to the ultra-modern ladies of advances of the night club. One saw them even on mule-back, squatting in the bottom of springless wagons, always carefully clutching the white shawl across their inviolate faces. The one I successfully stalked was leading by the hand a boy decorated with a kind of wild-Indian head adornment, the breast of his entirely Western, if ill-fitting, garb covered with spurious medals—in other words all dressed up for his circumcision. Among the Moslems this ceremony usually takes place on the thirteenth birthday; with orthodox Jews, on the eighth day after birth, though both claim to get their authority for the proper time for it from the Old Testament. Usually there is a procession, with presents from relatives and intimate friends of the family to compensate for the unwelcome rite, much as we give wedding presents. This pair was turning in here and there at a door on their irregular rounds through the city, bringing out with them each time a hint of satisfaction on the one visible face. It is not at all unusual in Turkey to see boys hobbling about in their gayest clothing after the ceremony is over, on their still twinging faces the proud look of at last having joined the manly ranks of the adults.

Those circus-like country wagons drawn by oxen, mules, even horses, common to what is left of Asiatic Turkey, are in their zenith in Konia. Usually four wheels, with green bodies, the side boards and the rear painted with red flowers, purple birds, bright red, dark red, yellow, blue—as gay as the boats of China. In contrast to their gaiety they leave much to be desired in the matter of comfortable transportation. But Konia's public automobiles were legion; lacked only roads to be really useful. The khans about the big yards where the bucolic bulk of Konia's transients stop were strikingly like the inns of China, even to the hard divan-like sleeping-places. The threshing-machine most in vogue in Turkey —a wooden sledge in the bottom of which are imbedded rows of flint fragments, of oyster shells, or sharp iron teeth—is made and sold in some quantity in Konia. But there are few handicrafts left in this metropolis of the Southwest, now that the Greeks and Armenians have been chased out of Anatolia. Instead, swarms of officers in Sam Browne belts, and fully as many more or less ragged soldiers, none of whom seemed to do anything except respectively to strut and to wander about town.

The Turk has always been a soldier; the new Turkey is more conspicuously militarized than even the old empire of the sultans. If the ragged olive-drab-wool uniforms, topped by heavy winter caps with ear-flaps all the year round, are any less ragged and patched than were the sickly gray uniforms of the sultan's soldiers, the caps any less greasy from the scalp than were the fezzes of other days, they are not enough so to warrant any philosophizing on the advantage of a pseudo-republican over a sultanic form of government. But for their caps you could hardly tell a group of Turkish soldiers of to-day from our doughboys—say, our doughboys after a hard practice campaign in a Texas jungle; and the officers wear our uniform cloth.

Though the Turkish soldier has improved since the days of the sultans, his manners are as African as those of the Senegal conscripts in Syria. Amusing companions enough when you get acquainted with them, as in the same compartment on a long train ride—and all train rides are long in Turkey; rather naïve country boys, generally; sturdy, simple, and good-natured as most Turkish countrymen, eager to display a sophistication they do not possess. Yet it is easy to see that they might be capable of atrocious barbarism when stirred up by their officers or their religious leaders.

From 1909 on, when the "decree of equality" was promulgated, Christians as well as Moslems were forced to serve in the armies of Turkey. But now few non-Moslem Turkish subjects remain, almost none at all in the great bulk of the country, Asiatic Turkey. All men serve when they reach early manhood—a year and a half in the infantry, two and a half in the gendarmerie, the same in the cavalry, three years in the artillery or the navy. If the youth is the graduate of a middle school (attaining to our eighth grade), he serves as a petty officer. Men who can read and write (still a rare accomplishment among the masses in Turkey) serve only three quarters as long as others; and those who can afford it may pay a "bedel" of five hundred Turkish pounds for the privilege of serving only a few months, at a time that is convenient—summer vacation, for instance. No wonder present-day Turkey has soldiers enough perpetually to pester foreigners with requests for their travel or resident permits; the country so bristles with militarism that rare and petty indeed is the railroad station without at least a pair of soldiers striding briskly up and down the gravel platform, rifles handy, as long as the train is there. Loafing soldiers are as common a part of the landscape as in China.

Of real sights, in the tourist-folder sense, Konia has little except her old Seljuk mosques. Even the whirling dervishes who made this their headquarters are gone now—exiled to Syria. Instead, a new bronze statue of Kemal, the exiler, on a very elaborate stone pedestal at the most prominent corner between the distant railway station and the center of town, doubly conspicuous by the fact that the tram rails from the station, which pass it, are not used, for lack of funds to buy cars, or to operate them after they have been bought, which is even worse. Not a bad statue, for a beginning, except that the artist has depicted the president standing with one hand on the heads of a sheaf of wheat—symbol of fertility and plenty?—in an attitude which suggests to the irreverent beholder that the dictator is suffering from having thrust his hand among nettles and been forever petrified into inability to withdraw it. That, too, may be symbolic.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NEW TURKISH CAPITAL

YOU can leave Konia, the police willing—at least for the northwest and by rail—only at night. Possibly you might buy an automobile, or hire one from the score or more of them hopefully awaiting customers in a dusky square near the center of the city, which financially would amount to about the same thing. But even if your chauffeur could find a road to travel on, it is not likely that you could get police permission to go in any other way than by train. Which reminds me that of the twenty-four hours I spent in Konia almost all except the eight I reserve for sleep were passed in the police station, imploring the privilege of moving on that evening.

Sometime in the saddest hours of that bitterly cold night there was a long noisy stop at Afiun (opium) Kara- (black) hissar (castle or fortress), whence the branch to Smyrna along which the Greek army fled, and devastated, before the Kemal-driven Turks in 1922. True to its name in all three particulars, say those rare travelers who have seen it by daylight, though it is said the Turks use no opium themselves. Merely raise it for the advantage of their neighbors, like the Japanese. A cold, hard night, followed at last by a sunny day. Not long after sun-up a change of trains, at Eski Shehr, from that of Aleppo to Constantinople to the one from Constantinople to Angora. A town of no great importance within cannon-shot of the station; and fortunately a row of shack restaurants just across the mud street, even a French breakfast more than welcome. Men selling beads, brooches, and kindred feminine trash, as well as pipes, all made of meerschaum or its clever imitation, there being an important source of German sea-form in the vicinity. Lengthy bargaining advantageous to purchasers financially interested.

All that sunny May day across rather a bleak plateau, mainly a broad untilled plain, with here and there a rich planted stretch, deadly dry mountains alternating with uplands less cultivated than grazed, leaving the final impression that Turkey (or what is left of it) is more fertile than well inhabited. No isolated house; the few towns mud-box villages, uninspiring groups of adobe hovels for the most part. Some horses, now and then a water-buffalo, but mainly cattle and sheep, especially the latter, gnawing the dry upland bunch-grass. True Turks, the shepherds guarding, with their big white savage curs, these flocks; descended from the Turkoman invaders of centuries ago, rather than the offspring of captured women of all races which we now call Turk. A real snow-capped range on the horizon much of the morning. Many rusted old locomotives again along the way. Evidently the mortality is high among them, for lack of care—as is the fate of automobiles also in the Near East. Or reminders of the wars, against the Allies and later the Greeks, perhaps.

Only once a modern threshing-machine, crawling along the road like a bright-red moving platform, the Turkish flag flapping above it. Mainly the sedentary, ox-paced, contented threshing of the threshing-sledge, dragged round and round hard-earth threshing-floors, one or more members of the family standing—or, more likely, seated, perhaps in a chair—upon it. In the new third-class compartment four grown and one ungrown Turk, all peering over my shoulder as I made

The Roman-fortified rock hill of Angora, about which Turkey's new capital is being built

A suburb of the new Turkish capital

"The Gazi," Mustafa Kemal Pasha, ruler of Turkey, lives in a simple bungalow in the hills above Angora the queer left-to-right marks the West calls writing. In another, some friendly soldiers, ruthlessness against unbelievers still sensed beneath the surface, practising more or less successful pantomime with me. In still another, a well-dressed educated Turkish Jew, in business in Smyrna and Constantinople, whose faulty Spanish mother-tongue and impeccable French doubly relieved my tongue-tied condition. A sophisticated contrast to the crude, hardy countrymen filling most of the car.

At Kizlar Kayar, the striking Rocher des Filles, where, if the Jew's information was trustworthy, once a year girls come to pray for offspring. Well on in the afternoon, Karamán, a town of the time of Timurlane, with a huge old fortress, a colorless town in a tree-dotted plain, poppy fields all about it. Except in the vicinity of such old towns, and in a few out-of-the-way places, Turkey seemed to be completely treeless; bare and repulsive, lovely in the morning and evening—in an overcoat—but dusty, blistering, nostril-cracking at midday. A landscape ugly beneath the hard undiffused light of the implacable sun; but in the early or late hours, by moonlight or under clouds, some of the color effects are equal to velvet, to Oriental rugs; and there is more rich red soil, more green pasture-lands than you may realize.

The whole country out at elbow and down at heel. Yet men smoking the hubble-bubble and playing dominoes in coffee-houses even on sunny mornings. Nothing orderly or in repair; everything old and run down; an almost colorless land now, except for the hard landscape in certain moods. In the early afternoon peasants sleep under improvised shades, or in the blistering sunshine when the shade moves; but they cut wheat at sunset. Their women, hiding their faces as the train passes, cannot lie down in the fields, or drink and smoke in shady cafés. Neither from the front nor the rear is the aspect of the average baggy-trouser-wearing Turkish woman of the villages one to excite palpitations in the most romantic heart, not even when caught in the inadvertent act of showing her face, still a dreadful social offense in most of Turkey.

It was at Karamán, at 4:45 P.M. of May 25, that the Jewish passenger bought a Turkish paper and told me in French that an American named "Lindner" had flown alone across the Atlantic. I had to confess I did not know him. Much more of the paper was taken up with two pictures of a man hanged the day before for killing some pasha.

Every language has one word or expression so striking or so often heard that it is almost invariably the one the foreigner learns first. In English it is "All right" (or rather, on most foreign lips, "Aw right"); in French it is "Oui, oui," or "O-oh-la-la!" In Turkish it is "shindy," which means not a free-for-all argument but "right now." It is the word oftenest heard and least often obeyed, for "do it now" is certainly not the Turks' motto in practice—though under their new dictator it has come perilously near replacing the old Turkish gift for procrastination. But whatever improvements Kemal has brought his worshiping people, certainly speedier trains is not one of them, for they could not possibly have dawdled more slowly under the sultans.

Built in most cases by the kilometer, the railways of Turkey wander all about the country, looking for level going; and of all the crawling, creeping things we owe to Noah's foresight nothing equals a Turkish train. German influence here, as in several Turkish matters; and the absurd Teutonic rule makes it as hard to stop or start a train as if it were an ocean liner. Whistles and bells galore, and arrest for any one who dares to get on or off outside the time limit, even though the train may not actually start for another half-hour. Many a man misses the only train in a day or two when, but for the rules, the police and soldier guards, it would be a mere matter of stepping on board. Long shrill toots announce the general intention to start. A ragamuffin tolls the hanging station bell. The station-master must blow his hunting-horn, the engineer must whistle back; and at last, perhaps, we are off again, station-master saluting conductor, station assistants the guards, or vice versa, whatever the relative standing, even the fireman and the station drudge exchanging salutes, all solemn as field marshals. As in Germany, every railroad man along the way takes the passing of a train as seriously as West Point does its guard mount. A ragged shoveler, gatemen, switchmen, even water-boys, whole rows of section men, shouldering shovels or rakes, stand stiffly at strict military attention, with very solemn faces, wherever a train catches them, remain motionless until the last car has dwindled to toy-size in the distance. Government runs the railways in Turkey now, and Government means the brass god Kemal.

Slow going and endless stops are of course an advantage to the random traveler; give him time to see every town, to talk with, or at least to admire or to deplore, most of the inhabitants along the way, commonly gathered at the stations. But to crawl is to lose the exhilaration of fast motion. No drinking-water on Turkish trains, and only a single faucet at each of a bare dozen stations in all Turkey—names mentioned in the French time-table you can buy in Constantinople. About these trickling spigots passengers stampede with canteens, goatskin water-bags, bottles of the over-citified, what not. Slow as the service is, the train usually gives signs of preparing to leave before all can fill their vessels; and only the foolish loiter after the first threat of departure, however delayed the final start. On the other hand all trains try to keep on board "non-potable" water for washing, which the

Koran and Mussulman custom call for often; if not a faucet in the seatless, cement-floored withdrawing-room, at least a big tin can with a long teapot spout, indispensable to Mohammedan habits as rolls of paper are to us.

The new capital of the new Turkey consists of a red-roofed series of new suburbs scattered far and wide about an ancient weather-blackened town, a compact town clustered on the top and sides of a high rattlesnake-inviting hill of jagged black rock once well fortified and still surrounded near the top by a striking, massive, half-ruined, ancient stone wall. That the wall is not entirely Roman is proved by the great number of Roman inscriptions, the pieces of Greek church doors, the random looted stones, some of them bearing the Greek cross, which are built into it sidewise, haphazard, some of them upside down. A whole side of the repulsive hill, colorless and drab, was recently devastated by a fire that was not without its advantages; all about the old and rather insignificant town bright new suburbs are growing up, a dozen very modern suburbs, sprinkling the rolling, treeless, yet very fertile plain to a distance roundabout.

In its day the jagged black rock looming high above the rolling plateau (where light garb is still out of place late in May), on and about which the nucleus of the new capital slumbered for centuries, must have been as nearly invulnerable as the men of long ago were capable of making such strongholds. The rows-of-towers-like wall inclosing the summit has no part in the defense of the new Turkish capital, however, which puts its trust in soldiers and modern weapons —and isolation from the covetous, corrupting Occident. Looking down upon the growing city from the splendid vantage-point of its wind-swept, anciently fortified hilltop, one sees important government buildings quite like our own rising in the middle distance; and for ten miles roundabout a beautiful landscape, richly agricultural in soil, though not only treeless but waterless, at least so far as streams are concerned, degenerating from cultivation to the furnishing of standing-room for gaudy towns of non-producers, a sight as painful as a fertile old farm debauched into a golf-links for paunchy city pill-swatters. Hundreds of new houses in the new suburbs on every side of the ancient city, for the swarms of government officials and political hangers-on who clutter all national capitals; houses largely of stone or brick (Turkey long since used up her forests), apparently well made, by modern standards, mostly covered with stucco. Houses that would be at home on the shores of Long Island, in California, in Havana's Vedado; bungalows which might have been shipped intact from Florida, sharply contracting with the time-blackened town on the rocky fortress-crowned hill above.

Angora (accent on the first syllable, misinforming dictionaries to the contrary notwithstanding) was once a Roman stronghold of the same name; later an unimportant town of some five thousand inhabitants on an important caravan route. Kemal made it the capital of his shrunken country for very good reasons. It is near the center of what remains of Turkey (though to be sure Yuzgad, or Sivas, in a schoolroom of which the present régime started, would have been more nearly so); it has strategic advantages of the first importance, being far from foreign influence and capable of defense. No foreign fleet, so often used to coerce the sultans, can dictate to rulers in Angora; no military force either, except by a slow and expensive invasion. Not only was it wise to remove the struggling young government from the immediate menace of foreign ambassadors and the Allied powers, the intrigue of patriarchs, caliphs, and other leaders of religious bodies; it is good now and then to change the capital of any country, which in time becomes too corrupt, too filled with mere office-holders and their descendants, too political-minded to be worth salvaging. Moreover, though by no means lastly, Angora is attractive to the old-fashioned peasants who make up the bulk of the population of what is left of Turkey, and who feel scant sympathy for the exotic ways of Constantinople.

German specialists are to carry out a plan for the new Angora, though so far it shows little signs of planning. Germans have contracts for many buildings, including nearly all those of the Government itself, and they are using very modern methods of construction. The smaller rock hills roundabout are falling before steam-shovels; materials for the higher buildings whiz aloft in hoisting elevators; now and then even the machine-gun staccato of the mechanical riveter is heard. Here one may see how a new town grows up on top of an old, as has happened at Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, especially when the central Government decrees it. The old-fashioned peasants of Anatolia will soon find that a national capital is not, after all, the old city of Angora.

Land values in the great fertile plain surrounding the age-blackened town huddled about a Roman-walled hilltop increased even more spectacularly than did those of Florida. Prices jumped from one to two hundred Turkish pounds per square meter; a well-placed acre is easily sold for four hundred times what it would have brought before the decision to remove the seat of government out of reach of European intrigue became known to others than Kemal and his cronies. Kemalists of course got most of the real-estate advantages.

Excellent new Berliet autobuses run from the station to the modern center at the foot of the old town, to the several suburbs: fare, five piasters, half a nickel. A Dalmatian, speaking French and German, and boasting that he had been valet to one of our widely traveled secretaries of legation, saved me from speechlessness in an otherwise only-Turkish-speaking hostelry; made up somewhat for the ex-army-officer owner, noted for what he did not know about Western hotels, except in the matter of overcharging. For a small room without food, beside the improved guest retiring-place with both à la Turka and à la Franca accommodations, I paid three and a half Turkish pounds a day, plus a ten per-cent luxury tax (fancy me paying a luxury tax!), plus an obligatory ten per cent for service, plus an extra free-will gratuity for the Dalmatian's linguistic accomplishments. As Angora's building boom beats that of Florida, so do her prices; the new Turkish capital is said to be the most expensive town in the world to-day, for what you get. Prices that are criminal offenses in almost any country except our own dear land; restaurant prices higher than in New York, nay, high as in Keokuk or Oshkosh; no matter, perhaps, to favored politicians, to American drummers, but a dreadful shock to mere scribbling vagabonds. Still far more new residents than available houses, hence many crowded restaurants. Girls crowding you out of the barber-shops, though as yet there are twice as many men as women in Angora—what more evidence do you want that in Turkey the fair sex has not yet taken to politics? In old hill-bound Angora an uncovered face is a rarity; in the new Angora a veiled face is as unknown as in Washington.

Outside my window, standing all alone, like the last of a departed race, an ancient Roman column, some thirty feet high, topped by a stork's nest. Even that was occupied: Mother Stork, standing on one leg, Turkish fashion, all day; Dada Stork now and then coming home with groceries, at irregular hours, as if he were an automobile salesman, or a milkman, or suspicious, or awaiting the stork in the human sense, or perhaps—since he came only now and then, with a dejected air, often bringing only a little—he was following the clues in the help-wanted columns. Big pieces of old Roman pillars lying about; the whole space, beyond the now muddy, now dusty yard of a makeshift garage, inclosed by a board wall, with some important building going up within, so that probably the stork family's lofty home will be gone when you get to Angora.

Prostitutes in a row of shanties beyond, with a police station in their midst. Inmates mainly European—out-mates, more exactly, adorning open doorways, using the uneven earth streets for parade-ground. Other evidences of European influence; actually a new public convenience for men (un-Turkish as that may sound) underground near the new rising governmental center at the western foot of the old town, with even running water and wash-basins, though already dirty and half ruined.

The recent building has left several ancient Turkish graveyards outside the old but inside the new Angora. The old town was almost surrounded by tumble-down graveyards, uncared for, Turkish fashion, in the bare, dusty outskirts among other rubbish and garbage, after the usual Moslem custom. Not a mark of any kind on most of the rough stones at head and foot of each forgotten departed, sometimes ringed about or covered with a heap of stones always crudely shaped, if shaped at all. Here and there a headstone still surmounted by the turban, in wood or stone, sometimes colored, which testifies that the deceased was a man and not a mere woman; even those nearly all leaning awry.

A wireless station at the top of another rock hill, a road cut deep down between the two jagged heaps of stone. Magnificent vistas from either of them. An arsenal testing rifles and munitions all day long out at the suburban station of Gazi—not the station for the residence of the hard-fisted ruler universally known among the Turks by that title.

I tried to call on the Gazi. (Not once in a blue moon does one hear the dictator of Turkey referred to either by his name or his official title of Reis-y-jung-hore—President of the Republic—but always as the Gazi, or Gazi Pasha. Roughly the word may be translated as "conqueror" or "liberator"; one educated Turk, knowing both French and English well, could do no better with an exact translation, after much effort, than "a successful war hero who was not killed.") He lives in a simple, one-story, double stone bungalow with a squat steeple, roofed with red tiles and surrounded by a crenelated stone wall. A bare rocky landscape half covered with small hardy, thorny-looking trees, the last house of any importance in a large new hill-climbing suburb of important residences, set in the top of a stony gorge some three miles from Angora, yet looking down upon it and its rolling, treeless, fertile yet uncultivated plain—which is evidence of wisdom. Here, far from the madding crowd he would have about him in Constantinople, in Angora itself, the Gazi reigns supreme, and assiduously cultivates the delights of Venus and Bacchus. The simple stone bungalow is as thickly encircled with soldiers, armed to the teeth and more—even their heads being incased in the tin hats of wartime—as an English garden with hedges. Rifles alert on shoulders, they pace to and fro, from one to another, incessantly, so closely spaced that they all but step on one another's toes at each strictly military about-face. I hope they are frequently relieved, for to bear the strain of such a pace and keep constantly in mind the sanctity of their job would wear the nerves of even a Turkish soldier; besides, there are plenty of soldiers—if they can all be trusted with so sacred a task.

But the Gazi was not receiving callers. The Angora annex of our legation had warned me that he did not grant interviews, not even to foreign visitors of importance. Only the Russians, by the way, have moved their embassy to Angora. The other diplomats cannot bear to leave the fleshpots of Constantinople for this bleak, countrified place, and at most they send some of their less important—to others than themselves—young cubs to carry on the liaison with Kemal and his government direct. In the face of this subtle hint I was not surprised when a pair of iron hats, quickly reinforced by an officer with the manners of a politician toward a man without a vote, sternly barred the way at a tree-shaded sentinel-booth where the highway begins to approach the Gazi's gate and drawbridge, nor yet at their rifle-fingering vehemence, amounting to conviction that they would shoot to kill if I persisted in taking another step nearer their precious charge. But I was surprised, though I had already been a fortnight among the Turks, at the extraordinary stupidity of both men and officer in failing to understand what I tried to tell them in a pantomime that suffices even among bushmen or wild Indians. I had not, of course, dreamed of being received by their sultan-president. Even without the legation warning I should have known that this was no time to hope for such an honor. It was barely eleven o'clock, and the Gazi could scarcely have begun his daily recuperation from the nightly worship of his twin deities. Strangely enough, the soldiers made no protest when I turned my camera upon the august scene of the august presence, though sharp eyes and ready rifles were trained upon me during the process.

When the World War broke out, Mustafa Kemal was a philandering colonel amusing himself as military attaché at one of the small Balkan capitals. He asked for active service, to be at first refused. But at length he was sent to Chanak

Kalesi, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles near Gallipoli, where he won some success as a commander "because he did not care how many young men he sent to their death so long as he won—just like your General Pershing." In Palestine, after the Gallipoli campaign, Kemal did not set any rivers on fire. But when, the armistice signed, it looked as if Turkey would be completely wiped out as a nation, the unknown pasha who took command of what was left of the armies that had been under the German von Sanders gradually grew to be the most conspicuous figure in Turkey. Dominated the gathering in the school-room at Sivas; became one of many bandit-like chieftains annoying the French; then the outstanding leader of what had seemed a hopeless cause; forced and bluffed the French out of what is now south central Turkey, earmarked as a French mandate; continued his success until he became the Washington of the new Turkey instead of just another hanged bandit.

Those foreign residents of Turkey who know anything about him, and those few Turks of sufficient education or acumen, and at the same time courage enough, to talk intelligently of one who has virtually reached the position of a god, will tell you that Kemal is nothing out of the ordinary as a man; "just one of those clever fellows of whom you have so many in America" who know how to grab opportunity by the forelock, and how to blow it up to many times its natural size, like a toy balloon. A man with the added great advantage of being perfectly ruthless in carrying his points; a man who does not hesitate to hang deputies, men high in the nation, even his best friends, if they trespass on his right of way. Let any one, however great, whatever debts of gratitude Kemal owes him, oppose the Gazi, and three deputies under his special orders try him, if at all, by court-martial methods, give a snap decision at once, and have him hanged the following dawn. Such announcements as "the Gazi takes So-and-So under his high protection," or "Pasha Thus-and-So, one of the greatest of the Turks, was not a 'yes' man, so Kemal had him hanged," may be heard or read almost any day in Turkey.

Though it is carefully suppressed in ordinary conversation, the impression is widespread that Kemal is partly Jewish, related to a family of Spanish Jews who renegaded and became Mohammedans. Some would thus account for his initiative and other effective qualities, far ahead of those of the average easy-going, ineffectual Turk. Others call him "the Pomak (Dalmatian or Bulgarian Moslem) with the wicked, blue eyes." One hears much of those blue eyes, stern and unsympathetic as armor-plate; it is a pity not to have seen them. Physically a strong man (for a Turk at least), who can endure much, be it labor or dissipation—though at the rate he is going he is bound to burn himself out well this side of threescore and ten—yet on the whole merely a man with an extraordinary lot of pep, self-confidence, and complete ruthlessness.

Is it because the world of to-day is so movie-ized that such men as Kemal and Mussolini, made up largely of bogie stuffing and Hollywood propaganda and the rest more or less ordinary ability stirred with the triple-pronged swizzle-stick of opportunity, arrogance, and tyranny, reach the heights they do? Or has mankind always been so gullible, so easily managed? It makes one want to go back and scrutinize the credentials of all allegedly great men, at least of political fame, who have been filed away in the section of historical archives marked IMPORTANT. A movie-going world must have a hero, and these strut like the names on theater posters. No one blames them for playing the hero; it is merely toward the sheep-minded masses who hoist them to their cheese-made pedestals that one feels something akin to nausea.

The hero-worship Turkey lavishes upon her dictator is little short of sickening. In every government room, large or small, magnificent or lowly, in Constantinople or the most insignificant mountain village, hangs a framed portrait of the Gazi. Every room of every school in the land, be it in the admittedly improving and increasing government schools or in the few Christian mission establishments still managing to function; every office, clinic, poorhouse, prison cell, perhaps, must be thus adorned.

Daring indeed are those shopkeepers, even Christians of Constantinople and vicinity, who attempt to do business without the likeness of the national mascot prominently displayed on their premises. Householders vie with one another in the size of their Kemal portraits. Trains, street cars, and automobiles are almost the only inclosures in Turkey not graced with a framed picture of the "Pomak with the wicked blue eyes"; and one would not be in the least surprised to hear that these oversights have been corrected by a new decree. The traveler not greatly given to hero-worship restrains himself with difficulty from throwing an adobe brick at the thousandth repetition of that, to the ladies perhaps handsome, motion-picture-commander face glaring upon him from every side. Most of us are not used to having our Washingtons and Lincolns living men, still consuming their liquor and admitting lady callers. It would greatly help, too, if the official portraits were not all copies of a single one of the Gazi's hundreds of sittings. What a wastebasketful when he falls!

At the bus-starting corner in the new hill-foot center of Angora, close to the several crowded hotels largely copied from Europe but announcing themselves only in Turkish, a big stone pedestal was awaiting an equestrian statue of Kemal. A bust and a standing bronze had also been ordered. The new capital was already getting angry at the delay of the famed Italian sculptor who had been commissioned to make them; forgave him later when they arrived so much larger than the specifications called for that the pedestals had to be rebuilt. But Angora can well afford a few statues to the man who put her on the real-estate map.

The unusually bright reader will already have begun to suspect that in his efforts to modernize, to Westernize what is left of Turkey, Kemal has cast aside the Koranic injunction against graven or sculptured images. The recent sacrilegious picturing of the human form has broken out in all the furor of discarded prohibitions. There was not, you may remember, a public statue in all the length and breadth of the old Moslem Turkish empire. To-day it is a backward and unresponsive Turkish town that has not subscribed to and erected, or prepared to erect, at least one statue, costing more than would the proper paving of its streets; and the subject of one and all of those statues, without exception, is—the Gazi. He probably realizes that his reign (except in form Turkey is just as much an absolute monarchy as ever) may be brief, and proposes to make the most of the opportunity while the going is good, while his people, who have never had statues before, still think them nice, even if costly, playthings. The traveler in Turkey a year or two hence may easily fancy himself in some nation-wide Sieges Allee, in which the sculptures will be even more identical in face and pomposity than those Hohenzollern masterpieces, endlessly repeated, like the pursuing creatures in some dreadful dream. Even more appalling is the thought of the outbreak of competition for statues that is sure to follow on the heels of Mustafa Kemal's exit.

In the minds of her common folk Turkey is still largely in feudal days; her inhabitants are for the most part still illiterate. The result is a people much like what our gum-chewing, tabloid-reading, movie-going, home-brewing, homemade-opinion-lacking masses would be without any appreciable leavening of higher types, and without that after-all-I'm-as-good-as-you-are soda which saves the American proletariat from complete flatulence. Though he has the advantage over his American prototype of being unable to read, therefore the inability to waste all the slight energy of his mental faculties in sopping up twaddle from the incessant flow of it through the printing presses, the Turk of the masses has the corresponding debit of a tradition which causes him to take his opinions, religious, political, or hero-worshipic, from any one with the audacity and strength to command him.

I had always thought of the Turk as wild and free, a desert sheik, in the popular-novel misinterpretation of the word, a fellow of impulses and the sudden devil-may-care following of them. It was therefore a great shock to find him instead as cautious as an elephant, as timid as any old-lady tourist, as disciplined and afraid to step out of line as a German. A naïve people, whose veneer of civilization or sophistication chips off easily; a childish people, who consider worthy of punishment so slight an impulse as stepping off a train, even a street car, in the slightest motion; a people with the German ideal of government, as a paternal institution whose duty it is to take care of them as of infants in a kindergarten, in contrast to the perhaps overdone American idea that people should sometimes take care of themselves; bullies, hence cowards, therefore easily bestridden by such rough riders as Mustafa Kemal.

CHAPTER XV

IN CENTRAL TURKEY

A NEW section of the government railways of Turkey was to be inaugurated on May 29, the second day after my arrival in the capital. I asked permission, through the Angora annex of our unratified legation, to grace the special train which was to open traffic on the new line—two hundred and forty-three miles long, from the capital to Kaiserie, site of the ancient city of Cæsarea, though there seem to have been several of these in Asia Minor. For the first few hours and at as many places of inquiry, including government and press offices, I found that it would be perfectly impossible . . . every space taken weeks before . . . long waiting list . . . and all that sort of thing. But I have long known that in the Orient you can eventually fix things up if you insist long and hard enough; the legation clerk assigned to help me was a Columbia graduate, hence not entirely Turkish in his fatalism. With the result that when we presented ourselves to what he said was the last hope, the local head of the Turkish railways informed us that there was plenty of room on the first of the two special inauguration trains . . . no difficulty whatever . . . the railway administration would be delighted . . . and much more to the same effect—provided the police did not object to my riding with deputies and other high officials. Strangely enough, the police did not, though it took two hours at the dirty Angora police station, Columbia graduate at my side, and eight pictures of myself for their universal rogues' gallery, to get legible proof of this astonishing confidence. Never before, gasped old residents, had such effective action been compressed within twenty-four Turkish hours.

There were two of us in the second-class compartment in which I rumbled eastward about midnight. He also, whoever he was, did not rate a berth. But the well-cushioned European seat, with elbow-rests that could be raised, was all a mere vagrant could have asked—except a companion who would not have coughed all night, or at least who would have been able to do without a light for as much of it as he dedicated to sleep rather than to whatever absorbing game of chance it was that kept most of the two-to-a-compartment railway guests running along the corridor toward the scene of activities. All night long, too, though there were no passengers except us invited through ones, the train stopped at every station, evidently to try out and give practice to the new station-masters, in all their awkward glory of admiral uniforms and hunting-horns, in the niceties of whom to salute and from whom to expect a salute. The sparse population along the way was also evidently waiting up for the glorious event of the passing of the first train, for often hand-clapping was heard out in the night, and now and then the prolonged blowing of an automobile horn.

By day we were greeted by all the population along the way (that is, the masculine, or essential, part of it), by railway gangs, by the male villagers, irrespective of age, of every town or hamlet, standing at solemn and respectful military attention. No unseemly demonstrations, no shouting or jumping or other individual signs of hilarity; the orderly attitude of even the smallest boys testified to a disciplined people, which the Turks certainly are, at least under Mustafa Kemal the Gazi. The red flag with the white star and crescent was everywhere. Nomad tents of straw by the score along one fertile spot, smaller and poorer than dog-kennels; yet even the nomads stood stiffly motionless. The stone ballast of the new line lay on top of an embankment of heaped-up powdery dust which it was evident the least little rain would wash out—as was proved upon my return to Angora. But to-day was sunny, and no time to worry about the future.

Snow-capped Erjias was in sight when daylight brought me to a sitting posture. Highest mountain in Asia Minor, more than thirteen thousand feet, the Argæus of the Romans, highest in Turkey until Mount Ararat was included in Kemal's realm by pushing the frontier back into what had been left of Armenia—a dastardly deed for which the dispossessed people are perhaps more revengeful than for the mere massacring and deporting of hundreds of thousands of them, for they insist that Noah was an Armenian. All morning the train wandered like a lost soul afraid to approach this hoary-headed mass, which was now to the right, now to the left, now in front, now almost due behind us. Slow as a turtle; yet we had the newest, best, largest, most costly locomotive, save one, which Turkey possesses, and the country was barely rolling. In spite of it all, however, we gradually approached the magnificent snow-clad cone, and at last crawled through a triple triumphal arch straddling the new line and its then terminal side tracks.

Nothing to have been gained by hurrying, anyway. Two or three long hours of waiting, fortunately lightened by a French and pilaf dinner for railway guests in a baggage-car transformed into a dining-room. Perhaps you do not know pilaf, the Turkish staff of life. If so, shake yourself heartily by the right hand. Or it may be that you are one of those queer fellows who not only look upon rice as food but can endure it even in this Turkish form—brown and dry and mixed with bits of liver, ends of mutton . . . pieces of shoe-string and cigar butts, for all I know. However, even waving aside the pilaf, it was a better dinner, wine and all, than any of us deserved. For we were all low-caste: civil engineers, head mechanics, railway officials, newspaper correspondents, and similar trash; the aristocracy of politics was to arrive in the second and still more luxurious train.

The great sun-bathed, dust-carpeted plain below the embankment was completely covered, to the edges of the colorless town a mile or two away, with the massed population of central Turkey. A capped and veiled multitude, broken by a score of quaint native carriages, by cloth or rug booths of venders, by a huge white tent for the notables of the dismal city still backed far off, at least as the feet go, by the striking snow-clad peak. In short, but for the complete absence of the fez and, except for a rare licensed hodja, of the turban, a replica, even to the dust, of the Nebi Musa throngs at Jerusalem, though not quite so fantastic . . . or perhaps so fanatic.

Only a few of the women of Kaiserie and vicinity have emancipated themselves from the hidden face—or the Koranic dread of photography. Most of them were completely wrapped, head, face, body, and all, in a kind of checked cotton plaid of small near-white squares divided by thin blue lines. Men, women, and children had set out long before daylight from all the villages roundabout, in most cases on foot, to attend the official inauguration of the line that at last connected them with the Western world. Many had never before seen a train or a railway. The ceremony about to burst upon us had been the talk of the whole region for months; and in all my travels I doubt whether I have ever seen such a multitude as seethed beneath that blistering midday sun, swallowing the clouds of dust it raised beneath its shuffling feet.

The pilot of an airplane who loved to show off flew many times literally a few feet above the heads of the gasping crowd, scaring the simple country people and their animals into serious stampedes. At length he sped off to the westward to escort the second train, visible for nearly two hours, crawling and winding to and fro across the bare landscape, approaching more slowly than a man could run, or perhaps even walk. For in spite of all their aping of Western ways, the Turks are not yet cursed with the mania for speed. The airplane flew round and round the train, returned to scare the crowd some more, went back to the train, five, six, a dozen times, before at last Turkey's proudest engine broke the ribbon across the welcoming arch.

Of the throng that stepped from the train (which actually included two or three women) the most important was Ismet Pasha, Président du Conseil, or Prime Minister, of Turkey, second only to the Gazi. Many of the simple country people thought the Gazi himself was there, in disguise; to some he was evidently a kind of god, who could make himself invisible if he so desired; the more materialistically minded considered that his fear of assassination would cause him to hide his identity. But the Gazi was back in his bungalow above Angora, probably still sleeping.

Headed by Ismet Pasha, a procession nearly twenty men wide and half a mile long waded the flour-like railway embankment topped by broken stone to a tribune improvised at the edge of the gaudy arch. Swarms of common people from the plain below tried to join the procession, were unceremoniously pushed back down the embankment; which was like stepping into a barrel of flour. The Kemalist tendency to drive out the veil without actually ordering its abolition was typified by officials and soldiers announcing at the edge of the embankment that all women in European costume might come up, though the soldiers, inadequate in numbers, incontinently drove back down it all those in native garb, even those accompanied by men in European clothing who passed freely. In the new Turkey it is a question of forcing your wife to keep up to the procession in modernization or of leaving her behind if you advance yourself. Angora and Constantinople visitors, men as well as women, put on great airs above the mainly cap-wearing or veiled crowd. Now and then a perspiring soldier took off his heavy leather belt and beat back veiled women with resounding blows across their well-padded buttocks, though they treated with great deference the women in modern dress.

All the men in the first several rows of the procession were in faultless frock-coat attire. While they advanced, a score or more of gipsy-looking women in strange colorful garb forced their way to the front of the great mass of humanity covering the plain to the very edge of the railway and, kneeling in unison, fervently kissed the dust of the embankment many times each. At short intervals along the front of the throng, every four or five paces, was a sheep, daubed with paint or gaily decorated, each held by a man in a kind of ceremonial dress, with a similarly clothed assistant beside him. In my haste to be in every photographic place at once, I took these to be pets, brought along to see the show. I should of course have known better. As the head of the procession came abreast of each sheep, the assistant suddenly caught the unsuspecting creature by the muzzle, bent its head back until it touched the shoulders, and in almost the same instant the other man slashed the strained throat so viciously that, with a great gush of blood, the head was almost severed at one blow. At least twenty sheep were sacrificed in exact synchronism with the passing of frock-coated Ismet Pasha, while scores of men struggled to keep the irreverently excited throng from getting between the sacrifices and the great man in whose honor they were being made.

But these were minor sacrifices. Upon my arrival I had noticed an old camel, with only a few of its teeth left, standing just below the tribune. It was all dolled up, covered with expensive rugs, decorated with bunting, two big Turkish flags atop. Half a dozen men in caps and white smocks, each with a piece of rope in hand, stood about the bored beast. Yet I never dreamed what was afoot there, not even when I saw the crowd milling about in the flour-dust at the base of the embankment, the beast making dreadful, loudly protesting noises. The rugs and all the other finery had been taken off; only the wooden pack-saddle remained—unnecessary symbol of its slavery to man on such an occasion as this turned out to be. The men in white smocks and many of the mob were struggling with the beast, which had been so foolish as to kneel, when I plunged down to it. I fancied they were trying to force the animal to make obeisance to Ismet Pasha, now nearly opposite it. Frantic struggling on both sides. At length the camel was borne to the ground by the combined efforts of many men, some of whom sat on its head while others trussed up its feet, bending and tying them tightly together at the knees. The crowd pushed me forward, while I fought to get far enough back for photographic purposes. Finding I could not escape from the mass-bound circle about us, I joined hands with the two nearest of the policemen who had formed a ring about the roaring camel and struggled with them to hold back the mob.

The danger, I foolishly fancied, was from a blow of the bellowing creature's trussed-up legs; hence I was less insistent on getting out of reach than I might have been had I known the whole sad truth. For alas! just as the frock-coated pasha was waving his arm in some politician's gesture at the beginning of a long speech, three of the smock-wearers simultaneously disclosed big knives and slashed the struggling, roaring beast across the heart, the throat, and somewhere else, as with a single motion; and with the force and reach of a suddenly broken fire hydrant a gush of blood at least four inches in diameter burst upon me, covering my shoes and splashing my trouser legs to the knees. But then, one still more unlucky Turk beside me got almost a complete blood bath.

I can think of nothing more perfectly symbolic of the "new" Turkey than the contrast between this revolting spectacle and the frock coats on and about the improvised tribune below the gaily decorated triple arch, covered with Turkish flags and script. Ismet Pasha gestured and perorated on. I was milled to a new place of disadvantage, and little by little fought my way out to the less compact edges of the crowd, where eddied only excited thousands instead of the feverish millions (at least they felt like millions) nearer the center of activities.

It seems that each guild or trade-union of Kaiserie and the neighboring towns of the vilayet furnished a sheep; but the merchants' guild, being naturally more important, the richest and most pompous of the region, could not be satisfied with so small and commonplace a sacrifice; had therefore given the camel, at a cost of two hundred and twenty Turkish pounds, plus whatever the smock-wearers were paid. The sheep furnished a feast for the soldiers; the camel was fed to the poor, including soldiers also, since Turkish conscripts get no pay. It is a common custom. Many other sheep, if not another camel, had been sacrificed as the building of the line advanced—whenever a bridge or some other specific detail of the railroad was completed, whenever the rails, with a work-train crawling along them, reached certain points. When the Gazi and his brief, now ex, wife came to Tarsus, a sheep was sacrificed at every step they took on their triumphal procession through the town. No great difference, perhaps, between killing in a spirit of sacrifice and butchering without ceremony animals that would be eaten in any case, yet even the symbolic meaning of sacrificing the camel, now that the railroad has come to take the place of that ancient common carrier of Asia, could hardly excuse the bloody barbarism of it all.

However, there are Turks enlightened enough to see the point as we of the West see it. In the local paper of a few days later there appeared the following contribution:

A LETTER FROM THE CAMEL

Cæsarea, June 2, 1927

Honored Sirs:

The railway has come to your country; the pashas have come; on this occasion you have had official gatherings and holidays!

But what have I done that you took my life with seven knives?

The fault was not yours; it was mine—that I, thinking you were a hospitable people, came to this far-away place from my beloved Arabia!

If I cannot take my revenge on the merchants' guild, at least my compatriots will.

If you fear to cut down a great tree, why were you not afraid to kill a great beast? Did you not feel any suffering when I was giving up my life with a thousand and one pains?

I have this one distress in losing my life as a sacrifice: I might have accepted the calamity, but I did not think it possible in this age of civilization.

If you ever dream of showing to another camel the cruelty that you have shown me, not another of my kind shall ever set foot in Cæsarea!

We also in the past have done this country as great a service as any railway. How soon you have forgotten this, and dared to take my life!

If you had given to the airplane society the two hundred and twenty liras paid for me, would you not have been doing a more useful piece of work?

Henceforth let your eyes be not on the past, but on the future! Not superstition but wisdom and truth should hold possession of your minds!

May God grant you all the sense of justice!

(Signed) Noah,
The camel who was sacrificed.

Incidentally, this is an excellent example of the low state to which native journalism has so far advanced in Turkey, where not one in ten can even read the newspapers.

Speeches over, the crowd swept in an avalanche along the track, personages important enough to waiting automobiles, to the municipality, then out the one good road into the hills; where we shall presently follow. In the evening there was a great banquet at the most important club in Kaiserie, where some advanced Angora men drank and ate too much, and danced with a few women. Most of the ladies either talked or danced only with their own husbands; and there were few women compared with the men, the great majority of whom stood about as awkwardly as peasants suddenly admitted to a palace.

Kaiserie, sweltering in its summer heat and dust, and partly surrounded by the ubiquitous half-ruined walls left from Roman days in all this part of the world, was not much to see. Cæsar must have been a widely traveled man, so long before the railway or the automobile, before even the bicycle, to have built great walls and roads here, and similar ones in the British Isles; but perhaps it is not our well-known school friend Julius for whom this Cæsarea is named. A dust-swirling, tumble-down, ragged, multi-patched, slow, rather naïve place, of a few covered markets that might be of interest to those who have never seen Hama or Damascus. From the picturesque point of view modern Turkey is far from being what I expected. Except for such beauties as Erjias, standing forth in the sky above a bleak and treeless world, it is worth seeing to-day mainly for its contrasts—such as the ragged, capped muezzin, looking like a garage mechanic without American wages, who appeared in the minaret gallery of a half-ruined mosque and chanted the three-o'clock call to prayer.

Meanwhile I had been carried off by two American women attached to the mission in Talas, on the edge of the foothills of Erjias. We were not among those wealthy enough to afford automobiles that busy day. So we went back to Talas in the araba that had brought the two missionaries and several Armenian girls who had never before seen a train or a railway. Though Kaiserie boasts no small number of Fords and not a few larger cars, the time-honored rib-shaking carryall still accommodates (or discommodes) most of the passenger traffic to and from the adjoining towns. An araba is any kind of carriage, usually springless as a Peking cart. Ours was really a yaila, once gaily painted, with some slight evidence of springs and a prairie-schooner top. In olden days women came weekly on horse- or donkey-back; progressed via the springless to the less springless araba, and in time no doubt will come to use the automobile and the airplane.

Speaking of flying-machines, there is a large German airplane factory not far outside Kaiserie. It was to have been of a dozen buildings, but construction had now ceased, with about half of them built, because of a dispute between Turkey and Germany regarding the relative payments. A German who worked there told me frankly and complacently that his people are building aircraft at Kaiserie because, by the terms of the Versailles Treaty, they cannot do so at home.

Women wincing barefoot along the stony, dusty highway (deep as was the dust that swirled about our heads, it was not deep enough to carpet those stones), high-heeled or wooden shoes in hand; they take to high heels long before they do to the open face. Others squatting on the floors of springless wagons or of arabas with some pretense of springs, though still not good riding. There had been no rain in some time. The plain was bone-dry; a stream without a suggestion of dampness—one of those rivers, so common in the Near East, which call for a clothes-brush after a swim in them—crossed our road with a series of mighty jounces. Yet in the spring the landscape is verdant, and this same river has been known to carry away arabas that tried to get through it. Automobiles, ranging from Fords on their last legs to new cars of the largest size, these latter covered with decorations and filled with haughty officials from Angora, tore by in the dust. Mainly Fiats and Chevrolets, which Turkey will soon make wrecks of also, by abuse and lack of care, rare oiling to "save" on the high cost of automobiling, ignorance of mechanism, and atrocious roads. No rule of the road here; pass wherever you see an opening. The slow-moving arabas are still in that early stage, familiar in our rural districts not so long ago, of resenting motor-cars to the extent of purposely blocking their way.

The officials returning from their joy-rides now had gone to see the house Talas was building for the Gazi; some to the national orphan-asylum at Zingadeer a few miles beyond. Like many another city in Turkey, Talas had subscribed for a "mansion" to be offered to the national hero of the moment, and an outwardly finished building that would not be conspicuous in Brooklyn, and occupying the most prominent place on the upper edge of Talas, was referred to by every one as the Gazi Pasha's house. But that day the sophisticated disdainful from Angora or Constantinople told the poor people of Talas that their Gazi house would never do, that it would have to be almost entirely rebuilt. German architects, engineers, electricians, and the like work on the Gazi house when the airplane factory has no need of their services; and next day the chief man among them came out to establish himself in Talas and undertake the rebuilding of the gift house.

Yet it will be strange if the new god of Turkey ever comes to spend a night in it. I was reminded of the palace in southern Formosa that was built for the single night the then Crown-Prince of Japan spent at that end of the island. In fact, in Turkey one can see in the germ the same human ailment that has made gods of the Japanese royal family.

Piled up in the foot-hills a few miles from Kaiserie and overlooking its great, now desert-dry plain, Talas is more striking from a distance than close at hand. A town built of slatish stone and adobe bricks, packed up against a hill of the same reddish color, a great cleft in which splits the town in two, it rises in layers or shelves of rock to several hundred feet above its lowest houses. A wreck of ruined stone and adobe hovels, like so much of Turkey, now half uninhabited. Formerly Talas was largely a Christian town, and the Greeks and Armenians who made up much of the population have nearly all been driven away.

The place is graced by an American mission hospital and school. Once these were down in Kaiserie, principal town of the vilayet; but that is hot, dusty, panorama-less, and in other ways a much less summer-resort-like situation. The change from the town itself to the mission compounds, high up on the topmost rock shelves, was startling, as unbelievable as similar transitions in the Far East. Inside were grass, flowers, birds, cleanliness, quiet, a relief so great that it reminded one suddenly what annoyances constantly surround the foreigner in native Turkey, almost equal to those in swarming China. Yet the Turks learn little from such examples. A few have gardens inside their houses, in courts like Mexican patios, but nothing at all compared to this. The mission compounds show what the Turks might do if they wanted to badly enough; but then, the cost of water is high, and in summer it often cannot be had at all, except by the wealthy.

Talas is one of the few Christian missions in Turkey that has held on; and even here the small hospital was but half attended, the big school has been closed for years, and no other mission work was going on, none possible, though a few of the most hopeful of the missionaries linger in the year-after-year hope that the Kemal government will allow them to reopen the school and resume kindred activities. Meanwhile the splendid services new Turkey scorns were at my beck and call; for, try as they would, the school-teaching and proselyting portion of the remnant staff could not find enough to do to pass the time.

Thus it was my privilege to be escorted about the town and environs by the American woman, born in Turkey, on whose hands time hung most heavily. Looked down upon from the mission compounds, especially from the magnificent vantage-point of the pupilless school, the whole town presented an arena-like vista of flat grass-grown roofs; in fact, the missionaries usually call on their neighbors below by way of the roof, for these family sitting-rooms are on a level with the street doors of the next layer of houses above. Rather a lifeless place now, with the Turks that are left languishing through shopkeeping, school-teaching, and the other usual village activities as if they had lost all example and initiative with the going of their Christian fellow-citizens.

The great Greek church bulking above the rest of the town, on an upper shelf, already had a minaret grafted on one of its towers, the cross removed from its dome. A bystander gladly called the hodja. He came bearing two of those deadly large keys common to the Near East. An athlete could murder a man by striking him on the head with a Turkish key; could justifiably be arrested for carrying concealed weapons—if he could possibly conceal one. Yet Angora, Constantinople itself, still use these manslaughter keys. But then, so do many of the houses in which George Washington once spent a night or two.

The hodja was a man of parts, no fanatic. Replied to our first query with another: "Why on earth should you not be allowed to enter the mosque? Do not Moslems go into Christian churches?" Evidently delighted to open the church-mosque for our inspection. He had lived for six hundred years in Macedonia, now Greece. That is, he was one of the 750,000 repatriated Turks, and his ancestors had been calling Macedonia home for centuries. He was homesick, could have cursed the Lausanne Treaty had he been a cursing man, heartily wished Wilson had never broadcasted the doctrine of self-determination. Twelve years of his youth had been spent as a student in Constantinople; he held a graduate diploma and a degree, had been well off in Macedonia before the exchange of populations. Here, he worked in the fields, cut firewood, wore a disreputable gown covering worse iniquities, could hardly afford to keep whole and snow-white, as Moslem piety demands, the turban wound about the flat brown fez which the new law allows licensed hodjas to wear. He was paid eight Turkish pounds a month for preaching in the Greek church now turned mosque, but only, as we gathered it, during the month of Ramazan (as Ramadan is called in Turkish). At other times the people do not care for preaching, at least not enough to pay for it. Other hodja work in the ex-Greek cathedral he did for nothing, as his natural duty, his taste and pastime; and would the Americans give him a job of teaching if ever the Government granted them permission to open the mission schools again?

Here was an excellent example of that change from church to mosque, sometimes vice versa, in places over and over again, which has been going on east and west of the Bosphorus these many centuries. One could behold here in the process the alterations that St. Sophia, pride of Stamboul, underwent after the capture of Constantinople by the Moslems six centuries ago. The angels in the dome already had their faces whitewashed out of existence; those elsewhere had been scraped off the walls, if they could be reached without too much effort, otherwise daubed or defaced with long poles. The gaudy ikons were all gone; sacrilegious pictures had been torn away, destroyed, or crudely ruined. The lamps remained; the altar of the Greeks, being on the east wall, was now worse than useless; the two-story Moslem pulpit (used only on Friday and during Ramazan), a lower and an upper pulpit, as it were, had still to be built beside the mihrab, the sacred niche that had been already dug in the south wall, beyond which lies Mecca. All new things were of unpainted wood, and to my taste the place had been greatly improved by the transformation from Christian to Moslem place of worship. Compared with the ornate Greek or Armenian church interiors, a mosque is a very quiet, restful, pleasant place.

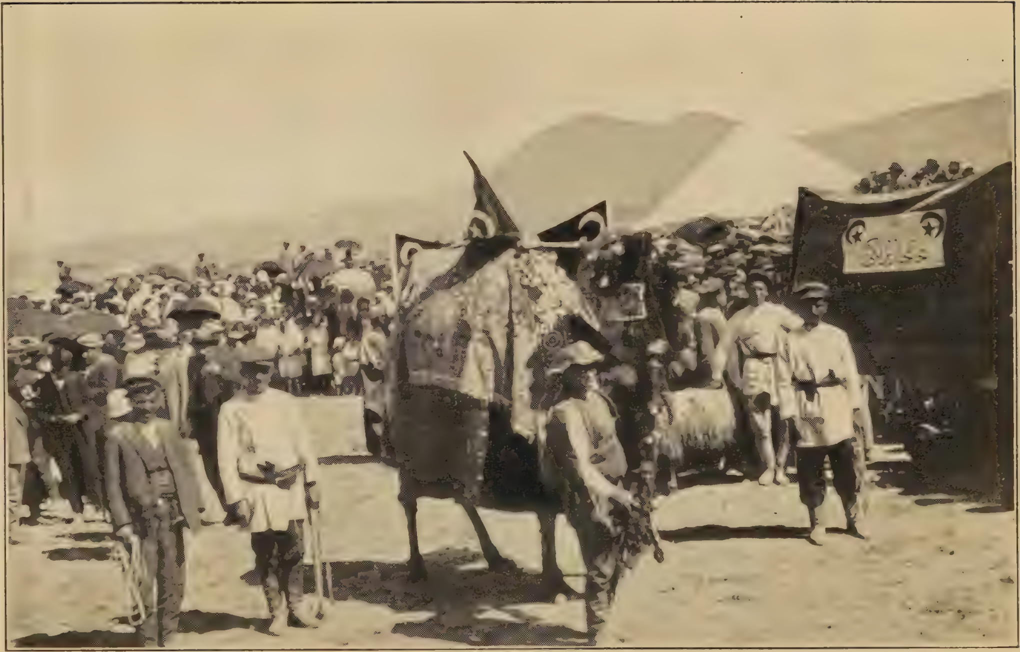
We need not take off our shoes so long as we did not step on the rugs that covered all the center of the floor, as a framed picture does its mat. The man who had summoned the hodja was an employee of the mission above; he had brought a rug left to the mosque by the will (perhaps only spoken) of his father, who had recently died. The hodja helped him to spread it out in a suitable position before he shut the church-mosque up again with his man-killing keys and took his courteous, well-mannered leave of us. I understood better how the mosques of the Near East can afford to cover their acres of floors with rugs by the time they have been Moslem places of worship a few generations longer than this converted Greek cathedral had so far been.

A great hill that looks like a mighty slag-heap denies Talas a view of Erjias, though it is much nearer the mountain than is Kaiserie. If one has the energy in such weather to climb around the shoulder of the intervening ash-pile, one can literally feel on the cheeks the tempering coolness of the snow-fields capping the giant of Asia Minor. Yet, for all its white head, Erjias does not furnish the plain below with water enough in summer. Town, road, houses, all the vast flat and uninteresting plain before us, with Kaiserie smoky-foggy in the middle of it, looked dry as the Sahara. But even as we crossed the ash-dry bed of a mountain stream that passes beneath the highway near the Gazi's unsatisfactory house, the water was turned on higher up in the hills by men whose duty it is to apportion what water is available, and the little river came to life under our eyes, increased from a trickle to a real stream that began to fall down into the thirsty valley over the sheer ledge of rock at the edge of the highway, spread about the stony bed below like an exiled tribe returning joyfully and prattling to its native haunts, changed the entire aspect of the scene, even our moods.

Thanks to this doled-out water there are green vineyards and orchards all about Talas, or at least in all that fringe of

A cross-section of the capped multitude gathered at Kaiserie for the railway inauguration

There was a mile or more of this along the railway embankment during the ceremonies at Kaiserie



Noah, the camel who was sacrificed

plain at its foot, with summer houses of stone among them. Not the green-grass carpeted orchards or the kind of summer houses we understand by those words, but olive and similar hardy trees standing bravely forth out of a dry and powdery soil beneath a hot, implacable sun, and houses of two rooms, often one above the other, where the family comes to live during the heated term, renting the home in Talas itself to people from Kaiserie, sometimes even from Angora. Everything is relative, and those sophisticated persons find Talas town pleasant compared with their own homes; the Talas people, the orchards. As Southerners find New York a summer resort.

Bare rooms with hard stone or earth floors, and few of what we call common comforts, except coolness; for, however hot it is outside, a breeze usually sweeps in through the iron-barred, glassless windows. The women spend the summer here, planting what they can; there are luscious grapes in season, tiny watermelons, other fruit; though from the appearance of the dry, sun-baked soil you would not think them possible. On our way back we met two or three families already moving out, on foot, though May was just ending. The women were carrying everything, including the latest child, the men nothing; perhaps because their duties elsewhere might keep them from spending much of the summer here and they were resentful accordingly. The baby might be carrying the man-killing key, as in the case of a child in the arms of an old friend of my companion. Her husband's permission, rather than her own, sufficed, and she faced the camera with a smile; but the key-bearing boy on her arm protested uproariously, in exactly the way children who know not a word of Turkish have of making their likes and dislikes known, at so un-Mohammedan an indignity.

Another day we went over to Deravent, one of several once happy and prosperous (within strict Near East limits) Christian villages in the vicinity. Mere uninhabited wrecks and ruins now, since the massacres and deportations, and the exchange of populations to top them off. It had been an Armenian town, a stony place down in a solid rock cleft in the hills, with a stream that never goes completely dry gamboling down the gorge, past other ruined Christian villages, to the plain below.

The town had been given three days' warning of deportation—much as the "niggers" might be ordered out of one of our Southern towns. Greeks and Armenians sold what property they could for what prices they were able to get under such circumstances, took what they could carry, and departed. Naturally, the Turks did not offer them princely prices; in fact, they stood shoulder to shoulder in refusing to buy at all, knowing that everything left could be had for nothing or thereabouts (some slight competition for bargains among the Turks themselves, of course) as soon as the accursed unbelievers were gone. The Turks came in to grab whatever had not been carried off, tearing out the woodwork of the houses, for firewood, reducing many of the buildings to mere heaps of stones. Destruction befell even the ancient stone pavements of the famous old Armenian monastery, an extensive rock-cave place cut in long galleries and deep chapels in the solid rock hillside of the gorge, just above the town, by Turks looking for treasure. The very fruit-trees were chopped down for firewood, in many cases; no wonder the Turks favor deportations, if not massacres.

And here was to be seen in the making another rich man, another addition to the aristocratic stratum of society, not unlike the rise of those privileged persons in all parts of the world and in every century since—nay, long before—history began. A Turkish merchant who had a stall in the roofed market streets of Kaiserie had bought the whole village for less than a song, for a mere ditty, a limping limerick, and now had a dozen or a score of men and women, and their children, working for him in the vineyards and orchards. Most of them were refugee, repatriated, or exchange-of-population fellow-Turks, who must work almost for nothing; did, in fact, work all summer for nothing more than the privilege of housing their families through the winter in the wrecks of stone dwellings, patching them up as best they could, and for food enough to keep together body and whatever else constitutes human life.

We found the new patrician superintending the labors of his repatriated slaves, it being Friday and his now less important stall in Kaiserie closed. Probably it was an evidence of his new dignity as a man of substance, and therefore of standing, that he was dressed—or, rather, not dressed—in his heavy pink nightshirt tucked into his white trouser-like under-drawers, these in their turn tucked into socks that ended in slippers. Quite all right, of course; even students at American universities in the Near East run about not only in their nightshirts, if any, but in what we might call their A B Vs; though women must be well concealed. Besides, our host visibly wore a thick undershirt inside the night-dress, and there were others of those familiar signs that make one wonder whether Turkish villagers of either sex ever disrobe entirely.

He returned with us to his home, as befitted high-caste visitors, even though the articulate one was a mere woman. Evidence, along the trail that was once the village main street, that these stone houses and shops now mutilated almost beyond recognition formerly made up a good-sized town. Life only in the few patched-up stone heaps in which the repatriated lived, now, and in stone pigeon-houses, resembling the tops of huge chimneys protruding from what might have been caves beneath. Pigeon-droppings make the best vineyard fertilizer; the birds are raised for no other purpose, and the missionaries buy squabs here for a nickel or less each. The village fountain was dry as a starved cow; the stream almost so, though it is sometimes a roaring torrent; outdoors the whole place was suggestive of desert misery.

But within, things were different. The new owner of Deravent had chosen as his home the best Christian house left in the village, once a Greek dwelling, now somewhat transformed into an excellent example of a Turkish home of the well-to-do class. All the exterior was of stone, most of the interior of wood; and though there was no luxury, as we of the New World understand it, the place was surprisingly comfortable compared with the grim exterior. It is the widespread Oriental custom to have poor fronts and fine interiors, even as in American cities we have ornate marble entrance halls and dingy hall bedrooms. Iron-barred windows, stone floor, a broad low divan of stone or wood around three sides of the main room, the straw mattresses on top of it covered with rugs. One need not remove the shoes in a household so progressive as to admit a male stranger to the presence of the wife; but one does not usually walk on rugs with shoes, in either home or mosque. The barred window bulking out into the silent ruined main street caught and distributed about the room a breeze that was delightful after our hot walk thither in the blazing sunshine of a cloudless early summer day; and from it was a view all up and down the main street of the village and beyond, though an inexperienced passer-by outside would not have suspected himself visible from within. The whole family, more or less, sleeps on these divans, putting soft wool mattresses on top of the rugs on which the visitor sits by day, and spreading over this a quilt with the sheet sewed to it, Japanese fashion.

As a matter of fact, the prospering merchant had only half admitted me to the presence of his wife, so to speak. Just before the law abolishing polygamy in Turkey went into effect he had taken a second wife. Many Turks did thus hurry to make their households hydra-headed before it was, perhaps forever, too late. When my companion had recently called upon her old friend, the first wife, the new one had been introduced to her as "our bride," and treated like the young daughter-in-law for whom the American visitor had at first mistaken her. She knew that the eldest son was only about fifteen, but in Turkish villages early marriage is the rule rather than the exception. To-day the new bride did not appear; no doubt the husband felt it did not matter if a strange man saw his old week-day wife, but he did not propose to share even a glimpse of his new Sunday best.

The first wife was only thirty and, but for bad teeth (a common Turkish or Near East defect), still good-looking. But the fifth of their five boys was a cripple and rather weak-minded, and probably hubby was afraid—without, of course, dreaming of looking to himself for the possible source of trouble. Or he may merely have thought his new position in life merited another wife, just as a bond salesman who makes a sudden killing thinks he needs two cars. Or again, it may have been an amicable arrangement between the husband and the elder wife; she needed reliable help, perhaps, with both husband and children; for, as the eminently practical French believe, it is too much to expect of one woman to be companion, housekeeper, mother, and mistress all in one. Or still again, she herself may have suggested, if not insisted upon, this sign of new wealth and social importance; at least acquiesced in it, proud of such evidence of prosperity and of a successful husband; felt that his new position called for a new wife just as a raise in salary calls for a new suit of clothes. It was convenient that my companion and I could discuss the matter thoroughly in our unknown tongue, even as we went on in Turkish, through her, with the ordinary visiting conventions, the family never suspecting that she was doing more than translating.

The conventional talk was amusingly analogous to what it would have been in similar circles in almost any Western land: how the boy of nine had at last passed the first grade . . . that the public school was too crowded to give him proper individual attention . . . that the two older boys had not passed their grades . . . did not like the teacher or the school . . . were going to drop out and go to work . . . and so on.

There was more about schools that afternoon when the American doctor Forded us out to Zingadeer, over the shoulder of the slag-heap, with a fine close-up of snow-clad Erjias. Here, almost within hand-shaking distance of the snow-fields, what was once the greatest Greek monastery outside Constantinople, in what is still Turkish territory, is now a government orphanage housing five hundred boys; surely a better use than that to which the Greeks put the huge establishment. One of five such orphanages in the country: one each in Sivas and Amasia, two in Constantinople; only one for girls in all Turkey. Girls need not go begging.

The place was well run, a symbol of the new school system of Turkey. Along with the plethora of Kemal portraits and statues there comes also a decided gain from the new contra-Koranic order respecting graven images. Drawing can now be taught in the schools, and it is. Perhaps only those who have been teachers (which is one of the many sad, dark secrets of my own past) can fully realize the difference between trying to teach a modern curriculum with nothing better than printed texts, and doing it with all the up-to-date pictorial aids. Turkish pupils take to the idea with avidity; teachers, unless they are Moslem fundamentalists, with relief. Physiology can now be made real by means of anatomy charts that would have been considered blasphemous a decade ago.

Before the separation of church and state in Turkey, pupils could not draw so much as a caricature of a teacher; a teacher could not even illustrate his point with a hasty sketch on the blackboard. Picturing of the human form was absolutely forbidden. Now the reverse is the case. Moreover, a new law has sentenced Turkish pupils to learn the A B C's. Partly because the ancient script is difficult to reproduce with modern machines, a new dictionary is to be prepared and the Latin alphabet taught in the schools. Newspapers will be partly in Latin characters, and our letters will be used for all official documents. The Turks are to be allowed fifteen years to accustom themselves to the new letters.

Formerly Turkish schools did nothing but force boys to learn the Koran by heart—in Arabic, which the pupils glibly recited without any notion of what the words meant, in a disrupted chorus much like those of the old-fashioned schools in China. Now all mention of religion is forbidden, even in Christian mission schools, except that in government schools there is an hour or two of religious instruction a week, along with arithmetic, physics, physiology, and the like. Religious instruction can be given only in the room assigned to it; nothing else can be taught in that room; and those pupils not of the Moslem faith must not enter it. True, even under Kemal, the hodja who teaches that particular class is just as dogmatic as any Methodist preacher in the Tennessee mountains, just as loudly, if less ungrammatically, convinced of the absolute truth of his own particular brand of salvation. Intolerance is, of course, still common to all branches of the human moron, and the day is—alas!—probably far off when this injecting into helpless children of what we really do not know will be replaced by merely telling them, "many people believe so and so; others this and that, still others something else; none of us actually know, though some of us feel very sure; now go and think it over for yourselves."

The boys of Zingadeer had taken so enthusiastically to manual training and the other new things of the hands as well as the head that drawing, pottery, fantasy-making results filled a large room. Miniature airplanes, new if infantile models of windmills, many an improved farm implement in toy size, adorning the walls of this and other schools of the new Turkey, attest to the eagerness of a race released from religious trammels which may be largely the cause of its backwardness in material progress.

The chapel of the former Greek monastery was now a storeroom, the church a machinery depot. They were both partly destroyed, the pictures a little defaced, especially the faces, and the cross wherever found, as if the children were in the habit of taking pot-shots at them whenever a chance offered. Though he was courtesy itself, and apparently sincere in his assertions of pleasure at our visit, the assistant principal, chief in charge on that Friday holiday, seemed to take a certain pleasure in showing us what he and the rest of Zingadeer thought of churches. Nor was there any personal offense intended; most Turks consider Protestants and Christians (that is, Armenians, Greeks, Catholics, and in general the Eastern forms of Christianity) followers of two quite different religions, and they do not hesitate to criticize the latter when conversing with the former.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TURK LOOKS LONGINGLY WESTWARD

THE first national teachers' convention in Turkey assembled at Angora during 1927. It ended in dissension, a split over the question of separation of church and state. In one camp were the educators who demand the suppression of all courses dealing with (the Moslem) religion, which still form a regular part of the curriculum of the government secondary schools. Since the new Kemalized Turkey stands for complete religious freedom (?), this side declares that no influence should be brought to bear on school-children tending to make them conform to the Mohammedan or any other religion. The other camp demands that religious instruction be optional; it wishes courses to be available to those students whose parents request such instruction.

If the former side wins out in the controversy, Turkish state schools will then be on the same footing as the Christian and Jewish schools in Turkey. In these, religious instruction has been prohibited since the formation of the so-called republic. As virtually all Turkish schools under the Ottoman Empire devoted their entire time to teaching the Koran, such an enactment as that advocated by the liberals would constitute one of the most revolutionary measures of Turkey's revolution. The question of the relationship between religion and the state is being discussed not only by educational leaders but also by political leaders. Dr. Tevik Ruchdi Bey, Foreign Minister, and spokesman for Kemal at the convention, predicted complete harmony between the Government of Turkey and all religions represented there, but declared that religion must not try to hamper the state in any way.

Kemal himself is determined to take the kick out of religion. In sultanic days the people were almost as much under the domination of their religious leaders and their superstitions as were the peasants of Russia under the Rasputin-czarist régime. Kemal forbids pilgrimages to holy places; he plans to place sacred relics in a museum, where the people may still come to see them but where they cannot be stirred up over them as in the ancient shrines. He is trying to do away with any control of the civil by the religious orders. The Mevlevi (dancing or whirling dervishes), the head of whom had the privilege of buckling on the sultan at ceremonies the sword of Yacub, an eighteenth-century hero, have been abolished—or, rather, exiled, since they are now in Syria. The dervish order, with headquarters at Konia, had long been a thorn in the side of the temporal powers, because of its fanaticism, its mystic power over the common people. Hodjas (mosque priests or preachers), formerly more numerous than the sands of the sea, have been greatly reduced to only the few necessary to each mosque, according to its size, and all must be licensed by the Government. Formerly no translation of the Koran was allowed; it is still a sacrilege to the pious in anything but its native Arabic. Kemal himself is sponsoring the official translation into Turkish.

Though he is in theory for complete religious liberty, the Gazi envisages a wholly Moslem-Turk population. Christian mission schools cannot so much as mention religion to their non-Christian students, legally; the widow's mite from America has even less chance of helping to convert the "heathen" than in China. It is against the law to so much as give a Testament to any Moslem under eighteen, or any religious instruction in other than the faith of his parents; after that age of discretion, as Kemal sees it, each is expected to look out for himself in religious matters—and usually does. The broader-minded find no fault with the Gazi on this score, though to the faithful Moslem of the old school, the conservatives, the fundamentalists, the sultanists of Constantinople, he is an atheist and a heretic. The Turks, according to more fervent followers of the prophet of Mecca, have never been true Moslems, are Mohammedans only in rites, not in spirit; which perhaps accounts for the fact that one is immune from the Eighteenth Amendment anywhere in Turkey, that bottled hilarity flows as freely in modern Turkish circles as in Europe; and it accounts, too, for the comparative ease with which Kemal has abolished the caliphate and otherwise emasculated the religious orders. Formerly, if a Turk gave up the Mohammedan religion, he lost his nationality. There was no visible dividing line between secular and religious law; the Ottoman state divided its subjects according to religion, not race; the Koran and the law of the empire were so bound together that non-Moslems could not be ruled by it; in the space reserved for nationality in other lands the Turks set down the holder's faith. Now a Turk may legally change his faith, though to do so is not an advantage to his Turkish standing, for political rather than religious reasons.

Meanwhile Turkish school-boys and girls, chic in blue-serge uniforms and caps with gold bands, are getting schooling much like that in our own land. There is still too much reading or dogmatizing by the teacher instead of reciting and thinking by the pupils, but at that the improvement is astounding. The boys still draw a checker-board on the ground in the shade of a tree in the school yard and play gambling games with stones rather than taking to athletic sports, but —well, it was already hot. Bootblacks wander about school grounds, and find clients among the pupils at recess. Mondays and Thursdays are half-holidays, and there is no school at all on Fridays. But foreign teachers, of English, French, and the like, are not required to hold classes on Sundays. Free schooling is widespread, and still spreading; day pupils pay nothing even in the lycées (roughly corresponding to our junior high schools); in that of Adana, for instance, boarding pupils pay two hundred and fifty Turkish pounds a year.

Most of the mission schools in Turkey are closed; some of them have disappeared entirely; others hang on, as at Talas, in the perhaps vain hope that they will sometime be allowed to open again. But even if they are, they can do nothing toward proselyting; and it takes a world of red tape to get permission to reopen. Some, who might seem to be the wisest, refuse to apply for a permit as long as things are as they are. The Government specifies and names a certain number of Turkish teachers (for the Turkish language, geography, history, and similar subjects), what salaries they are to receive, the holidays that must be kept; and the missionaries are greatly hampered in other ways. About all they have left is the right to teach English and a few equally harmless subjects.

Even Robert College on the Bosphorus must close on Friday, though by special dispensation it may also close on Sunday. Almost half its pupils now are Moslems, though before the establishment of the republic Mohammedans were forbidden to study there. The old American School at Tarsus was closed for years—and was a wreck at the end of two weeks. Formerly most of its two hundred and fifty boys were

Armenians, all were Christians; there were a dozen or more American teachers, the others nearly all Armenians. Now there are forty pupils, all Moslem Turks, who not only look intellectually backward but, according to, in some cases, the same teachers as in the olden days, cannot approach the former pupils for intelligence, ambition, diligence, or morals. The few remaining teachers in the mission schools agreed that it was disheartening to have their best pupils massacred, or even deported, as happened in very many cases.

The American schools for boys in Marsivan and Sivas (closed since 1915) have just been granted permission to reopen. On the other hand, the American Girls' School at Brusa has been closed, and three of its teachers convicted of the crime of proselyting. Two were found guilty of mentioning Christianity to students under the legal age of consent, and the directress of allowing grace to be said before meals and for the observance of Sunday. The wide publicity given this case may be one reason for the leniency of the judge, who sentenced each culprit to three days in jail and fined each three lira ($1.56), then announced that as they were women as well as foreigners they might make the school their prison if they promised to stay within the grounds. One might expect reasonable ladies to be satisfied with that; but these have appealed, and their sentences have been stayed pending the decision of the Superior Court.

Similar difficulties prevail in mission hospitals. An American physician, even if he has practised in the United States, must become a Turkish subject and attend a Turkish "medical" school for four years before he can get a permit to practise in Turkey—so much, at least, in theory. A few are practising; a few more are hopefully waiting and petitioning; most have given up in despair and taken to new pastures.

There are now a fair number of private Turkish doctors—and no such "specialists'" fees as in the United States. Government physicians, improved sanitation, departments of vital statistics are among the improvements Kemal has brought Turkey. Naturally, under an absolute dictator who has those who oppose him hanged in the cold gray dawn, reforms can be carried out in a fraction of the time necessary to set in motion the clumsy machinery of a genuine republic. In theory at least there is now a government doctor in every commune; visiting nurses lecture to mothers. How much these improvements were needed is evident from a few facts gleaned in Adana.

Malaria, trachoma, tuberculosis, and amœbic dysentery are very prevalent; there is much syphilis. Of 2498 boys and 1190 girls in the public schools, examined regularly by a government physician, 392 boys and 157 girls had trachoma. The head of Adana's department of vital statistics asserted that this scourge was unknown in Turkey until it was brought from Egypt during the conquest by Ibraham Pasha; that it was brought again by Turkish prisoners after the World War. According to this same efficient gentleman, infant mortality (in the United States 90, in Europe as a whole 125 per thousand) is in Turkey 250, in the Adana district more than 500, to the thousand. There are also many deaths between the ages of fifteen and thirty. The mountain people are prone to tuberculosis, down on the plain; in this town of 70,000 inhabitants there are 30 deaths a month from this cause. Many women die in childbirth; few women, especially in the villages, will permit a man to attend them, and as there are no female doctors, mothers must depend on badly trained and superstitious midwives.

The Christian calendar is now official in Turkey, as in Japan and China, though religiously all three countries cling to their old forms of reckoning. So also is the Christian clock. Western time-telling came even harder at first than the imperfect Gregorian calendar. For, as you know, the true Moslem starts his day at daybreak rather than at the unseemly hour of midnight—in a way a more sensible plan than ours, except that, as dawn is always changing, the Moslem system works well only on or near the equator. But the majority rules eventually in most matters, in this gregarious world.

Until Kemal spoke to them about it, the Turks set no value on a family name. There were, in fact, no family names, since father and son were known by quite different cognomens, equivalent to our given names. The new-born Turk was given two names all to himself; if you wished to designate some particular Turk you called him "Mustafa the son of Yusuf" or "Ali, son of Ahmed the Tailor." There are thousands of Ali-the-son-of-Ahmeds in any large city. The Gazi himself was merely Mustafa son of his father until his model school record led a teacher to designate him as Kemal—Turkish for "perfect."

But there are practical reasons why Kemal wishes to be able to trace a son back to his father. Therefore he has ordered the Turks to adopt the Western style of patronymic, and all hereafter must be registered under a family name, which will put an end to the confusion heretofore existing in both official and private life. But the job is not easy. Such names as existed, of a family nature, were really clan names, like those of China, and there are not many of them from which to choose. Many of the babies born on the day Turkey took her first real census (of which more anon) will sign themselves later in life by the Turkish word for that formality, "Noufus."

Turkish subjects of non-Moslem stocks are in the same boat, if not in a still more leaky one. Greeks and Armenians were known by suffixes indicating their parentage and perhaps their trade, or that of some more or less remote ancestor. The Greek suffix "opoulos" and the Armenian "ian" mean "son of"; any one able to translate shop signs may come across Ainadjian, or "son of the looking-glass maker," Philian, the "son of an elephant," even Djabedelikian, "son of the man with a hole in his pocket" though both the spendthrift ancestor who won this and the family weakness it indicates may have been dead for centuries. The recent census showed how impossible such a system, or lack of system, is. Hence all Greeks, Armenians, Russians, or other Christians, all foreigners who contemplate becoming or remaining Turkish subjects, must have their names translated into Turkish, and those names must show by their endings that the person involved is not a Moslem. For all his ideas on religious freedom, Kemal does not propose to have any such subjects fooling him into believing them true Turks. Mission schools have found this matter of renaming their pupils one of the most exasperating of the many annoying Kemal orders.

No one will prophesy just where the Kemalist furor for reform will end. The latest report is that the Gazi is considering raising hogs on his model farm near Angora! Few persons in Turkey will be surprised if the age-old ostracism of the pig as food is lifted through the influence of the ultra-liberal Gazi, who has ruthlessly beaten to earth so many other strong prejudices, and pork, long regarded almost as offal by Moslems, may get its place on Turkish menus. The dictator has not yet spoken authoritatively on this vital subject; but the suggestion that pigs would furnish a profitable and needed food-supply for Turkey is now a

Kaiserie, backed by snow-clad Erjias

Our araba limousine from Kaiserie to Talas

The repatriated hodja of Talas, and the mosque keys

Konia's bronze statue of Kemal—and her new normal school matter of frequent discussion, and in some circles of dread for the future.

There are many wild pigs in Anatolia, particularly since the deportation of Christians; but up to the present no good Moslem would soil his hands even by killing one. Yet dainty ham sandwiches have more than once been eaten by Turks at public functions in Constantinople, Turks who either did not know what they were eating or pretended not to know. No one who has been in China or other places where pigs are unfed and allowed to forage for themselves will wonder that pork was proscribed for so many centuries by the Jews and their related brethren the Moslems. But pigs fed on proper food are quite a different matter, and it is possible that a radical change of opinion will vastly increase their squeals in a large part of Asia before the hungry world is much older or wiser.

Turks themselves and most foreign residents see great improvements in Turkey under the Gazi, though they are rather vague as to what those improvements are. The traveler must look for them himself; and to an incorrigibly skeptical outsider the changes seem to be largely a superficial aping of the West. The Gazi is for complete outward change; along with his distrust and dislike of the Western world Kemal has an overwhelming urge to make his people indistinguishable from "other Europeans"; and who knows but that there may be reason in his sometimes amusing philosophy? Modern psychology seems to have crept into his thinking. Like the denizen of our passing Greenwich Village or of the erstwhile Latin Quarter in Paris, who expects originality in his chosen work to follow individual eccentricity in personal appearance, the blue-eyed dictator of the new Turkey seems to expect change of outward garb to bring about a complete

Europeanization of those subject to his stern rule. "Once my people become outwardly unrecognizable from 'other Europeans,'" one reads between the lines of his decrees, "they will unconsciously acquire all the qualities that have brought prosperity to the Western world—without, of course, adopting its vices or losing the good old Koranic virtues."

Yet Kemal may be trusted not to swallow Western ways hook, line, and sinker. He knows how to choose, and has the power to make his choices effective. Moreover, he is still Oriental enough to be able to emasculate those Western institutions he does not care for, while at the same time maintaining the outer shell suitable to a Western ensemble. Whatever the faults of Kemal and the radicals about him, one feels again the force of the early Ottoman days, before the sultans became mere harem-loving perverts, of the days when not only all people within the huge old empire but all its neighbors sat up and took notice when the Government spoke.

The present régime is eager to be considered progressive, resents being blamed for the crimes of former rulers; insists it has entirely reformed. Perhaps; yet the leopard cannot change his spots as easily as a dictator-driven people can change its head-gear. No foreign resident with whom I spoke thought for a moment that massacres and deportations, for instance, are over in Turkey. Many of the men still in power have as bloody hands as any officer of the sultan. Kemal himself has nothing to boast of in this respect; and he has to his discredit many hangings, countless injustices, ruthless suppressions of the rights to which his subjects are entitled by the Swiss criminal code which Turkey is supposed to have adopted. Let economic pressure (which at bottom is the real cause) again make massacres and deportations the simplest way out, insist foreign residents in Turkey, and they will be resorted to as of yore. For all the cloak of religion that is thrown over them, Turkish massacres of Christians are just as truly economic as was our annihilation of the Indians who stood in the way of advancing settlers.

Though they are on the whole decidedly pro-Turk, there was much to be heard among the missionaries of Talas and elsewhere on this subject of massacres and deportations. One American woman, born in Marash, knew personally more than three hundred who were killed. The process was always the same. It began with the iman or hodja inciting the men for weeks in the mosques; and when the Government gave the order, the docile, disciplined, ordinarily peaceable but fanatical people rushed to the barracks for weapons and the massacre was on. Most of them wanted loot; all of them, once they were stirred up, would do whatever their religious and temporal leaders told them to do. Mob psychology sweeps them on; it is much as if our lynchers were stirred up by some fanatical or chicanic Billy Sunday, and then given arms by the Government. And like certain members of our late Ku Klux Klan, some take advantage of the opportunity for personal revenge. There is the case, for instance, well known among foreigners in the Near East, of the American working with Armenian orphans who was beaten to death's door because he upset the plans of Turk officers to take into their field-harem all good-looking Armenian boys of suitable age. They pretended that they mistook him for an Armenian—an impossible error.

Or the Government orders a Christian village deported. To those familiar with Turkey, the atmosphere suggests the intention for some time ahead, just as one can feel an anti-foreigner wave slowly rising in China. But the victims to come cannot get away without government permission, however clearly they may foresee their fate. Soon the men notables are taken to prison, then other men. A couple of weeks later, perhaps, the women and children are ordered to prepare to march. They ask about their husbands and fathers; are told that they will join them outside the town. The lie is deliberate, and many of the women know it. That same night, probably, the men are taken out into the hills and killed, usually with swords and axes. The Turks will not waste ammunition, or betray themselves by sounds of firing. Long lines of men went through Sivas night after night, their hands tied together with ropes. In the morning there would be nothing left but corpses abandoned in the hills.

The Turk is something of an enigma even to foreigners born and domiciled in Turkey. These generally agree that he is a bully and, concomitantly, a coward; that he is better at destruction than construction, like the Hun to whom he is related; that when stirred up he rather enjoys killing, like the Mongol he still is (the word "yurt," by the way, has recently been revived as the Turkish for "home"). Long given to sexual excesses, these people have not the humanity of the worst Christians—not even of those whose Christianity is all rites and no depth. The confiscation of property by violent means is a part of their unwritten code; they are one of the races that love the display of power. A slow-moving, slow-thinking people, of low trustworthiness and little ability for team-work. Cheating or lying to a stranger, to ordinary people, especially to Christians, is not wrong in Turk eyes; though to cheat or lie to a close friend is considered as reprehensible as with us.

Foreign visitors who meet him at his best often conclude that the Turk of the educated class is a gentleman in the best sense of the word. Those who know him better say that he is not yet civilized all the way through. "The Turk is a fine fellow," said a Greek who had lived for generations in Anatolia, "when he is not in a heat of fanaticism, anger, or covetousness." He is given to sudden reversions to type: a mailman in Constantinople cut open with a thrown brick the head of a six-year-old American child because it told him rather curtly to get out of its hopscotch square. The ordinary Turk talks not only mere meaningless blasphemy, but constantly uses the most obscene language imaginable, even before women and children. American women who understand Turkish hear an unbroken stream of vile language from the street beneath the windows of the American School in Tarsus, from daylight until late at night. Even the small "gentleman" majority restrain themselves in this matter only when on their good behavior. Almost any Turk exposes himself before women with no more compunction than if they were animals—yet it is this same fellow who prudishly broke off or mutilated the masculine parts (as well as the noses) on every Greek statue beneath his rule.

Perhaps the Turk is by nature sullen. One gets the impression that he is not happy in adversity, as are the Chinese, for instance; certainly he is by no means outwardly as cheerful. Just now he hates the world, particularly the Christian world, which has reduced his place in the sun from a large, powerful empire to a small tenth-rate power; and he will make no concessions in deportment toward that outside world which he feels has treated him so wickedly. To be sure, even we might be sullen if all our territory except the thirteen original colonies were taken away from us. He seems to be moved to defiance toward foreigners in order to show his equality to the rest of us. Like our workmen who think that by being surly and discourteous they prove their independence and their equality with others, that politeness would be kowtowing, the Turk is bearish toward all foreigners, at least from Christian lands. He is sore at the world at large and, like most men in a huff, he wants perpetually to show his grouch, is afraid that if he is pleasant, even when he is feeling in an amiable mood, people will forget that he is sore, will conclude that he has forgiven. The upper class has advanced beyond this and, superficially, is very courteous, to the deceiving of most casual travelers and hurried tourists. But this class can be worse than the rank and file, because the Hun that is underneath is fortified by greater knowledge.

Yet the Turk is also hospitable; at times he can be kindness itself; he is much less prone to kill children in the streets, now that he has adopted the automobile, than we are. Turks did not touch a thing among the American belongings left during all the years of the World War in an American mission school that was used as a military hospital; in fact kept the Germans from touching them. Officers of the Turkish medical corps protected Armenian girls during the time that they were considered common property, by putting them under the protection of Turkish women caretakers; and when the Government ordered them out, the Turkish doctor in charge (graduate of a European university, to be sure) gave every girl a job of some sort so that all could remain in safety in the hospital.

Down at an otherwise unused Christian mission church-school in Kaiserie my Talas hostess distributed help, from the Near East Relief and other agencies, to needy Armenians. The doles to the more or less helpless debris of the ebbed flood of massacres and deportations were from two to five Turkish pounds a month. The highest amount went to a gray-haired widow with five children; two dollars and sixty cents a month, you will perhaps agree, is not more than amply sufficient for a woman and five children, even in central Turkey. Again I was struck with the way old grandmothers, the blind, the ailing hang on. The persistence of the Armenians is a byword throughout the Near East. "Like the cat, they have nine lives," say the Turks. "Tie an Armenian in a sack, with a millstone about his neck, and cast him into the deepest part of the sea, and he would come back to pester and haunt us."

No less striking is their persistence in raising a family. The man of all work about the mission hospital in Talas was a sturdy-faced Armenian of sixty, still strong and hearty. Once he had been a school-teacher (working also at less soft-handed labor, of course) in a village on the way to Sivas. He had in his time lost three families (three wives, three sons, and several daughters) and three houses. The one son left him now lives in the United States; three married daughters live in France; in other words, whatever remnants of his former families survive, they are just as completely gone from him as the others. Yet he already had the nucleus of a fourth family, in the shape of a twenty-year-old wife and a three-year-old daughter—though, to be sure, daughters hardly count in the Oriental way of thinking. Nor was there any visible evidence that he was cast down by his past misfortunes.

People are used to death out there. They have looked it squarely in the face so often that they have much less dread of it than we; or at least are able to face it with greater outward equanimity. Not only the Armenians but the Turks themselves are inured to it, if only because of the high infant mortality they have always taken for granted. The Turk doorkeeper of the empty Protestant mission in Kaiserie had been remembered by Allah to the extent of ten children by two wives—all dead now except the young second wife and her second child, a boy of ten, who had been prayerfully named "Let-him-Stay Ali."

The hatred between the Turks and the Armenians is of long standing. The Armenians claim to have been the first nation to adopt (or should we saw adapt?) Christianity, just as they insist that Noah was an Armenian. They had their own kingdom, with the capital at Sis, near Adana, before the expansion of the Turkish empire took them in, whereupon they spread all over that empire. As they cannot be downed except by complete extinction or exile; because they can outdo even the Jews in trade, energy, initiative, persistence, and in overcoming sales-resistance (modern commercial jargon for getting the money out of my pocket into yours); because the Turk cannot compete with them in diligence, bargaining, and similar virtues, they got the upper hand in commerce and its allied arts. The Turks were farmers, soldiers, and government officials; the Armenians were the merchants, the middlemen, the money-lenders. The middleman is never greatly loved in any land, the usurious still less. The result can be imagined, when natural lusts have free play, with the Government not only overlooking but often conniving.

The Turks remember the Crusaders, according to an American born in Turkey. Even the common people still talk of them, and say that the Armenians will to-day join any European nation against them, just as they did in those times. The secretary of the Governor of Adana answered my question with, "They are all traitors!" And his fierce eyes—eyes of the primitive Hun—blazed as he said it, explained more fully than could a volume of words how even cultured Turks could flame up into a massacre.

"That is," he went on, "they will join with any one, do anything, that will help to overthrow the Turkish Government, under whose protection [sic!] they have lived and prospered so many centuries. It is not a religious question, any more than your dislike of the Jews is a religious question, though both sides often try to make it seem so, even to themselves. It is much as if your negroes helped Japan in a war against the United States, or as if the Japanese in California became so economically threatening that you had no other recourse than to massacre and deport them—and used their non-Christianity as a motive to stir up against them people naturally peaceable and friendly."

Among the hundred and fifty girls in the American Girls' School at Adana were eighteen Armenians. (Armenians, by the way, will let their children go untaught rather than send them to the Turkish government schools; besides, there is no room in these for others until all true Moslem-Turks have been accommodated.) Armenian and Turkish girls often walk arm in arm; between the two races there are "crushes" of the school-girl brand. But let such a pair fall out, and it becomes at once a racial question, with all the pupils taking their racial sides as exactly as a body of politicians divides into the respective party lines. Whereas if two Turkish pupils have a spat, it is merely another school-girl quarrel.

I talked one day with an Armenian who had been for twenty-five years an employee of the Turkish railways. At the time of the deportations he was told that he might stay if he wished. Railroading was the only work he knew; jobs do not grow on olive-trees in the Near East; an uprooted family has a hard time finding soil in which to take root again; for twenty years he had paid dues into the railway pension fund. He stayed. Nor has he since regretted his decision. True, he was taken out to be hanged when the revolt against the modernist government broke out, but so were some Turkish railway employees; and little gestures of that kind are so common in the Near East that no reasonable man bears a grudge for having had his share of them. This Armenian and his wife are on good social relations with Turkish families of their class. "It takes a man two or three years to be sure of my character," he admitted, "to find out whether I make eyes at women, before he invites me to sit at table along with his women, who veil only before strange men. After that I am just as welcome as a Turk."

Any Armenian woman who married a Turk by choice became an outcast among her own people. But far more married them not by choice. After the British occupation of southern Anatolia, Armenian wives of Moslems who wished to leave were permitted to do so. So they can still, and take their daughters or babes in arms with them—if the husband consents. But naturally there are many complications, and many find it simpler to stay. Running away is difficult; to prevent this is, one suspects, one of the unspoken reasons for the continuing of police travel restrictions. Though ordinarily they would no more wed a widow than would an orthodox Hindu, patriotic young Armenian men in the neighboring countries make it a racial duty to marry ex-Turk wives-by-force.

The wife of an Armenian who went to the United States before the deportations and massacres had assumed World War proportions was forcibly taken into a Turk's harem. There two children were born to her. The war over and the British in control, the husband sent for her, but refused to have anything to do with the half-Turk children. Some of us might feel much the same way about it under similar circumstances. The wife went to America alone; the American missionaries of Talas kept the two girls. But the girls have no papers proving anything as to their birth or nationality. (Turks, by the way, often adopt Greek or Armenian children, and few can recognize them as any but good Moslem Turks afterward.) If the Americans try to send these children to a Turkish school, they will have to declare the girls' history, whereupon the Government will probably send them to the Turkish government orphanage for girls. Yet the missionaries themselves cannot teach them, since they now have no permit to teach; and as the children are under eighteen it would be against the new laws to so much as mention religion to them. So about all the Americans can do is to keep them in the mission on the status of slaves, or unpaid servants—still common in Turkey—and hope that they will learn at least good conduct by the examples about them.

Since the massacres and deportations of Christians, Turkey is sparsely inhabited. All Turks agree that the country needs more population; yet they want only Turks, Moslem Turks. Improvement in the birth-rate, particularly in the infant- and youthful-mortality rate, is one of the serious problems before them. Whatever may be said in favor of massacres as a means of reducing overpopulation, by her deportations Turkey has injured herself just as Spain did when six centuries ago she drove out the Jews (said to have been good craftsmen then, and not merely crafty merchants), or as France did in driving out the Huguenots and with them the silk and cloth industries. For the same Turk who now complains that his country is underpopulated, its industries wrecked, cannot but recognize as his superior as craftsmen, as producers in almost every line except the agricultural, the Armenians and the Greeks he expelled.

During long centuries of oppression the Armenians have developed unlovely traits, such as subtlety, trickery, hypocritical fawning upon those who can or may help them. The difference between them and the more straightforward races seems to be much like that between a boy born in the slums and one born of rich parents; the one has everything for the demanding, the other may get something for the cringing. Unless my perceptive faculties are at fault, there is little real gratitude among those Armenians who are assisted by such American institutions as the Near East Relief. But then, for that matter, neither is there among the students, be they Arab, Jewish, Turkish, or Armenian, to whom we are handing education on silver platters in our Near East colleges. In the orphanages and the American-aided refugee camps the Armenians seem to take our aid for granted, much as children accept what their parents do for them. Not unnaturally, bearing in mind the dependence they have had to put on charity in word or kind from outsiders these many generations. Yet, with all their faults, the Armenians have many splendid qualities.

The Armenians are Christians; they have been the victims of atrocious persecutions, inhuman treatment—two reasons they arouse our sympathy. Good reasons, too, not to mention their ability to come back, after incredible punishment, and their indefatigable industry. But there have been reasons for the persecutions, also; and any one who has dipped into western Oriental history knows how joyfully these victims become in their turn executioners. Well, most of us prefer the man who fights back, for all our pretense of honoring Christian humility. Given a similar history, the race that does not fight back, by foul means if fair is lacking, must go the way of the gentle South Sea islanders; and self-preservation is not merely a passion but a virtue.

Few of us realize that when the Near East Relief took over the saving of Armenian orphans left in the wake of massacres and deportations, there were by no means funds enough to take care of all of them. The men and women in the field had to be perfectly hard-boiled in the matter. They took in charge only those orphans whom the doctors passed as physically worth saving. All who were below par were ruthlessly rejected and turned out to die. It might have been better in this Spartan undertaking to examine heads rather than bodies; but . . .

An Englishman of international fame has questioned the wisdom of saving any of them. He contends that the life before even the best of them is no bed of roses, that the already overpopulated Near East does not need them. But even he insists that so long as we have taken over the job we certainly should finish it; that once we have willed that they shall live, it is plainly our duty to see these perhaps unwisely rescued children through to self-support. There are something like 150,000 wild children in Russia; it would have been better to chloroform the Armenian orphans than to let them sink to the Russian status.

The latest news from Turkey suggests that Kemal intends to make a thorough job of secularization. Mohammedanism is no longer to be officially recognized. The National Assembly has just passed unanimously a law eliminating the words "the religion of the State is Moslem," and in future officials are to take their oath of office, and witnesses to pledge themselves, by swearing "on my honor" instead of "by Allah." Outwardly this amounts to recognition of equality of citizenship for Christian and Hebrew with Moslem Turkish subjects. On the other hand, old-fashioned and superstitious Turks regard as a celestial warning against all this Kemalist flouting of the Koran the recent descent of wolves from the mountains upon Angora, where they gashed with teeth and claws a bronze statue of Venus recently imported from Paris and awaiting erection on the main boulevard.

CHAPTER XVII

BACK TO PREHISTORIC TIMES

WHILE in Angora the cost of living is said to be the highest on earth (for what you get), in Talas it is close to the cheapest, even if one is not a guest. Yet that is not why I spent a whole week there. The main reason for that unwonted sojourn was the inability of the portly keeper of a native inn down in Kaiserie to redeem his pledges of transportation by the various independent automobile-owners for whom he acted as middleman. All one day I sat in his worse-than-barnyard court, awaiting the promised transportation to Sivas, only to have to jog back to Talas again at nightfall in a jouncing araba. It was partly my own fault; in making such an arrangement in Asiatic Turkey it is still the custom to demand money from (not pay it to) the agent, to bind him to his bargain, and I had been so foolish as to take him at the Western face-value which the Turk now likes to put upon himself.

There being more likelihood that I should have to sit for another day swallowing the swirling dust of Kaiserie than that the landlord's promise for the second or the third day would prove true, I gave up the attempt to delve farther eastward into Turkey. At best, Sivas and the other central Turkey regions open to foreigners would have been little different from Kaiserie and its vicinity; and there was no hope of getting into the eastern end of the country. The brusque "impossible" with which the police at Angora had replied to my request for permission to travel to Erzerum, even though it was made through the medium of the Columbia-graduated clerk of our legation annex, had all the earmarks of finality.

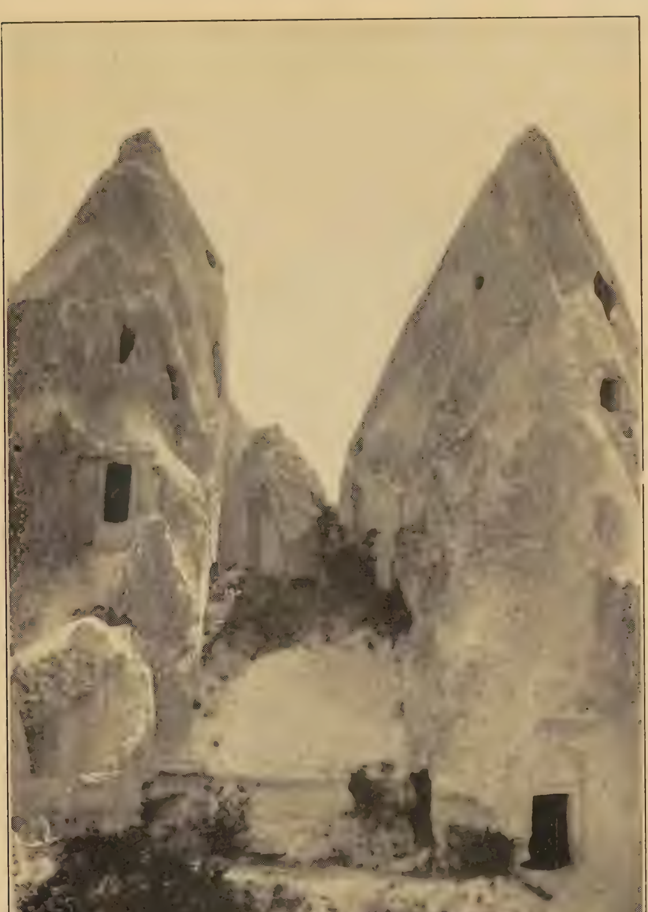
Neither might I go to Kars or Van or Diarbekir or any of the rest of eastern Turkey. No explanation vouchsafed; simply the brief information that all that region was closed to foreigners. But general rumor had it that it was mainly because of new massacres and deportations. According to those rumors, the Turks were now hanging Kurds and other tribesmen of the eastern end of the country, for no greater offense than refusing to give up their sacred fez, though this was translated into "rebellion against the Government."

Before turning back to Angora, however, there was one excursion to be made, one which the missionary ladies had been putting off for lack of a suitable male protector. The same rotund landlord down in Kaiserie promised us a brand-new Chevrolet, even caused the driver-owner thereof to parade it before our dazzled eyes and to repeat the promise to be at the gate of the mission hospital grounds the following dawn. It was too late to back out when we were again reminded that the word of a Turk is not the word of an Englishman. All powers of description would crumble before the task of picturing the remnant of a Ford, with driver to match, that met our eyes as we debouched into the street, all dressed and breakfasted and luncheon-laden and mentally set for the outing. Suffice it to mention that of what had presumably once been a wind-shield there remained a rattling triangle of glass on the driver's side—and even on the last day of May central Turkey is high enough in both altitude and latitude to make the first morning hours far from tropical.

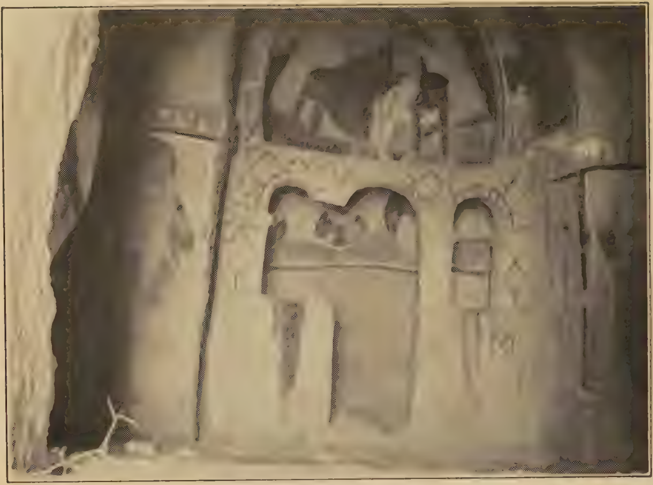
But for all our disappointment it was impossible not to credit the Chevrolet-owner with sound common sense in refusing to torture his new machine over such a road as that to Urgub, especially the latter half of it. A Fordable road, but nothing more; which at length pitched down the edge of a vast precipice into a great red-and-white valley so uncanny as not to seem of this world.

In the modern (as distinguished from prehistoric) village of Urgub bulks a Greek church, now a mosque, in which there is a sacred mummy, an ordinary dead man "miraculously" preserved and dug up and enshrined because tradition has it that a divine light shone over his grave. Every year the Czar of Russia sent him an expensive embroidered coverlet. Now the thing is quite properly destroyed, along with the ikons and pictures and other sacrilegious reminders of the departed unbelievers, and a minaret rises from a corner of the ex-church tower. The throng of market-day males who crowded as one man about us—many of them topped by the white skull-caps formerly worn under their now abandoned fezzes and turbans—made gestures and uttered sounds of disgust at mention of the mummy. A backward-looking little town; yet a good stone school, with more manual training and other modern forms of study than in our small-town schools.

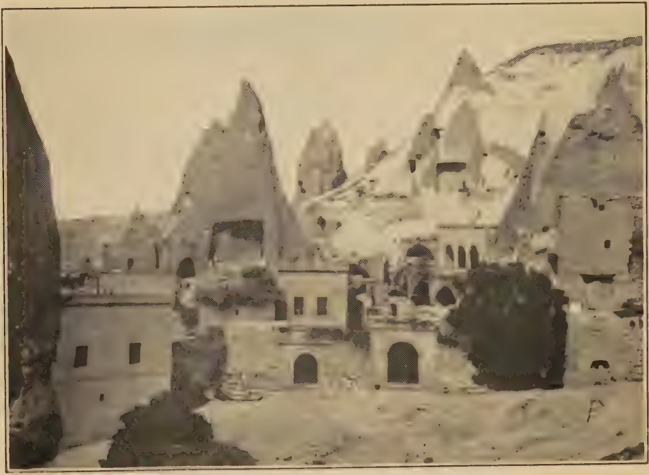
Beyond, up a dazzling yellow road which the Ford could negotiate only without us, huge stones tipsily, precariously perched on limestone columns worn round by the rains of centuries, washed away until they looked like iron pillars, painted a bright yellow, upholding huge sacred boulders many times larger in circumference. Half an hour farther on, the first glimpse of the great yellow-white valley full of troglodyte dwellings of prehistoric times, sun-washed until the eyes shrank from it, was a sight never to be forgotten. Most of the hundreds of abandoned homes were sharp cones, so that the view of it all was like looking across a vast sunken



Troglodyte apartment-houses at Urgub



A Greek cave church at Urgub, colors still gaudy



On the oasis edge of Urgub live semi-troglodytes field completely filled with sharp haystacks. The cones were in form so like the tent-houses of northern Syria that the latter may indeed be descended from them; for, as you know, buildings as well as living things are hereditary. They were of limestone almost as white as chalk, which changed in hue according to the light. Among them were great fantastic heaps of rock which had also been inhabited. Beyond, walling in the whole town, were sandstone cliffs, pink, gray, brown, yellow, purple, lilac, depending upon the sunlight that fell upon them. Photography is a weak medium indeed with which to reproduce that brilliantly colored town of no one knows how many centuries ago; and mere words are helpless.

The man we had picked out of the market crowd as a guide eventually got us down into it, long after the ex-Ford had given up in despair. Each limestone haystack had been hollowed out into a three- sometimes a four-story residence; startlingly irregular masses of rock had been turned into apartment-houses of several stories, with front and rear apartments in some cases; other dwellings had been cut in the cliffs, the front wall built of the material taken out. Why do we not cut homes in the Palisades, instead of laboriously building whole structures? Churches, domes, altars, pillars, and all, had been hewn back into solid rock, painted over with Greek church images that in some cases were still brilliant, in most cases defaced; everything as broken as fanatical Moslems could make them, yet still striking evidence of ancient man's skill and persistence. Signs that might be prehistoric were carved everywhere, most of them daubed over now with reddish Greek saint-pictures, these in turn as Mohammedan-obliterated as possible.

I wanted a picture from the top story of one of these Cone Apartments. No one at home; or the bell was out of order. Our modern cave-dwellers would not care for the ups and downs of these prehistoric predecessors, though a few journeys a day, to and from the top floors, would take the place of golf or gymnasium classes in keeping the dwellers in condition. The task of a human fly to reach the first story; after that, like shinnying up a dumb-waiter shaft. Foot- and hand-holds just in the nick of time; convenient handles, like those above our modern bathtubs, cut in the solid rock; marks of the primeval picks still as new and clear as if they had been made yesterday. Shallow holes for the toes or the fingers indicate well-controlled nerves among those people of æons ago; and that they were ingenious is proved by the convenient, the exactly right places in which they cut these holes. Proof, too, that the length of legs and arms has not changed much since those days, though the wearing of shoes must have been less in vogue.

I managed to strong-arm myself up to the third story. There was merely a square hole in the center of each stone ceiling-and-floor-above. Toe- and finger-holds in these elevator shafts, also. A three-room apartment on each floor, two rooms looking out through windows cut in the steep cone walls, upon a magnificent view of all the town and its impressive environs; the other a dark inner chamber, a hall bedroom without a hall, for the poor roomer. Perhaps the ancient dwellers gave one another a leg up; or maybe they each carried a step-ladder. Having neither I had to give it up. Try as I would, I could not quite jump to the first finger-hold of the shaft into the fourth and topmost story.

Photography over, I felt like Santa Claus escaping from a house to which he had brought a kodak by mistake, or where a bad little boy had wakened up and peeped, so that his present must be taken away again. Gothic interiors perfectly cut inside some of the larger sandstone heaps; tunnels, more or less secret, leading from neighbor to neighbor. Moral turpitude even in those naïve days, perhaps. Here and there a chamber turned into a hiding-place for modern Turks, crudely walled in; although, bootlegging being unnecessary in Turkey, of unknown import. Coffins, some for small children, cut in the solid rock just inside main lower entrances; evidences that mummies had been in them not so long ago.

Wind and rain, which, no doubt, gave the cones their shape in the first place, are still gradually wearing away these ancient dwellings. Some are blown and washed down to a single story; others have a side slid off in a great slab, sometimes half the cone fallen away, disclosing the rooms just as the dwellers left them. Here and there a window hanging in space. Probably many a dwelling has disappeared entirely, and the descendants, if such there be, cannot realize anything whatever on their real estate, because there is no water now. The whole place is so rattlesnake dry that we soon choked in just strolling about, though it was still May. Large as the ancient city is, there are no residents now, only a great silence.

But hold, there are some inhabitants, down at the lower end of the valley, where there is a spring. There are cones which are still inhabited; some only as summer vineyard homes; a few the year around. These are reached by more modern ladders; for one of the most interesting facts is that the lowest entrances to these steep stone haystacks standing up all about the region—for they stretch on for miles, farther than a thirsty man can follow—are far above the ground of to-day; the upper stories suggestive of aërial dwellings. One old woman lives all alone in a three-story cone, with an artistic pillar on each side of the stone-carved porch, one broken off, the other still upholding the rest of the stone house above.

A little farther on "Allah sends ice-cold water down from the mountain," and the sudden change from desert to an oasis thick with trees is startling. Grass all about the rock-debouching spring, an astonishing coolness, even the air completely different, everything delightful, an incredible contrast to the hell just outside, not ten feet away. The women of the village, washing clothes in the stone trough into which the ice-cold water perpetually flows, cover their faces at our approach; "open" them again when the voices of the two of us speaking Turkish show that the foreigners in riding-breeches are not men but women; grasp their veils once more when my voice betrays me as of the dreadful gender after all.

But the natural leader of the group, an old woman of sixty, who returns bright answers to our questions, does not cover her face; she has grown beyond that—not in years, which make no difference, but in wisdom and modernity. The anti-veil crusade has evidently reached even here; found a kindred spirit. She is now quizzing my companions; just as always happens whenever they meet the village women of Turkey for the first time: "How many children have you?" The first query never varies; the others come in long established order: "Not married! Ah, then you have left your husband in America?" . . . "None at all, not even in your own country!" Maidenhood at maturity they cannot understand, and usually they do not believe the stoutest assertions, though outwardly their courtesy is perfect. At best they think the speaker has some dark secret in her life which she is clumsily trying to cover up, quite without success. You cannot fool them!

The other women gape silently behind half-held corners of their garments. A little girl still short of her third birthday stamps tiny clothes in the trough into which the mountain water forever flows, turning round and round, holding up her short skirts, just as she has seen the women do. The old woman takes us to her house. Though quite evidently a moral old lady, she does not let the mere chatter of gossips bother her. She had been cook to a rich family of a neighboring town; "but their goings were not the goings of Islam [probably they drank un-Koranic drinks, did not say their prayers regularly] so I took seventy lira for two months' work [liar! the cook does not live who has received twenty Turkish pounds a month, to say nothing of thirty-five, in central Turkey] and left them." But we soon see that the falsehood was foresighted; for "whenever your ladyships wish I will come to you as cook to the missionaries."

Two years ago she bought her house, cut in solid rock which seems to be granite, for three hundred and eighty lira. There is a front porch; a nice big inside room; couches of stone—made by the simple expedient of not cutting those sides of the room down to the floor level—covered with mattresses. Little other furniture; cut stone niches in the walls, for cups, flowers, medicine. (The child that lives with her is barking with the whooping-cough.) An inside room, a stable, and a garden; and the house includes the three-story sandstone cone above, so the price was evidently about "right," as prices go in central Turkey. Not so high, anyway. Comfort: plenty, for her; cost of upkeep: nil, absolute zero; come back a century later and there will not be a scratch on the walls; little heating or cooling problem; a trifle too cold inside, perhaps, when it is so blazing hot outside, and in the winter, warm when it is cold outdoors.

Farther on, more modern buildings, of cut stone or adobe bricks, adjoining some of the sandstone cones, connect with the cave houses which the rains are gradually wearing away. Caves patched up and taken into or joined to the newer dwellings; a perfect little Gothic chapel in the open top of one disintegrating cone; stairs for legs weaker than those of the olden days, cut in stone, far up others; so that now you may speak of the people of modern Urgub, or whatever this part of the ancient abandoned city is called, as semi-troglodytes.

There is little fun and no gain in a walking-trip in Anatolia, because there are no people except in the towns, and only endless, stony wastes between them. The towns are much alike and far apart . . . as we discovered, if indeed we had not already known it. Yet we did walk in Turkey, for the very good reason that the junk-heap that had been a Ford could not get up that long, steep, precipice-brinking road again, even as no less a person than I had prophesied. And after we had left the helpless chauffeur to whatever fate awaited him, which in any case could not be bad enough, it was a pleasanter journey. Yet a more embarrassing trip than others I have had; for, after all, Asia Minor is not exactly the place to be benighted far from fellow-beings, with two American maiden ladies under one's protection.

We had not walked far up that stiff hill before I realized the wisdom behind the horseshoes used all over the Near East—solid iron covering the whole bottom of the hoof, instead of the mere half-moon we use. A necessary protection for the delicate frog of the foot in so stony a land. Turkey needs something of the kind for automobile tires—and for the shoes of foreigners far from human assistance, trudging their way into the dark night across a high plain, black beyond, with Erjias looking coldly down upon it, so near yet so far.

One automobile passed—in the wrong direction. A string of donkeys, too, with several tawny drivers; yet though some of the animals were "empty," they were not for hire. But behold: in the last black-gray glimmer of light a substantial stone building on the hillside above the trail-highway. We clambered over rocks as up to the crater of Vesuvius—only to find that it was no human residence but the stable of sheep. Absent sheep now, it is true; yet they had staked their claim beyond any hope or desire to trespass upon it. On and on, stumbling now and then. Not a danger in the world, so far as animate nature in its two-legged form is concerned, according to the Turkish-born member of our party. Yet—well, when at last sleep simply would not be put off, there was the bare ground to lie upon, and we were fortunate or foresighted enough to have a blanket with us—for the use of the sometimes unfair sex.

No grass, nothing but stones, and the rare tiny tree above making not even the suggestion of a windbreak. Two or three hours of this, and on again, stumbling but cheerful; June no warmer than May. Reminders of desert sufferings; then—joy!—the babbling of water; the one spring in all the fifteen miles between Urgub and the town on the main road from Kaiserie to Ooloo-kishla. A cliff, slightly breaking the wind, near it, but the lying as stony as ever. Then dawn breaking, and two more hours of plodding, broken toward the end by strings of men and women on their way to work in the fields, and finally the town itself, still yawning.

The stuff the Turks call coffee, at a mud-den café; something masquerading under the name of tea for those of us who cannot endure caffeine; a wedge of black bread. Turkey does not breakfast much more heartily than Latin Europe. All the loungers of the town, gaping, yet not particularly discourteous, if at all. The one automobile-owner, seeing his opportunity, eager to fleece us; refusal. An araba—filled with bundles of long grass that promised a morning superior to any Pullman journey—and hardly a mile from town before the remains of a Ford we had hoped never to see again bounced blithely into sight behind us and demanded its contractual rights to take us back to Kaiserie and Talas.

CHAPTER XVIII

A NATION ON PAROLE

ALTHOUGH I had spent two hours in the overcrowded old police station of Angora, and delivered up eight alleged likenesses of my title-page, before being permitted to go to Kaiserie, the sad experience, including eight more photographs, had to be repeated before I could leave there for Constantinople. In fact, had I moved in and out of Angora daily . . . no, that would be impossible, since an intervening day at the police station is always necessary, and it is closed on Fridays . . . let's say, then, three times a week, which is the very best any foreigner not specially favored by Kemal and his clique can do, it would have cost me eight pictures each time, to wit: 1248 photographs a year —to say nothing of the other ends of the journeys. Naturally, one assumes that the police get a rake-off from photographers; and the Gazi's bungalow is probably papered with the passport-sized portraits of foreigners so unwise as to travel, or try to travel, in Turkey. Even that, of course, would not account for anything like the number of photographic slanders that pour into Turkish police stations; perhaps the children of officials make collections of distressed foreigners as American boys do (or at least did) of cigarette-package actresses and ball-players.

Certainly the foreigner in Turkey is rarely permitted to lose sight of the fact that he is only a visitor on suffrance. Tourists who drop into Constantinople on a cruise, but sleep on shipboard, carry off, among other more or less worthless things, the false impression that it is easy to travel in Turkey now. But the foreigner who spends a night on shore knows better. He must declare himself in Pera, then hunt up the police station in the Sublime Porte (which is not a harbor, as many of us fancied, but the building housing the Foreign Office) over in Stamboul when he wishes to remain, to travel in, or to leave the country again. He must call upon the police within a day or two of his arrival at and before his departure from any place he stops in Turkey. He cannot remain anywhere without a permis de séjour, an identity or residence card. Even our officials holding diplomatic passports are expected to apply for this right to exist, to report themselves to the police and ask permission whenever they wish to travel within the country, diplomatic immunity notwithstanding! Impossible to move hand or foot without police permission, no matter how great one's hurry or reason for traveling. Now that our rights under the capitulations have been ruthlessly snatched from us, one may see in Turkey what the loss of extraterritoriality will do to foreigners in China.

No matter how often a foreigner enters a police station, complete data concerning him are laboriously entered, by policemen neither fitted for nor fond of the job, clear across two acre-wide pages in one or more huge ledgers, his photograph decorating the beginning of each such entry. Wherever he spends the night, unless it be with friends or on the ground along the trail, a long account of his peculiarities must be prepared for the police. Since the Government cannot afford to supply them, hotels must furnish their own forms for this obligatory and comprehensive registration; likewise the long form that must be made out and taken to the police station, along with the person described, before he can move on. In Constantinople the forms are in French as well as Turkish, and bear the notation that "the declarant is free to give the required information in the language he may desire." But in Anatolia they are in Turkish only and must be filled out in that language, so that the traveler must either hire an interpreter or impress into service some traveled Turk or foreign resident.

For under no circumstances will the police themselves help you; first of all, because they are almost sure to be supremely ignorant of foreign languages, and secondly, because all the official class, down to post-office clerks of both sexes, to the village station-master, pride themselves on such ignorance, to the extent of refusing to understand even though they studied a foreign language in the days of their youth; are, in fact, usually rude to any one who speaks to them in an alien tongue or even in faulty Turkish. Nor will officials take the trouble to tell you what police regulations require you to do, with the result that foreigners are often fined merely for not knowing Turkish; and if a stupid or tired or careless or spiteful policeman makes a mistake in filling out your permit, you suffer, not he.

One can, to be sure, do most of the police registering by proxy. In Constantinople the better hotels take care of these matters for their clients—at a price. Or the diplomatic or consular representatives of one's country are frequently charitable. But no one can ever be sure of not having to appear personally at police stations. Thus once, in Angora, our legation kavass could not tell the police behind the ledger the street and number of an American woman's residence, and was sent back to get it. The woman had none, since she lived in the outskirts of a small town in Massachusetts. But the Turks simply had to have street and number; they would not believe any foreigner could be without one, though most Turks are. They called the old lady to the police station to explain; they kept her there for hours, most of the time standing before a wicket, like a prisoner at the bar, jostled by the sweat-scented maelstrom which constantly eddies about it; for a full week they continued to question her, requiring her presence on every day except Friday, when government offices are closed.

Worse off than the rest of us are those whom the Turks consider "Christians," as distinguished from Protestants—Greeks and Armenians especially. The idea of nationality is so new to the Turks that they still mix it with religion; consequently, Greek or Armenian or Jewish Turkish subjects are in an entirely different category in the Turk's mind and archives than true Moslem Turks. By the terms of the Lausanne Treaty certain classes of these non-Moslem subjects can remain in Constantinople and its immediate environs; but rarely indeed is one of them permitted to enter Anatolia. A Greek born in Samsun was refused permission to go back there for even a few days' visit. The former manager of the Constantinople agency of the French tobacco monopoly finally got another job with an American tobacco company; but he had to be discharged because he had been hired to buy tobacco in Asiatic Turkey and, being a Christian, he could not get the travel permits necessary to go there. Moreover, let a Greek or an Armenian born in Turkey, or even a Moslem who was formerly a Turkish subject, present himself in Anatolia with an American passport and he will find how little his American citizenship is honored. Cases are known of American passports being disdainfully torn in two and thrown into the police waste-basket—and the holder, naturally, is still confined to Turkey. At best, the police will require such American citizens to show proof, other than the passport itself, that the facts therein set forth are true, instead of accepting, as is elsewhere the international practice, the word of the United States Government. Indeed, any Greek or Armenian American citizen may expect to have to offer other evidence than a passport that he was not born in Turkey and therefore does not owe the Turkish Government money in lieu of military service.

Of course any country has the right to make visitors suffer; have we not our own Ellis Island? But the Turks torture even themselves in their useless floundering. All these regulations would not be so much worse than some European powers indulge in, or did indulge in before the war, if the Turk were not so arbitrary, so stupid, so bull-headed, so unbusinesslike about it. I have no personal grouch in the matter, for with me they were usually prompt and polite —for Turkish officials—even though I had almost always to wait hours for some high official, unaccountably absent, to scratch his initials on the permit I finally got by prancing back and forth among all the offices within a police station. Being of a race whom power intoxicates, the police are dizzy with their authority since the repudiation of the capitulations; these simple fellows in uniform cannot refrain from showing the haughty foreigner, the hated unbeliever, the despised ghiaur (outsider, now especially a Christian) that they have the power to keep him waiting or trotting from place to place as long as they may choose. And among the Turk's other childish traits is an insatiable curiosity; hence his police restrictions are partly in order to be able to stick his nose into every one's business. Curiosity keeps all who are within reach peering over the shoulder of the policeman making entries regarding your personal status.

It is true that even in the days of capitulations foreigners were expected to have permits to travel or live in Turkey.

But the thoroughness of present arrangements (to use only a kindly word), which developed during the war, is particularly irksome, at least to one whose goings and comings, in some sixty countries, have seldom been officially hampered. These arrangements have continued long after they seem necessary, partly because it is difficult to find other sinecures for employees who have grown old and cynical in government service, who have come to depend on foreigner-tallying for a livelihood. It is said that things have improved. After all, everything is relative. Old foreign residents will tell you that at least there are now no spies calling upon them within an hour after your arrival, to ask all about their guest, as in the days of Abdul Hamid. (No, indeed; now the tables are turned and the traveler must do his own calling.) Not long ago one had to get permission from Angora, no matter where one happened to be. The police could telegraph there—at your expense—but even that was not likely to make things move with vertiginous celerity. But even now, in no country in the world, so far as I know it, except perhaps in Soviet Russia, is the traveler called upon to waste more time waiting for permission to wait for transportation, than in Turkey; and the traveler there is perpetually pestered by the police, in addition to the porters, cabmen, hotel runners, guides, and a plethora of similar nuisances common to most foreign countries.

The sultans are gone, let's hope forever, and no one cares whither. Yet the Turks are still a police-ridden, downcast lot of forced hero-worshipers. The whole nation has the aspect of prisoners on parole. For it is not merely foreigners or non-Moslem Turks who must have their papers in order: every one except peasants on short journeys within their own district is required to show at least a birth certificate. It seems to be the purpose of all government officials to make life as disagreeable as possible, not only to foreigners but to their own people. Mainly military-minded men, these fellows who have to do with passes, permits, and the like; and, as an educated and traveled Turk put it: "Each one thinks he should make a fuss, though not one of them knows what he is making all the fuss about."

The Turk has long been notorious as a paper-scribbler; bad bookkeeping and lack of system are inherent in his soul. Come back to a police station two weeks after a foreigner has been so laboriously and voluminously registered and photo-pasted there, and the chances are that the police can find you no trace of him. Yet even the Columbia-graduated Turk who so kindly piloted me through the labyrinth at Angora could not see how useless and wasteful all this absurdity is.

Travel permits must usually be shown before one can buy a railway ticket. On the train a soldier examines the permits of soldiers, a policeman those of all other passengers, usually taking up the foreigner's permit, so that he will be marooned until he calls for it at the police station of his destination. The train policeman carries a mammoth ledger, across the long pages of which he makes laborious entries in pencil, with two carbon copies. You must tell again, though you are sure every living Turk already knows it all by heart, not only your name, your parents' names—though they may never have heard of Turkey—place of birth, nationality, profession, object of your journey, length of time you expect to remain in the locality to which you have permission to proceed, where you expect to go next, and similar personal affairs to the end of patience, but must even name the hotel at which you intend to stop, though you may have no idea whether or not your destination boasts a hotel. Let your papers be out of order in the slightest degree, and you will incontinently be put off, sent back by the next train under guard or turned over to the police of an intermediate station, and very likely be held a fortnight or more before you are allowed to pay the inevitable fine and plead for new permission to move on.

The daily Angora-Constantinople "express" is made up of excellent German cars, well heated, electric-lighted, with comfortable side-corridor compartments (though in third-class the seats are as hard as elsewhere, and there is wash-water only) ; but it does not sin with what Lawrence, the wartime scourge of the Turks, calls the lustfulness of moving swiftly. Furthermore, I left Angora at the beginning of the Moslem holiday of Curban Bairam, and as Constantinople is the Mecca of all who can afford it during that period, there were far too many passengers, though the half-rates that were to be in vogue throughout Turkey for ten days did not begin until midnight. Fortunately my vagabond temperament had overcome my Scottish characteristics, for next day there were hundreds of would-be travelers who could not even crowd into the train. Yet, thanks to their undeveloped —or atrophied—business sense, the Turks apparently never thought of running another train, though the one plying to and from Kaiserie was held in the Angora station by washouts along the new line and might easily have made the journey to the Bosphorus and back before it could set out on its regular run again.

Night soon settled down; somehow we lived through it. With daylight the scene had changed. Bare, treeless, stony central Turkey was gone. One does not realize how dry and verdureless the plateau of Anatolia—most of the eastern end of the Mediterranean, in fact—is until one gets down here on the coast, where all manner of vegetation, from thistles to roses, give the landscape an almost American aspect. We were rambling along between towering gray-rock precipices beside a tiny river, mountains covered with trees crowding down to the track; no more glaring bareness, swirling dust, cracking nostrils; even the air was moisture-laden, like that of my own country. Maples in new leaf; the narrow valley that here and there elbowed the mountains aside was fertile and green as if we were a thousand miles from the dismal interior.

The cherry season was at its height during my month in Turkey. At any station along here, on the way down to Haidar Pasha that morning, splendid cherries sold at five cents a quart, even to a foreigner; they were ten times that in Angora, by the way. Many men sleep outdoors in fertile regions at this season, to guard their ripening crops, and here such men were now emerging from bundles of quilts on the ground or from makeshift shelters of leaves and the like raised on pole legs above it.

Within the train, yokels and ragamuffins stood in the third-class corridor, gazing half wonderingly, half covetously at the few women with uncovered faces within the glass-doored compartments, grinning and nudging one another wherever a woman sat with men or showed any signs of life toward male travelers. A French-speaking Turk was giving me the Turkish version of the Greek retreat from Asia Minor, the story of Anatolia since the armistice. In the telling, none of the Christian nations involved were having honors heaped upon them.

The French and the British, you may remember, made during the war a secret treaty or understanding by which Cilicia was to go to the French. The English conquered that region and ruled it without trouble, almost without soldiers, following their usual method of appointing one high-hat to overawe the simple natives, instead of displaying military force. They played no favorites, maintained their racial aloofness. But when the French came, they brought with them an army of Armenian rabble bent upon wreaking vengeance on the Turks. These were given three days of unrestricted looting in Tarsus, for example—a point on which American missionaries agreed with my Turkish informant. With the French came brothels; their doctors preached the doctrine that it is injurious to males beyond the age of puberty to refrain from sexual intercourse. True, Turkish boys have a similar impression. They have long made use of the servant-girls in the house (Armenian, Greek, Circassian, Jewish half-slaves, of whom there are still many in Turkey). No stigma is attached to boys, or for that matter to men, for thus taking advantage of even Mohammedan servants, so long as it is within their own homes. But public brothels were another matter; they violate Moslem custom. There were comparatively few public prostitutes in the olden days, and these were mainly in and about Constantinople, and were Christian or Jewish, rarely Moslem women. Under the French there were brothels within shot-tossing distance of the American Girls' School in Adana.

In money matters, the Turk insisted (and American residents had already testified to the same effect), the French were more corrupt than the officials of the sultans. They took bribes for anything and everything. Well knowing that they could not long hold what is now southern Turkey, they milked it while they could. Then, to revenge themselves on the British for backing the Greeks, the French made a secret agreement with the Kemalists, hoping to win their goodwill for the future, and, having promised the Armenians on their honor, at eight o'clock one evening, that they would not leave them to the mercy of the Turks, they secretly withdrew that very midnight. How the betrayed Armenians of Aintab, Marash, and adjoining regions tried to follow the

French troops in a blizzard and most of them lost their lives along the way was, of course, an old story. So, too, the contention that the Greeks, having been given Smyrna and the rich region about it, thrust themselves far into the interior under the impression that Great Britain, which had been urging them on, would help them out, only to discover too late that they were a mere cat's-paw.

Yet the Turks despise and hate the French, according to others besides this articulate fellow-traveler; though just now they fear the Italians most, because they are convinced that Mussolini is watching his chance to use the island of Rhodes as a spring-board and grab a large slice of the shrunken mainland still left to the Turks. The French-speaking passenger appealed to the rest of the compartment on this score and was unanimously upheld, as he was, also, on the universal Turkish contention that the Greeks not only burned Smyrna themselves but are cowards as well as rascals of the first magnitude. The friction point between the Christian and the Moslem worlds still needs a great deal of lubricating.

No foreigner may get off at Ismid, a strictly military zone, though from the train we could see in the harbor the old German *Goeben* (now the *Yawuz*) and the *Hamidieh,* of World War fame. You may recall that even the round-the-world fliers were compelled to go many miles out of their way in order not to fly over Ismid. On along that blue inlet from the Sea of Marmora known as the Gulf of Ismid, the luxuriance of the vegetation roundabout suggested an almost subtropical land. A wooded country of many towns, unpainted frame houses everywhere, their drabness relieved by red-tile roofs more or less toned down by age. Climbing roses, flowers of many kinds (commonly in whitewashed oil-tins converted into vases, or in worn-out pots or hanging pails) joined the brilliant sunshine in an all but successful effort to beautify the clapboarded, weather-blackened houses —built of wood because the forested shores of the Black Sea, especially the northern and Russian shore, long furnished this material in abundance; unpainted because the ancient Turk custom of putting on as bad a front as possible to the tax-gatherer is still ingrained in character and custom. If the new Government of Turkey is all it purports to be, the shores of the Bosphorus should now be a happy hunting-ground for snappy paint salesmen capable of wagging their tongues in Turkish.

Villages thicker and thicker, then continuous. A very modern station, bearing the name of Haidar Pasha and swarming with porters wearing on their backs the rounded straw-and-leather load-support, itself some fifteen pounds in weight, necessary to the peculiar Turkish form of burden-bearing; and at last a ferry, a better ferry than our own metropolis boasts, on which one paid five cents to cross from Asia to Europe, to disembark at noon on one of the steel pontoons upholding the bridge across the Golden Horn.

CHAPTER XIX

DEMOTED CONSTANTINOPLE

IT happened that in all my travels I had never before been in Constantinople. Or, rather, I had spent twenty-four hours there, sleeping on board ship, on my way to Alexandria three months before. Hence I had the usual hurried-tourist impression of Turkey and its famous ex-capital to contrast now with what I had seen and heard and smelled during my journey through Turkey itself.

Beautiful as is the first view of the Queen of the Bosphorus, her hills, particularly of Stamboul, crowned with mosques that are much more striking than our churches, the newcomer is sure to be shocked by the shabbiness and lack of color of the Constantinople of to-day. Wooden ruins, especially on the Asiatic side, hang all along the Bosphorus, many of them unoccupied. Somehow the experienced traveler comes to think of frame houses as peculiar to the United States; and though we have all heard that the Turk never paints a house, the first proof of that fact is little short of startling. But at least seeing is believing. Over in treeless interior Turkey, where buildings are most likely to be of mud bricks, this absence of paint is less noticeable.

The cafés were full of men, that first time I landed in Constantinople. True, it was Thursday evening, the Saturday night of the Moslem world, but the coffee-house is popular at all hours of any day in Turkey. Men only, of course, and in almost all cases in caps, so that each crowded smoke-filled room behind windows sometimes of plate-glass suggested a congress of laborers. But all were sober, abstemiously sipping harmless drinks while they played nothing more reprehensible than dominoes.

I had always thought of Constantinople, especially Stamboul, as very intricate, Oriental, adventuresome; yet I wandered for hours entirely alone that first evening, and could not even get lost, to say nothing of robbed, kidnapped, or violated. In the night the great hilltop mosques of Stamboul, a mass of smaller domes about the main one, like chicks peering out from beneath a hen, had circles of electric lights about the one, two, or three muezzin-galleries of their two, four, in one case six, pencil-slender minarets. Few of the electric signs of Broadway, even along the Grande Rue de Pera; but there was a large one of unknown import (being, of course, in Turkish) draped between the minarets of famous St. Sophia. To judge by the general air of modernization that hovers over old Stamboul, it was probably the announcement of to-morrow's snappy sermon, with orchestral music and colored lights, by the Rev. Hodja Abdul So-and-So. Or it may have been calling attention to the priceless virtues of chewing-gum. Posters announcing "La Grande Parade" and Charlie Chaplin in his latest picture (one had to think a moment before recognizing it under its French disguise of "La Ruée vers l'Or"), the commonplace street cars, filled with commonplace European-looking men and women, helped one to throw off the romantic Oriental complex and return to drab every-day normal.

On the Sunday . . . I mean Friday . . . morning following, all shops were closed, though open-air Sabbath markets were flourishing about the great mosque at the Stamboul end of the Galata Bridge. Jews must keep open shop on Saturdays, and Christians on Sundays, at least for an hour or two

—evidently to show who is boss. But Fridays are dead; even the N.E.R. office would be fined three hundred Turkish pounds if it opened on that day. You cannot even get your hair cut on Friday, though you can get anything on Sunday. That first day in Constantinople was painfully like an English, or at least a New England, Sabbath. A late report tells us that the Constantinople Chamber of Commerce has suggested to Kemal that Sunday instead of Friday be made the Turkish Sabbath, so that the country will be more "civilized." Why not steeples and bells also, instead of the minaret and the chanting muezzin?

Good electric street cars everywhere in Constantinople, even now and then on Fridays; two or three cars linked together, usually, first and second class hardly distinguishable except by the further subdividing of an already low fare. Tickets in French as well as Turkish, and frequently called for by inspectors. Crowded to clinging invisibility on Thursday evening, women standing while men sat, modern fashion, even as in New York and, 'tis said, some other American cities. Huge plate-glass windows through which to see the sights—or to catapult or dive at a catastrophe in the maelstrom of traffic which the Sultana of the Bosphorus has achieved. But no smoking, no feet on seats, no passengers on the front platform, and almost certain arrest if you dare to step on or off at any but a regular stopping-place. People do jump on and off, none the less; laws may well become too numerous to enforce, if not to mention, and in this sad respect the new Turkey is very much like our own dear land. Amusing to find American residents who forget the sanctity of law in a sudden burst of Americanism, looking cautiously about to see if some policeman has beheld their dastardly act. For to get into the bad books of the Turkish police is an endless, perhaps a costly, sometimes an insulting or even a physically painful affair, a Turkish jail a fine place to keep out of, as more than one foreigner has discovered since the denouncing of the capitulations. But on the whole, perfect order, absolute obedience to laws, no matter how numerous or how absurd, as befits the disciplined, unimpulsive Turk character.

The vast difference between the United States and Turkey, in the pace of life, is symbolized by the contrast of the rushing, jostling crowd in our subways and the leisurely, aloof stream of individuals, dressed quite like a New York crowd, leaving one of the tunnel trains that connect Galata with higher Pera. Yet Heaven knows the taxis of Constantinople are wild enough. French fashion, there are almost no sidewalks, and such as there are often shrink to a bare foot of width; yet sidewalk hogs will do their best to push you off into the death-dealing maelstrom, so that the mere pedestrian has even less hope of attaining respectable old age than in American cities. Constantinople's taxis are splendid new open cars, with the tops down, in no way different from a private car except for the taximeter—in Turkish, of course, but one can soon learn to recognize true Arabic numerals. What becomes of these cars after the bloom of early youth wears off I cannot tell you, beyond reporting that they do not ply for hire in the streets of Constantinople.

Fiats are somewhat in the majority, though all the well-known American cars (looking foolish with the inevitable string of blue beads about the radiator cap to avert the evil eye) are numerous. Noisy beyond any untraveled American's conception, however, being not only fitted with bulb horns but deprived of mufflers, and dropping into second speed at the least suggestion of a hill; both, it is contended, ways of economizing on gasoline, which is high in the Near East, proximity of many famous oil-fields notwithstanding. Usually an extra man on the off seat, as in most over-manned countries, assistant, "secretary," as they call him in Rio, mere conversational companion, or added strength in case of a recalcitrant fare. Maroon licenses with white numbers this year; white licenses for government officials and deserving Kemalists.

Traffic cops in bright-red firemen's helmets, the wide belt and the collar ends also red, stand on cement islands, waving, like an orchestra conductor's baton, a red-and-white wand which might easily be mistaken for a mammoth stick of candy. But all this was soon to be changed: policemen handling traffic were to wear a white glove covering the right arm to the elbow, to use whistles only to stop cars (until now these signals might mean almost anything, including an Asiatic love of unnecessary noise on the part of the officer); and, as in most American cities now except such rural places as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and a few other bucolic hamlets, pedestrians will be expected to obey traffic signals, on pain of . . . well, I hope I have already impressed upon you the wisdom of keeping clear of the Turkish police.

Drivers' licenses granted a bit carelessly, perhaps, for all the strictness inherent in Turkish regulations. At least here is, in brief, a sad little tale from the French as it is written in Constantinople's several (and, unfortunately, uncombined) newspapers for her foreign residents. It is entitled "Les Méfaits d'un Chauffeur"; and if you think the title overdrawn, have the patience to listen:

> Auto No. 588, driven by the chauffeur Osman, and going from Harbié toward Chichli [sections of Constantinople] in trying to avoid a street car made the wrong maneuver and crashed into it, with considerable damage to both sides. Losing all presence of mind, the chauffeur then put his machine in reverse—and knocked down the tinsmith Ahmed and his comrade Abdulrahman Mehmed, who were seriously injured. Osman, now completely insane, gave a still harder jump forward—and smashed

in the front of the mutton-shop opposite. In attempting to retire from this unfortunate pass he forthwith dashed into and greatly damaged the grocery of Aristidi. Thence he reversed and slammed into a bakery, ruining the front of it. The car having by this time been so injured that it in turn refused to do further damage, came to a halt and ceased to continue its disordered career. The inquest made by the police has proved that the chauffeur Osman was not intoxicated, and that all his misadventures resulted from his false maneuvers. His license has been taken away and his case laid before the magistrate's court.

A cynic might almost suspect that Osman was not experienced in driving a car. But, after all, the sad story tells as much of the tight fitting of Constantinople's street corners, in this automobile age, as of any undue leniency in issuing drivers' licenses. Moreover, it is a commentary on Turkish character in emergencies. No doubt Osman was absent from the streets, chauffeurically speaking at least, for some time to come; but if so, I am certain that I many times saw his twin brother driving a taxi about Constantinople.

Turkey is said to be on the verge of the mechanical revolution that befell Egypt some time ago. In fifty years, it is contended, hand-workers will be out of employment—even as carriage-drivers almost are now, because of not progressing with the times and lowering their fares to compete with automobiles; which they probably could not do and still feed both themselves and their already very ribby horses. Perhaps that is progress. At any rate, the automobile has visibly more to do with the break with the past in such lands as Turkey than any other form of advance; and it has emphasized the division of castes; has brought back in this respect the days preceding the French Revolution. Less evidence of this, outside the slums, in our own land, because in the United States almost any bootblack owns a car; but it is very noticeable in such places as the Near East, where men are cheaper and more plentiful than motor-power.

Constantinople has gone to the dogs, from the tourist point of view. In the good old days, for instance, the firemen were volunteers, and while a house burned they sat down with the owner over coffee or water-pipes and bargained about how much he would pay them to save it. Now, alas, there is a good professional fire department, with red helmets and everything. One might babble on at length, giving other examples of tourist-cheating improvements from the drab and commonplace West. Turkey has no more compunction now than her relative Egypt about shutting up all her side-shows (as during the week-long holiday of Curban Bairam, which is about to burst upon us) after you have paid admission (in the form of six dollars and sixty cents' worth of passport visa, at least) to the country. Nor does she give entr'acte or rain checks, any more than she hesitates in ruthlessly deleting, without so much as consulting the audience, some of the best bits of the main show itself.

Gone to the dogs, did I say? Nay, even the dogs are gone from Constantinople. No longer are the streets and open spaces of the former capital filled with the countless nests of sleeping (daytime only) curs for which it was once famous, and which made it so much more picturesque to romantic people. In the halcyon years of not so long ago the city was divided among dog gangs, just as our American cities are allocated by groups of young toughs or rival bootleggers. The deportation of one of the most interesting, not to say diligent, species of her population, has sadly reduced the tourist attractions of ancient Byzantium.

But that reform preceded many recent ones; it may, in fact, be said to have been the entering wedge of that flouting of the tourist which has now been carried to the nth degree —wherever that is. Way back in 1910 the street dogs were transported, free of charge, to the barren island of Oxia, which, unless your eyes have grown dim in the service of your fellow-man, you can faintly see from any high point in town, out in the blue Sea of Marmora. There they proceeded incontinently to eat one another up. Just what happened to the last survivor is not recorded. But Oxia itself is now free of dogs, say those rare persons who have been within dog-howling distance of it.

Possibly not the ideal way to handle canine nuisances; but at least an improvement upon having them in charge of the town; and the only feasible Mohammedan way, since to kill them would have been close to sacrilege. The British, ungodly future denizens of the nether regions, shot many dogs during the Allied guardianship of Constantinople after the war, and to-day the Queen of the Bosphorus has few such pests indeed for an Oriental city. I saw two during my first visit; remember none at all on my second, ten-day sojourn. To be sure, they were heard now and then, especially during those few small hours when the uproar dies down until one might otherwise almost fall asleep. But such as remain are owned dogs; the public ones are gone, and the plaints and complaints of dogs without masters, telling their sorrows to the moon between uproarious contests over the contents of too few garbage barrels, are heard no longer.

But their human prototypes are still numerous. The city has its full quota of porters of cruel loads, its human as well as its four-footed donkeys. Whatever you wish transported, there is always a hamal within beck and call. (Once, by the way, an omniscient American editor "corrected" in the quintescence of his wisdom an article sent in from Turkey by changing the ignorant or careless writer's word "hamal," described as carrying a piano, to "camel." Perhaps the resultant pipe-dream is possible to the man at home, but for those of us who have seen him at work it is easier to visualize a Turkish street porter carrying a piano than to picture a camel doing so. Besides, there seem to be no camels left in Constantinople now, or elsewhere in Europe. The khans in which they once spent their nights have become warehouses or, worse still, mere business offices. Between you and me, editors, like the dogs of war, are very useful beings—so long as they are kept in leash.)

Under the management of an experienced French statistician (who was actually allowed to go even into the eastern end of Anatolia), Turkey took her first census just after I left Constantinople. All persons were kept within doors, in some cases—Constantinople, for example—for twenty-four hours, until the formality was over. Not a boat moved on the Bosphorus, not a footstep resounded in the streets, except those of a rare policeman or the census-takers, until the signal (a cannon-shot) told the people that their imprisonment was ended. The result was not perfect, at that; for that 1927 census, "showing for the first time in history the exact number," reported the population of Turkey as 14,000,000. It credited Angora with 75,000, of whom 49,500 were males and 25,000 females . . . the rest no doubt hamals. Constantinople showed 850,000, females predominating. Later, and probably more correct, official figures were 669,602. Yet in 1920, in the gala days of Allied intervention following the war, the city astride the Bosphorus claimed 1,100,000 inhabitants.

Empty houses are many; open spaces galore. Yet for all its vacancy one is struck by the oversupply of men, perhaps even more so than in the cities of Syria. Bootblacks by the thousand; those sit-down-while-the-customer-stands-up bootblacks of the Near East, with their bells and other means of impressing upon the self-conscious the state of their footwear. Sturdy men trying to sell tray-loads of ring-shaped bread and other childish trifles; swarms of men doing petty or useless things, or nothing at all, though the country sadly needs cultivators and industries. Is it the satisfied contentment of the Orient or merely resignation? The overplus of man-power is typified by the always more or less crowded coffee-houses. Men sit discouraged in the cafés; men come to their favorite lounging-place at eight in the morning, strip off their coats, and settle down to all day at dominoes or checkers. And if they do work, it is preferably not at productive labor. A youth who won an aviation-lottery prize immediately gave up his barbering and started a store, not a shop of craftsmen. To sell something rather than to produce something is their natural reaction, their chief ideal, where there are already so many, many more sellers than are needed.

While there are too many women also, their plethora is less conspicuous; at least one other means of livelihood is open to them. Few Moslem demi-mondaines even now, it is said; but many Russians, Greeks, Armenians, women from all the Balkans. Public women are medically examined twice a week, at least in theory; each must have a license, bearing her photograph, and a police permit, as for any other trade. But, as elsewhere, there are many privately engaged. Not only have morals loosened with the weakening of religion and custom, but the economic situation is worse since the demotion of the former capital; and there will evidently always be women who consider their "honor" less important than silk stockings and furs. Still, in Constantinople women of this class do not thrust themselves upon you as openly as in some other cities.

It is hard to remember—at any rate I found it so, until I went there—that Constantinople is not a southern city. It is as far north as New York, and is a noted summer resort. In the evening overcoats are welcome along the Bosphorus even in June, and in midsummer the climate is rarely oppressive. Somehow I had always thought of it as almost tropical, which is probably why I was so grievously disappointed not to find it more colorful, more picturesque, whatever that means to you.

Outdoor cafés and vaudeville performances before sipping and smoking audiences in the open air are a Constantinople specialty, though June itself is no tropical paradise when the damp evening air pervades the scene. From the time the sheet-iron shutters of her myriad shops come down with the noise of a battery of machine-guns, until one's sleep—broken by owned dogs, roosters, amorous cats, bulb-horned and mufflerless automobiles that sound like airplanes entering one's room, and the raucous-voiced street-venders who invade Pera at least with the dawn—is definitely ended by the new barrage of the reopening shops, most of the populace sits about rusty iron tables in scores of earth-floored roofless theaters. Only the foolish attempt to sleep during those liveliest hours. Others follow the crowd, perhaps to come wandering home at four in the morning, when sleepers lie like corpses after a bombardment about the streets of Stamboul, Galata, and the then obligatory climb to Pera. At least in the summer this hour just before dawn is the most delightful time of day in the city on the Bosphorus.

Or there is Yildiz Palace, built early in the century for the kaiser, by his dear friend and fellow-scourge, Abdul Hamid, and now rented by the municipality to an Italian Monte Carlo company. If you have seen the original Monte Carlo, you will find nothing missing here, and nothing new

—except the eunuchs. A dozen or more of these reminders of the old régime give their languid yet well-trained services to the palace and its clients. Black eunuchs these (or rather, because of their special preparation for service, gray-faced, like advanced victims of tuberculosis) ; there are said to be a few white ones in Constantinople, but either I did not see or failed to recognize them.

But it was a rare day when I did not run across at least one or two negro eunuchs. There were those two, for instance, who dropped in for the business man's lunch at Abdullah Effendi's, famous for its sheesh kebab, the alternately spitted cubes of mutton and liver that compose one of Turkey's best delicacies. They were faultlessly dressed in European style, might easily have been mistaken for successful brokers, as they strolled into the restaurant, handed their stiff straw hats to a respectful waiter, greeted and were greeted by friends and acquaintances. One felt rather than heard the sort of snicker beneath the surface that ran all through the place, even among those who greeted them; but except for that and their drawn, grayish faces there was no outward indication that they were in any way different from the rest of us.

Again, there was that one strolling about Scutari in his straw hat one morning, like a well-to-do suburbanite who need not go to the office unless he feels like it. Or again, that one in a workman's suit and cap hanging about the railway station over in Stamboul, whence trains go to Prague and Vienna, even to Berlin and Paris. Most of the eunuchs were evidently in the early thirties; all of them move so startlingly like steers that it is as easy to distinguish them from ordinary men as to tell an ox from a bull, even if their faces did not instantly betray them as far as the eyes can see clearly. Mansos (tame), as the Spanish say of animals use-

The Bosphorus

Every true Turkish family is expected to sacrifice a ram during Curban Bairam

The fat-tailed sheep of Asia is a great boon to pork abhorring Moslems and Jews less in the bull-ring, plainly with anything but a chip on their shoulders, for all their evident grouch against the rest of the world. Faces without a spark either of happiness or interest in life in them.

That laboring-class-looking fellow at the railway station wandered incessantly about it, from one place to another, dragging his heavily shod feet after him, as if he did not know what to do with the time hanging weightily on his hands, yet had not energy enough to sit still. Probably he was illiterate; and if you can neither read nor admire the pretty women, what on earth can you do in a railway station, impatiently waiting for a train?

Quite stone-hearted, says Constantinople of her eunuchs, without a tinge of humanity; sore on the world, though it is not very clear to them just what the world did to them in early boyhood; hate all mankind; highly sensitive about their condition, and very stupid—this last due, perhaps, as much to negro blood as to their misfortune. The modification of their masculinity does not appear to affect their physical growth; some are well over six feet, though bony and lanky, never plump and muscular; sinewy perhaps, yet incapable of hard physical labor; probably would be helpless as school-girls in a fight; are subject to bleeding from the stomach in their later years. Always misers; the only way to get a live response out of those still left at Yildiz Palace is by the distribution of generous largess. Some are rich—all of us could save money if we did not spend it on women and children! Yet some are married! The former "second entertainer" of Abdul Hamid has a beautiful wife and a fine home; they fell in love with each other when both were serving in the sultan's harem.

CHAPTER XX

THE TURK TAKES OFF HIS FEZ

EVEN if he missed his morning paper on the day it was news hot off the griddle, the really brilliant reader will perhaps already have discovered that the Turk has, by command of Kemal, thrown his sacred fez into the dust-heap. The red tarboosh has as completely disappeared from Turkey as the dinosaur. Constantinople is no longer a human rainbow; where once a colorful pageant streamed endlessly to and fro across the bridge uniting semi-European Galata and Pera with ancient Stamboul, there are now mere crowds of ordinarily clad people. Grand Street and Avenue A in our own metropolis equal, if indeed they do not outrank, in Oriental costumes the chief city of Mustafa Kemal Pasha's realm. For along with the tarboosh and the equally proscribed turban went the long male gowns, the embroidered jackets, brilliant vests, wide sashes, flowing trousers, and upturned shoes, the cloth-and-rope head-gear of the Turk-ruled Arabs—not to mention the more or less simultaneous arrival of the knee-length skirt and flesh-colored stockings. The result is an outdoor aspect ranging from the replica of a New York crowd, along the Grande Rue de Pera, to striking resemblances to Liverpool dock-wallopers in most other parts of the still Turkish remnant of the old Ottoman Empire.

There seems to have been no stern Kemalist order to do away with the sack-like trousers and slapping red slippers, but the Turk evidently has sense enough of the incongruous, the fitness of things, to realize that Occidental hats and caps do not go well with such adornments. Hence there is mighty little left of national costume among the men of Turkey. But the masses are not wealthy. The Gazi and his entourage may be able to afford the frock-coats that are eyesores compared with the graceful, dignified old flowing robes; the rank and file look as if they were dressed in the second-hand or cast-off clothing of Europe; which is, indeed, largely the case. Like everything else—houses, streets, towns, stony landscape, the whole land of Turkey—the garments of all but the favored few have a run-down, unrepaired look. The average gathering of Turkish men suggests a tramp convention; no American bread-line or hobo "jungle" could outdo the patched and ragged near-European garb now in vogue in the more backward sections of the country.

The traveler so fortunate as to visit Turkey on the morrow of the overnight change, by dictatorial decree, from Near Eastern to near-Western head-covering will run across many amusing details on this important subject. But for the dread of boring the serious-minded, I might pause to mention a few of them. When the tarboosh-exeunt order broke upon the astounded nation, there was what the educated Turk calls in his second language a crise de chapeaux. Such stocks of European hats as were on hand disappeared like the first snow on a heated sidewalk. In Constantinople, "Why, one paid four, even five pounds for a cap, and as high as six or seven for a hat!" (Caps at two dollars and hats at three were naturally more surprising to the Turks than to the habitual victims of American prices.) Nearly any substitute for Western head-gear was acceptable, for the Moslem considers it almost sacrilegious to appear in public bareheaded. In the interior, women's hats in the whole gamut of styles of the past decade sallied blithely forth on male heads. Usually it was a typically Oriental merchant's means of foisting old shop-worn wares upon an unsuspecting clientele; but there were cases in which the purchaser knowingly accepted the mis-sexed article rather than appear with uncovered head among his gibing fellow-countrymen on the dawning of the new era; and still other cases in which the merchant himself may have been innocent of any knowledge of sex-distinction in hats.

Or, take the case of that famous muezzin of the late caliph's mosque near the Dolma Batché imperial palace on the Pera side of the Bosphorus. His magnificent dignity of costume and deportment had long been as celebrated as the splendid barytone voice in which he called to prayer the few faithful still left in that part of the city. Naturally, Americans living in an apartment-house on the cliff above, who had been known to rise early for the mere pleasure of seeing him at his vocal labors in the minaret within biscuit-tossing distance of them, looked down upon it with special interest on that fateful morning following the decease of the time-honored head-covering. And as there emerged into the waist-high opening to the minaret gallery a slinking being, wearing a 1900-model derby pulled far down over his ears, and the pawnshop garb that goes with it on the vaudeville stage, the shock was almost too great to be borne. No wonder the victim himself seemed to have lost, in a surge of inferiority complex, all but a reminiscent echo of a voice that the operatic stage might once have been proud to feature.

Since then the ecclesiastical classes have had their sentence commuted; mullahs, hodjas, and iman who are licensed may wear a white turban wrapped about, not, indeed, a red, but a brown fez of squat shape, and the robe which naturally goes with it. Among the soft-fisted, sophisticated classes the hat has come into its own, along with sack suits and shoes made in Massachusetts; among countrymen and the hand-working or non-working classes the cap is the almost universal successor of the forbidden fez. Queer contraptions still flourish, however; in some places the material of which fezzes were made has been dyed a less conspicuous color and reshaped into something more or less resembling a hat, occasionally with a flower in the band thrown in for memory's sake.

For those of us who have known them since childhood, it is difficult to realize that hats and caps are not instantly adaptable and comfortable. That there is a natural fore and aft to them was not immediately apparent to Turkish perspicacity. Even to-day, after two years of practice, something like six Turks out of ten, at least on the Asiatic and less sophisticated side of the Bosphorus, will be found with the vizor of the cap on the side of the head, or protecting the nape of the neck. Not entirely from ignorance, either: when a man has worn a fez for many generations, an awning over hitherto unshaded eyes may be annoying. For this reason some Turks prefer the boina or beret.

Government employees were first ordered to discard the fez. Then, when that sacrilege did not produce a counter-revolution, all men were commanded to do likewise. Crowd psychology was true to form: in 1922, when the Greeks were driven out of the country, hats (which even Christian Turks had hopefully adopted in Allies-ruled Constantinople) were kicked about the streets; two years later the same brothers-under-the-skin of the straw-hat-smashers of our own land were kicking fezzes about. The discarded head-dresses were burned, sold for the felt in them, used in all manner of ways. It is easy to imagine what the thousands of fez-makers in Turkey thought of the Head-dress by Decree. Most of them have gone to Syria, Palestine, Egypt, for few were adaptable enough to change their trade, even to the making of the queer felt hats now in vogue in the interior. But even a Turk will learn, sometimes; caps are now being made in considerable quantity, and sold at a fraction of European prices. It is a reminder of the past that those most in demand are ruffled like a choppy sea.

I saw three red fezzes in all Turkey: one on a small boy in the country, one on an actor in a slap-stick comedy in an outdoor beer-hall; one on an Egyptian leaving his embassy on an official errand. By a remarkable paradox due to a whim of foreign diplomats and diplomaniacs, the Turkish attendants who guard the gates of the embassies of the Western nations retain the old native dragoman dress, like the kavasses of Jerusalem's conservative sects. But like the hodjas, all such fez-wearers have to carry with them a long document or license, similar to the tissue-paper travel permit. Egyptians and the like engaged in their country's service have diplomatic immunity to wear the tarboosh that is their national pride, almost their national flag, just as diplomats in our own fair land have the right to bring in or serve liquor. Yet on unofficial occasions few of these take advantage of their special privilege. They do not care to be the cynosure of all eyes, the target perhaps of street urchins, or to have a policeman stop them every block or two to ask by what right they wear the forbidden conspicuous head-dress of another era.

Turkish soldiers abound in the streets of Constantinople, and it is their officers who reap the benefit of the new sartorial order. For whereas military uniforms had formerly to compete with the comic-opera stage costumes of civilians, now they stand out from the sea of shabby suits and caps like the importance they represent; have become the most striking of the human displays, almost the only color left in a Constantinople crowd. Two officers pausing in the street to shake hands resemble the heroes of a musical comedy at full-dress rehearsal against a background of stage hands. (By the way, did Moslems always shake hands, or is that still another of their many adopted Western customs?)

Now and then one may see a man in full European dress squatting on his heels on the sidewalk, waiting for street car or taxi. Like the smoking of the narghileh, this posture looked natural enough in the old flowing garb, but now, alas, dignity has fled from it. The water-pipe, by the way, has not yet disappeared from Turkey; perhaps that will be the next to fall beneath the frowning eye of Kemal. Somehow it does not look right to see a hookah manipulated by a Turk dressed in a ready-made suit that seems to have been bought at a marked-down sale. Nor do beads go well with masculine European dress. Congruous enough in the brown hands of an Arab in kafiah and robe, a rosary looks out of place in those of men dressed like you or me. Yet in Constantinople hundreds of men, outwardly indistinguishable from Europeans elsewhere, are incessantly telling their amber or ivory or imitation beads, with an annoying clicking that never ceases, as they make their way along the streets, ply their businesses, smoke their hubble-bubbles and rattle their dominoes in the coffee-houses. Nervous beads, for they have long since lost any religious significance whatever; mere time-killers, used by both Turks and Greeks, as well as most Moslems, perhaps the majority of men throughout the Near East; men only, almost laymen only, for women never and priests and hodjas and iman seldom carry them.

Nearly all tourists to Turkey come home with the sincere conviction that all her women have unveiled—for the simple reason that they see nothing but Constantinople, and in most cases only the more European sections of that. It is much the same story as the false impression that Chinese women have ceased binding their feet.

During twenty-four hours in Constantinople, on my way to the farther end of my six months' semicircle of the eastern Mediterranean, I saw not a single veiled woman, though I wandered far and wide in old Stamboul as well as on the more Europeanized side of the Golden Horn. If my later meanderings had not taken me through Anatolia, I should no doubt have come home with the same false information that is brought by other travelers. Later, during the fortnight which Constantinople merits from even the hurried traveler, I caught sight of a bare dozen veiled women, but by that time I was well aware that the widespread notion that the paternal government of Mustafa Kemal Pasha had commanded the women of "republican" Turkey to unveil was without full basis of fact.

Kemal has made many reforms affecting the status of Turkish women, but he has not yet succeeded in unveiling any great number of them. Though he has prided himself on his bachelor standing all his life, except for those few brief (?) months when the attractive young daughter of a Smyrna merchant-millionaire tried in vain to reform him, the Gazi seems to know women. Bachelors often do. Even so hard-fisted a man realized the futility of giving orders to the stubborn sex. All very well to command the fez scrapped overnight, to decree that after midnight of such and such a date no male Turk shall henceforth forever more don the almost sacred red tarboosh under which his ancestors have admired themselves for generations; but with women and the veil the case was different, the problem more serious, even to an absolute dictator. The meeker sex, the sex that still swelters and chokes itself in the tight collars and superfluous garments handed down from the Middle Ages or beyond, while the progressive portion of the race has advanced in comfort to within sighting distance of the Garden of Eden, is expected to take orders; or if, in one of his rare flashes of obstinacy or groping toward freedom, the mere male ordinarily so easily driven kicks over the traces, he may be suitably punished. A Kemal can hang men for refusing to lay off their fezzes—and has. But lowly as is the position of woman in the back of the majority of Turk minds even today, it would be a very renegade Moslem who would subject one of the veiled sex to any punishment involving physical contact or coercion.

No commands, then, in this one matter, only persuasion—under its modern nomenclature of propaganda. All the agencies of persuasiveness used by our great advertising geniuses, in the no doubt laudable effort to empty the contents of small pockets into larger, were turned in a mighty barrage upon the women of Turkey—and equally upon their men, of course. For, as in the case of the bound feet of China and the airy costumes and lip-sticks of our own sometimes fair ones, it is quite as much the sterner yet more dough-like sex that insists upon the retention of the absurd custom. The press, the movies, as far as these exist and are effective in Turkey, urgings by the national hero himself, example as personified in Turkish women who have lived abroad or been in close contact with Western ways, even the government radio monopoly, scanty as is its audience, were all impressed into the campaign. The women were bombarded with appeals to their pride, to their regard for health, to their patriotism, to their sense of the incongruous, of the more convenient, the more comfortable, with arguments to be turned upon their thick-headed menfolks; but the only hint of the mailed fist that has so far crept into the discussion was a decree that there must be no anti-veil propaganda, no talking against the abolition of the hidden face and the harem or behind-the-shutters conditions that go with it. Though it could not order the veil removed, the Government could at least forbid any open agitation against removing it, could order those who thought the reform wicked to keep their opinions to themselves.

But so far the propagandists have not had vertiginous success outside Constantinople and the official or traveled and more advanced classes in Angora and Smyrna. The conservatism of rural districts and the biting tongues of women —and men—of the innovation-hating masses are as powerful in Turkey as in the rest of the world. In spite of the prohibition against criticizing those who unveil, countrymen, villagers, and the less progressive classes in general have many subtle ways of persecuting the women who do. The result to date is that one may travel the length and breadth of Anatolia and rarely see a woman's face except in the new capital and the chief ports of Asiatic Turkey; see fewer faces, perhaps, than before the recent world upheaval, for now the Greeks and Armenians and other Christian and Jewish minorities, whose women veiled, if at all, only to escape embarrassing male scrutiny and perhaps insults in the Moslem sections, are gone.

Now that they are asked to unveil, there seems to be no great objection in such places as Constantinople—and few signs of any great necessity for ever having subjected themselves to this troublesome custom, unless it was to hide painful sights, such as bad teeth and unattractive complexions. For life must indeed be a burden to women who have to cover themselves in public like mummies, whatever the weather or their occupation, who must be forever clutching a cloth across their faces, when struggling with wind, conversation, recalcitrant offspring, or even more unwieldy burdens. An American woman who has lived most of her life on the Bosphorus insisted that the women hated the veil and were quite ready to relinquish it as soon as government support gave them a lever with which to pry loose the hardened minds of their husbands and fathers. She was, it turned out, speaking of Constantinople and the more nearly educated classes, with whom she has most of her contacts. But even among country and village women little by little the leaven is working.

An exception to the propaganda-only is that women of the official class everywhere were virtually compelled to unveil. Teachers, school-girls, feminine government employees can neither cover the face in any manner nor wear the old costume; to a large extent the wives and daughters of men in government employ had no choice but to follow suit. Yet while many of these are no doubt glad of the opportunity, the rarity with which they are seen in public in the smaller towns and villages of the interior suggests that either they disobey the order or appear as seldom as possible out of doors.

If we are sometimes startled at the swift advance in custom of our younger set, think what the last few years have been to conservative old Moslem ladies living in the ancient mansions along the Bosphorus. In the good old days of my former visit to the Near East, a man and his wife could not ride or walk together in public; at most she might trail a few yards behind him, while both pretended to be complete strangers. On trains or steamers, in hotels or other public places he led her by the hand to the toilet and stood just outside the door until she emerged. In street cars there were tightly curtained compartments for women, which no mere male might enter upon any pretext whatever, on pain of something little short of decapitation. It is barely three years since the pupils of the American Girls' School at Adana uncovered their faces—and made middy-blouse ties of the discarded veils. To-day male visitors are freely admitted to playground or classes, the girls play football in bloomers, race up and down the stone stairways like tomboys, just as young girls should; more of them have bobbed hair than braids; nay, more remarkable evidence still of a mighty change in point of view, they even take turns waiting on the faculty table!

There are now many bobbed heads in Turkey, it is said; but the male inquirer must take the word of feminine travelers or residents of his own race on this point, for he will see few of them. The curious part of the whole silly matter is that Mohammed never ordered the women of his faith to cover their faces. No doubt the custom which has spread over so large a part of Asia and Africa is due partly to desert sands and sun—in the Sahara even men, the Tuaregs, for instance, cover their faces. But the command to do so seems to have come from some later authority than the Koran, some Moslem pope or St. Francis. Yet there is something in the Moslem bible to the effect that women must not display their charms to strange men, and among those charms is the hair. Hence even in Constantinople, in government offices or the homes of government officials, one rarely sees an uncovered female head.

When we dropped in, one Friday afternoon, on a railway official at Talas, the Armenian servant-girl who caught sight of me behind the missionary woman who had long been a friend of the family and had always been admitted without delay, slammed the door in our faces, then opened it a crack to ask us to wait until her mistress could put on a cloak and cover her head. The husband was born in British-ruled

Cyprus and spoke English fluently; his wife was cultivated, keen on the new Turkey, dressed entirely in modern style. Once admitted, we stayed an hour or more, talking of such things as might be discussed in a New York drawing-room on Sunday afternoon, were served tea with surprisingly few slips from perfectly Western manners. But as long as we remained, our hostess kept her outdoor coat buttoned about her, and her hair, long since bobbed, wrapped in the new Turkish style of scarf-turban.

Bobbed or not, the Moslem women of Constantinople, otherwise indistinguishable in garb from the New York—or at least the small-town—flapper, wind about their heads a scarf in the form of a turban. It is simple and becoming, comfortable and convenient, matches the gown in color and texture, closely resembles the hats now worn by Western women, and has the added advantage of permitting husbands to smile sardonically at the milliners. But of course our own milliners would propagandize such a custom out of existence in three issues of our Sunday papers.

The older, more conservative, yet, with only rare exceptions, now also barefaced women of the former capital wear over their heads like a cape held together at the throat the black cloth that formerly covered them from head to foot. Some of them sit down in public to have their shoes shined; a decade ago they would almost as soon have submitted to public disrobing. They chat with men (though, to be sure, nearly always their own husbands or other close relatives) almost as if there were no vast gulf between the two sexes.

Yet most Turkish women still have the air of feeling rather daring, pioneer-like, and somewhat embarrassed at the attention they get, or think they get, though women's faces are no more news in Constantinople to-day than their knees are in the United States. Diffident with her unwonted exposure, many an unveiled woman involuntarily tries to clutch an invisible cloth about her chin at sight of a strange man; centuries of custom have made the gesture second nature. They have a manner reminiscent of the first women to appear in public in our own land in bloomers or riding-breeches —oh, incredible forwardness! Some of them look as a woman might who had volunteered or been forced to mingle in the street throngs minus her outer gown . . . in a dream, for instance. Rouge and lip-stick were, of course, natural to them long before the veil fell. Yet the curiously pale faces of women who have recently unveiled may be easily picked out in the throng. They have the look of patients just released from long months in hospital.

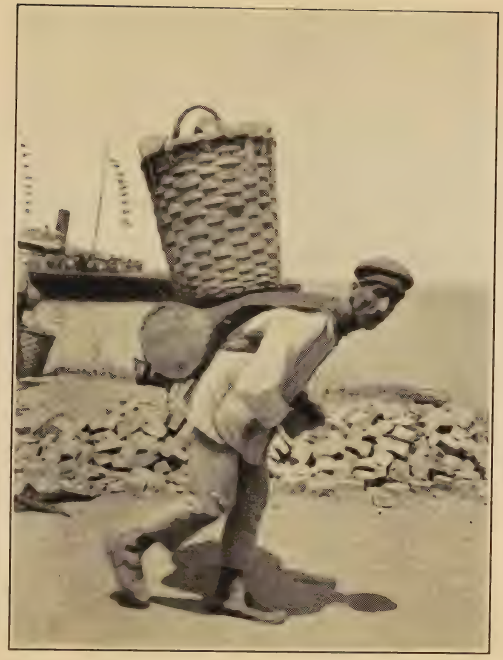
There are beautiful Turkish women who no doubt welcomed the new custom with glee; there are others to whom the old one was more becoming, more kindly, as the floor-sweeping skirts of the gay nineties were more charitable than are the styles of to-day to some modern grandmothers. Not a few Turkish women, with their kohl-black eyes and golden teeth, might advantageously have refused to listen to Kemalist propaganda; there are others who, even unveiled, are good to look upon, a few such faces as Admiral Louis Marie Julien Viaud of the vivid Gallic imagination, masquerading in his off hours as Pierre Loti, saw here a generation ago. But like most things of the imagination, the faces of many Turkish women were more beautiful in their hidden mystery than in the disillusioning light of day; just as Western styles at the other extreme reveal legs more plump than shapely. (The Turks are reputed to like 'em fat, though I've never met a man who admitted it.) It is evident, however, that nothing but a counter-revolution can prevent the next generation from completely uncovering its faces.

Pleasant, to be back on the European side of the Bosphorus, where women act and are treated as if they were human beings. Yet the visitor will soon find that even in Constantinople they are still rather a lowly form of being, that the position a mere woman occupies in the male Turk mind is far from flattering; for to this very day the great majority of Turkish men look upon the other sex with the eyes of Mohammed. The most polite of them stare at an attractive woman in what a modest though beautiful American described as "that undress-me European fashion." Along the narrow sidewalks of the Grande Rue de Pera, Turks who have the outward appearance of gentlemen more or less surreptitiously finger or pinch any comely young woman in modern garb who comes within reach of them. Not a few such women have had their bare arms slashed with knives or razors. The beautiful wife of an American relief worker, returning alone one afternoon to their apartment overlooking the Bosphorus, was struck twice across the shoulders by the whip of a carter riding down the street beside her. When she looked up in astonishment, expecting a humble apology for an unfortunate accident, she found him grinning libidinously and preparing to lash her again. No wonder the women of Pera look at every man, even a harmless American vagabond, as if we were all unmitigated scoundrels.

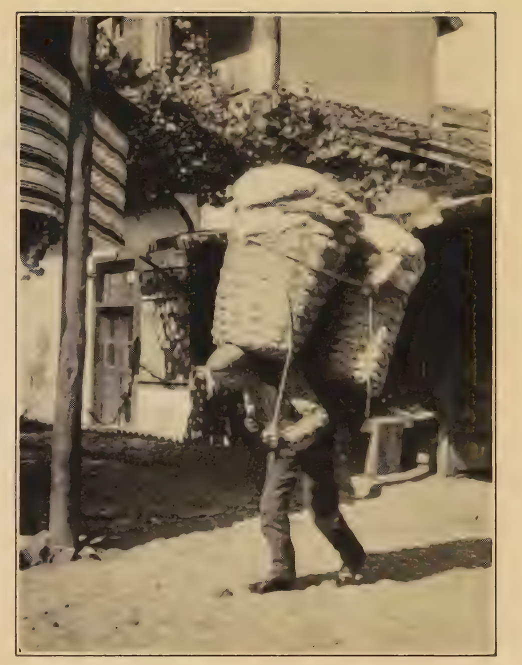
Yet things are changing. Turkish women submit to thorough examinations by male physicians, sometimes with the husband's permission. Formerly there was much suspicion, many popular tales about those nice white bed-tables in the inner office even of missionary doctors. Not a few Turkish men now wear a wedding-ring—on the right hand, German fashion. In Constantinople one may sometimes even see a man carrying the baby, while his unburdened wife clicks along in high heels behind, if not indeed abreast of him. Though she is still far from "emancipated," the Turkish woman is steadily progressing in that general direction.

Formerly it took the testimony of two women to equal in a law court that of one man. Under the sultans divorce was—for the man—simplicity itself, consisting in little more than a thrice-repeated "Get out of here!" addressed to a superfluous wife. But wives could not divorce their husbands on any grounds. That would have been like the horse selling his master. To-day the sexes are equal before the law in this and most other matters; the women of Turkey have at least reached the pinnacle which American women had at about the beginning of the present century. Divorce by either side is more difficult than in most American States, but it is no longer unilateral and is possible only with due process of law. The act of 1925 (which also abolished polygamy and required the registration of marriages) gave to the president the power to grant divorces; whereupon he promptly tried out his new authority by divorcing Latife Hanoum, his twenty-two-year-old wife, an advanced feminist. Rumor is divided as to whether she quit him because he dallied with mistresses as in his happy bachelor days or whether he tired of her efforts to reform him, to curb his drinking, and bade her begone; and though he is a Turk, Kemal is also enough of a Western gentleman not to tell.

In the good old days it was evidently as simple a matter to take on a new wife as to get rid of an old one; none of this long-drawn-out courting, squandering one's meager bachelor earnings on flowers, candy, theater tickets, chewing-gum, and so on to the verge of bankruptcy, which makes the last premarital year such a horror to the American swain. An Austrian girl born in Turkey tells me that ten minutes



A Turkish hamal—only a load of bricks



A Turkish hamal—only six bushels of cherries

No, not another Turkish atrocity, but a hamal, or public porter, of now fezless Constantinople, catching forty winks between jobs

A check-room outside a Constantinople mosque—modern head-gear and shoes or rubbers of both sexes after she met a Turkish man of wealth and position, on the sad side of fifty, he casually said to her:

"Look here, my wife is getting old. You are short but substantial. Now, if you will become my new wife I will give you a house of your own and all the diamonds you can wear."

He is still wondering why so handsome and unusual an offer was refused.

Behold the dreadful reverse of this charming picture: By the new law civil marriages were made obligatory after September 1, 1926. The legal age of consent was hoisted to the extraordinary Oriental height of seventeen for girls and eighteen for men. Public declaration of intention must be made two weeks before the ceremony.

"Now, if I wish to get married, I take my fiancée by the hand and go to the municipality and tell one of the clerks that we plan to get married. Two weeks later an employee of the municipality, a notary public, some government official, marries us. But we must bring the doctors' certificates and our photographs [naturally]; for we both have to have a medical examination by a government doctor, at least by a doctor approved by the Government. The man or the woman who enters into or the official who performs a marriage without certificates that we are both fit to be married is liable to fifteen years' imprisonment. The examinations? From head to foot; every inch of us. [So much for theory at least; in practice it is not likely that things have come to such a pretty pass in most parts of the country.]

"Then we are given a nice license to be man and wife, with our pictures on it. Of course after that we can call in the hodja and have a religious wedding, as in the old days. But we must have the Government's blessing anyway, for the hodja's ministrations have no legal standing whatever; and many a poor hodja is not getting the money he used to either. A foreign man can marry a Turkish woman, or the other way around; but the children must be Turks and Mohammedans; and the man cannot take the wife or the children to his church, nor can she take him to her mosque."

Though men may—within certain limits must—keep all the wives of whom a certain recent date found them possessed, the Turk is now monogamic, legally, if you are willing to let bygones be bygones. But the religious law still allows plural wives, hence the true Moslem may with a clear conscience take upon himself even a third or a fourth spouse. The only real change from the happy days of yore is that neither she nor her children will be legally protected. No doubt the man who still religiously adds wives to his burdens since the dead line set against such poor judgment, feels that times will soon change again, and that then the children can be legitimized—if he cares, which he probably does not, at least so far as the wife is concerned.

Like the prohibition of another common indulgence in our own land, the new law hit hardest the hard-working classes. In the cities few except the rich had plural wives; the average townsman could not support them and he did not need them. The city woman of the upper class was little more than a plaything whose only duties were to dress well, to eat and keep fat, and to serve her husband as mistress. Countrymen, on the other hand, commonly kept a wife on every farm, as slander has it a sailor does in every port. Having no other animals to do his work in the fields, the Turkish peasant had long been accustomed to gather new wives with new acreage. If fortune left him four farms, he had a wife in charge of each. If he had only one piece of land, he acquired wives enough to work it properly while he was away on his military service—that is, by the time he was twenty. To the countryman woman is still a chattel, a convenience, something on a par with his ox or his threshing-board.

The city man had already fallen more or less into the French, the continental European, or whatever you prefer to call the Western custom, in extra-marital relations; and with the new law this has naturally increased. A man with several wives, said a Greek scholar born in Turkey, is more likely to turn to prostitution than is the monogamist, because he is used to change and not to centering his thoughts on one woman. A Moslem wife of high social standing complained to an American woman residing in Turkey that she much preferred the old custom. For now her husband was unfaithful (unfaithfulness was, of course, impossible so long as a husband confined his attentions to his extra wives) and kept mistresses somewhere; whereas when he was permitted to bring his other wives into the house, she, the first wife, had some hand in their training and could keep them clean and otherwise watch over her husband's health and happiness. And apparently Turkish wives lived happily together in the old days. One often hears of several getting along very amicably under the same roof, the work naturally dividing itself according to circumstances and characteristics—this wife a natural mistress, that one the bearer of children, the third an adept at housekeeping, possibly one with intellectual leanings enough to be almost a companion, though commonly they were so ignorant that the boys grew up untaught, badly trained, and despising their mothers and through them all their sex.

Turkish women are mildly pressing for the vote; that is, the few traveled, cultivated, or politically ambitious ones are. When I left Turkey these few articulate feminists were threatening to nominate a woman for the office of deputy. That would of course be a mere gesture, much like school-boys putting up one of their number as a candidate for the Presidency. Yet you never can tell, in these days of swift and unexpected progress in the most unlikely corners of the globe. It behooves the male Turkish politician to look to his laurels, and his patronage. But evidently he is as canny as his slippery fellows elsewhere, on a par in subtlety with at least his American prototypes. I cannot recall ever having heard a more perfect politician's answer than that of a man high in the Kemal oligarchy. Asked by a small committee of advanced feminists what his attitude was on votes for women or women running for office, he glibly replied, "We cannot let women vote or hold office, because the laws of Turkey do not allow it."

CHAPTER XXI

BYZANTIUM TO-DAY

IT is hardly necessary to remind you that Constantinople—or Istamboul, as the Turks call it—was founded as Byzantium, nearly seven centuries before Christ; that Constantine, from whom it took its Christian name, made it the capital of the Roman Empire and gave it fortifications which helped it to withstand the Goths, the Germans, the Mohammedans; that it was plundered during the fourth Crusade, and fell before Mohammed II in 1453, to remain the capital of Turkey until Angora was elected to its post in 1922.

Nor is it news that the empire of the sultans, which the World War trimmed to the quick, was a vast territory, inhabited by many peoples, both Christian and Moslem. Naturally, its capital became an empire in miniature of all these races, and it is still the mingling-place of many types of man. Roughly, the European branches of its population inhabit the peninsula north of the Golden Horn, and the Turks that rhinoceros-nose of land to the south of it which is known to us by the French mispronunciation of the name the Turks give to the whole city. It is along the principal street of that northern section that one feels more nearly in Europe than anywhere else within the so-called Republic of Turkey.

Now that the picturesque costumes which distinguished the various races inhabiting ancient Byzantium are gone, a sight which no longer ago than yesterday was like a page of the Arabian Nights enacted in the open air has become no more thrilling than a stroll up Broadway. Along this main thoroughfare of non-Turkish Constantinople sulkiness, surliness, hatred seem to sit on almost all faces; there is little gaiety or frankness; an atmosphere of mutual distrust and no great hope for the future. No doubt many are in terror of their lives, or at least of their property, for the police and the Kemalists are oppressive, and no man knows when all he has may be taken from him. An interesting show, none the less, the Grande Rue de Pera, with its well-dressed women hanging to their men, French fashion, in contrast to the old-fashioned Moslem aloofness of husband and wife, with its perpetual guessing-match of nationalities by faces and manners only. There are many plump, pretty women in Pera, and rarely indeed can one tell now whether they are Turkish or Christian, Jewish, Greek, Armenian, Russian, or what not. In many parts of Asia men hold hands like schoolgirls, because, one suspects, they cannot hold more delicate ones. In the Constantinople of to-day such a sign of intrasexual affection would be as incongruous as it is rare.

One could poke about the back alleys of Pera for months and find new interesting corners daily, corners that call for an artist with a pencil rather than a photographer or a clumsy weaver of words. But the sights are the buildings, not the people, the streets, especially the narrow side-streets, towering several stories high above you, much like the older parts of Paris. Galata Tower, which is really in Pera, is now for rent; suitable as a restaurant, café, gambling den; "Business Opportunities" newspaper columns please copy. Then down through the narrow swift streets to Galata, or for a cent by the tunnel subway, or far around by street car or automobile; Galata the riverside hodgepodge of nationalities, much like downtown New York, and worse.

One should have no language troubles in Constantinople; any well-dressed man is almost sure to know some European tongue, usually French; there are many thousands of Jews, almost all Spanish-speaking. The difficulty is to get those who know such a language to speak it. In nearly any other country on earth hotel-keepers, steamship and railway officials, merchants and students are only too eager to help the tourist, and English will carry you far, even if you know no French or Spanish. In Turkey not only is the language of customs and police solely Turkish, with no other tolerated, but the man in the street dislikes the use of any other. Outwardly pleasant, perhaps, yet when they recognize by your speech that you are a Christian, or at least not a Mohammedan, the Turks give you a look as if they did not love us. You may stop a dozen men who you are sure speak at least French, before one of them will deign to give you the slightest assistance; and those super-courteous or less chauvinistic few who consent to help you out of a linguistic embarrassment turn brusquely away as soon as possible, as if either they are anxious to impress upon you the degradation which the use of a Christian tongue puts upon them or are eager to escape as soon as possible from the danger of being charged by their fellow-citizens with a love of foreigners.

To make matters worse, the jingoist nationalism so rampant in Turkey just now has found another expression in the ordinance regarding signs. Shopkeepers and the like are permitted to have only one fifth of the words on their shopfronts in languages other than that of the country; all the rest of the space must be devoted to announcements in Turkish script. Taxes are so high on signs in any European language that many cannot afford the luxury of calling attention to their business in Roman letters. Others seem to pride themselves on not doing so, just as they glory in speaking nothing but Turkish. Even the best foreign hotel has no sign legible to the tourist or traveler; in predominantly non-Turkish Pera and Galata themselves such words as "hotel," "restaurant," "English spoken," or "Steamer tickets sold" are surrounded with a bewildering maze of Turkish lettering, like a clearing by a jungle. One has to guess at stations, at native steamers and their destinations; even the ferries plying from the Galata Bridge across the Bosphorus or up the Golden Horn, and patronized daily by thousands of non-Turks, have almost no announcements except in Turkish. In Constantinople one realizes what it means to be illiterate.

There are still many Christians in Constantinople and the little strips of land about it on both sides of the Bosphorus, though thousands were driven out, as were almost all from the rest of Turkey. In return for letting Turks stay in eastern Thrace when it became Greek, the Treaty of Lausanne allowed non-Turks established in Constantinople or its environs before 1918 to remain. Within the narrow periphery of the Queen of the Bosphorus—as far east as the suburban station of Pendek, as far west as San Stefano, as far north as Kovak, near the entrance to the Black Sea, and to the near-by islands in the Sea of Marmara—no travel permits are required; merely the permis de séjour.

Though all Greece was for generations a part of the Ottoman Empire, the Greeks of Constantinople always more or less governed themselves. All over Turkey the Greek communities had their own elders, and self-government within certain limits. They paid for their own schools, and also paid taxes on them to the Turks, who as usual did not mind so long as they got their rake-off. In cases concerning wills or divorces, in civil suits and the like, elders and priests acted as judges, since Greek ways were quite unrelated to Moslem law. In Constantinople, Greeks *of the Orthodox*

Many descendants of the Jews driven out of Spain some six centuries ago still live in Constantinople

A Turkish woman and her Armenian servant—though veils are rare now in old Stamboul

Khaki-clad Turkish soldiers of to-day are only somewhat less ragged and patched than those of the sultan's time

Rare is the station in Turkey without a pair of soldiers striding briskly up and down the platform *religion* were governed in most matters by the Greek patriarch, whose vatican, so to speak, has been in Byzantium ever since it was made a Christian capital by Constantine. He was elected by the Greek clergy and laity, but received his investiture from the sultan, and had temporal power in domestic, religious, and educational matters.

The Greeks organized their community thus after the capture of Constantinople in 1453, and the treaties of Paris (1856) and of Berlin (1878) confirmed this arrangement. They had good Greek schools—still have, for that matter—said to be better than the schools in Greece itself, with its republican politics. There was a big Greek high school, surrounded each morning by young men in uniform caps, just below my hotel window; and there are many Greek priests left, even since the recent exchange of populations. (It is considered bad luck, by the way, to meet a Greek priest in the morning, and there are men in business in Constantinople who will go back home if they do, knowing that the day will be a failure.)

The Greek patriarch still remains in Constantinople, though many think he should long since have gone to Greece, retired to Athos, for instance, where he would be not only free from Turkish influence and coercion but out of danger. (The Patriarch of Constantinople was hanged by the Turks when Greece first revolted against the sultans.) But it is historical to be in Stamboul, which was not only Byzantium, the Rome of the Eastern Church, but for centuries the capital of Greece also (when all Greece was Turkish territory), and conservatism is the soul of religion.

There are said to be 65,000 Jews in Constantinople. (Some persons contend there are only 50,000 in all Turkey now, though there were 300,000 before the war; still another report has it that there are 100,000 left in the territory which remained Turkish, of whom 80,000 are in Constantinople and vicinity.) Whatever the exact number, almost all of them are descendants of the Jews driven out of Spain in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. They are of all classes, and still speak Spanish, of a sort. The few who speak Yiddish or German are descendants of later comers, different not only in customs but in many of the rites of worship, and these have little to do with the others. Formerly, the Jews will tell you, they were allowed to study the professions in the government schools, but now they may engage only in commerce. They are permitted to study French, because it is the commercial tongue, but they must also study Turkish. Hebrew can be learned only in private schools or privately; and Spanish is merely the jargon of the home, which they seldom if ever learn to read and write, with the result that it has lost much of its pristine purity.

There are not public schools enough for Moslems, in Constantinople and its environs where foreigners are still at home; therefore no non-Moslems are admitted. Jewish children (even from a Jewish orphanage helped by the N. E. R.) go for their schooling to the Alliance Israelite, because it is unlawful to teach them in the orphanage, which is not an educational institution approved by the Turkish Minister of Education.

On the whole the Jews get on much better under the Turks than do the Christians. But there are occasional inter-Jewish quarrels, for in minor matters they still govern themselves: Chief Rabbi Bejarano, for example, had to settle a bitter controversy over a question of kosher; some rabbi did not wash his hands according to the ritual after distributing a sick sheep. There was also an argument as to whether or not piano and organ and a girl choir should be allowed in a synagogue, which was agitating the Constantinople Jewish community when I left.

Strike up a chance Jewish acquaintance in shop or train and he will tell you that everything is rosy for the Jews in Turkey, that they are hand in glove with Kemal and his government, that the Jew, unlike the Christian, never quarrels with those who happen to rule over him. It does not pay to criticize the Gazi's doings; and the Jew has held his place long in many a land by keeping his opinions to himself. But in time the constant inquirer will hear a somewhat different version: how Jewish merchants were forced to take five tickets each to the aviation ball of the Kemalists or have their shops closed, in regular Tammany or Vare style; that Jews must give to Moslem charities, and also twenty-five per cent of whatever they collect among their own people for their own indigent. "No, we Jews are not persecuted, but during the war we were sent to the front line, given the hardest and most dangerous road work, and so on. The Turks are just learning to work [in the Jewish sense, of course, meaning buying and selling], and they want the Jew's money to set themselves up in business. They see big stores and homes owned by Jews and they roll us for all they can get out of us." Yet with one voice the Jews will tell you that they much prefer being under the Turks to living under the Greeks.

A recent episode bears out the Jewish contention that they are being subjected to discrimination under Kemal. Mourners objected to an emergency street car's breaking through the funeral procession of a Jewish girl who had been murdered by a jealous Turkish admirer of good family. The police arrested nine of the mourners, charging them with rioting. Yet Jewish demands for the arrest of the murderer incensed Turkish press and public; evidently his misdemeanor was not sufficient to warrant bothering a gentleman. When he was finally arrested he entered the American plea of insanity (yes, indeed, Turkey is getting startlingly up to date), and the public prosecutor recommended from one to three years' imprisonment.

A prominent Jew wrote Ismet Pasha, the prime minister, criticizing the action of court officials in the case and the anti-Semite temper of the Turkish press during the trial. Not only was he arrested but the Turkish press association was planning a libel suit against him; he had money, no doubt, and here was that good opportunity to "roll" him which the Turk always covets. If you have money, sidestep publicity in Turkey as you would the plague. There was also a threatened boycott of Jewish business men, but here the pinch of the shoe became serious, and things calmed down, with the protester still in jail, when a committee of prominent Jews went to Angora and licked Kemal's boots. Even at that, it was six months before the ban, due to this episode, prohibiting Turkish Jews (the only non-Moslem citizens ever enjoying that privilege now) from traveling in Anatolia was lifted and Jews permitted to resume business trips in the interior.

There used to be many Russian refugees in Turkey. Once they numbered 100,000, all White Russians, driven there by the Bolshevik outburst. The Allies found quarters for them by force, requisitioning many Turkish villas along the Bosphorus and on Prinkipo and the adjacent islands out in the Sea of Marmora. When the triumph of the Kemalists restored the independence of Turkey, the Russians were evacuated by the Allies to Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, France, Brazil. A few thousands obtained permission to stay in Constantinople, but they had to become Turkish citizens by

August, 1927 (recently extended to February, 1929), or leave the country; and incidentally, the Turks made it hard for them to do either. At last accounts there were only 2800 left in all Turkey. About a thousand of these had asked for Turkish citizenship—and two had obtained it! The Turkish Government asserts that it cannot accept most of them, because their hearts are still back in their fatherland, to which they would return at the first opportunity. Kemal is, of course, currying favor with his semi-allies by making it impossible for White Russians to plot anti-Bolshevik revolution so near Moscow. If Turkey holds to its decision to expel from its territory all Russians who fail to become citizens of the Ottoman Republic, Constantinople will lose one of its few remaining picturesque elements.

With the exception of the racially allied Hungarians, Russians suit the Turks better than any other foreigners; at least Westerners. They have become the teachers of the Turks in the refinements of life (vide the Konia night club). As a matter of fact the Russian revolution probably had much to do with the sudden modernization of customs among the Turks. Russian refugees are playing the same rôle in Turkey to-day which French refugees played in Russia and many other backward countries after the uprising of 1789. The art of living was almost the only profession of these men and women, the majority of whom belonged to good social circles at home. They brought to their Turkish hosts the knowledge of social usages, so greatly in demand since the Kemalist reorganization. Russian women sold their jewels, shawls, kimonos, lingerie to wealthy Turkish wives. Most of the musicians of Constantinople are Russians, many of the waiters and chauffeurs. The first public places of entertainment in Turkey fit to be attended by ladies, the finest restaurants and coffee-houses were established by

Russians. They brought the modern dances, introduced bobbed hair; even the silk turban which Turkish women wear since the decline in the use of the veil was an invention of refugee Russian women, who covered their heads with gay cloths because they were too poor to buy hats.

Toward midnight, when the day's work of most of them is done, the refugees gather before the Russian confectionery shops toward the upper end of the Grande Rue de Pera, to talk about the only thing that interests them—Russia. There every rumor about the weakening of Soviet rule is greedily seized upon, for one and all live in the probably vain hope that some day they will be able to return home. Soon they will be gone from Turkey, and their disappearance will leave a gap. The Turks will miss them; will perhaps forget most of the little they have learned from them on the niceties of Western social deportment.

Meanwhile and on the other hand, the hard-working Consul General of the Soviet Republic, and his assistants, occupying the immense former czarist establishment on a choice site along the same Grande Rue de Pera, just a step from the British Embassy, are at their offices from eleven to one, or less, though not, of course, every day, as is in keeping with the Workers' Government they represent; while their flunkies at the great iron-barred gate snub the possible applicant with fully as much snobbery and several times as much vulgarity as did their predecessors of the old and deservedly abolished régime.

Soviet Russia is the best friend Turkey has among nations, and vice versa. Therefore the minions of Kemal were surprised to run across a communist plot to introduce the Soviet system, or lack of system, in Turkey on the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. A Turkish "doctor" who had once before been expelled for similar plans headed it. Because of their friendship, or whatever it is, for the Soviet régime, the Turkish Government treated him gently; that is, it gave him a secret trial and forbade the newspapers to make further mention of his attempt to commit that most dastardly of crimes: trying to change the form of government. Kemal's spokesmen have announced to the world, in kindly words, again in order not to hurt Bolshevik feelings, that Turkey is not inclined toward communism, because it has no capitalist class and no downtrodden workers!

CHAPTER XXII

PROWLING ABOUT THE BOSPHORUS

AT least in his avowed purpose of making the Turk outwardly indistinguishable from the Christian peoples to the westward, Kemal has succeeded, perhaps even beyond his hopes. Meet a group of men strolling along the streets of Constantinople and they look so exactly like a similar group in our own country that one never quite gets over being surprised to hear them speaking Turkish. There are Russians, Armenians, Greeks, of course, probably men from every country in Europe among them, but in their new garb you cannot possibly tell which is which. The Turks have a new air of dignity, too, an air that seems to say, "Now that we wear the same clothes, we expect to be accepted on the same footing as 'other Europeans.'" An American educator who has lived in Turkey for more than forty years assured me that he would be almost as helpless as I in picking out Turks from the still largely Christian procession that marches incessantly to and fro along the Grande Rue de Pera. How Westernized they have become was symbolized by that Tag Day for a local hospital, when both girls and boys halted every one on the street one Friday and demanded a contribution for the privilege of decorating one's lapel. Give them time and they'll even have bob-haired bandits.

But it is Kemal's retribution that neither can the behatted and Gazi-bedeviled Turks tell "other Europeans" from themselves! The Turks of to-day are a very mixed race. I saw a few real Mongol eyes, but on the other hand many men, even of the soldier and working classes, facially indistinguishable, except perhaps for a slightly longer nose, from Americans. Few are dark; almost no trace of negro blood; the negroes imported during the sultanic régime were seldom in a position to leave their characteristics to posterity. Blond Turks are as common as blond Arabs, blue eyes not in the least unusual; though most Turkish eyes are a liquid gray, startlingly like the eyes of a goat. The Turks have always liked blondes, took Circassian or other Caucasian women whenever and however they could get them, with the natural result.

During my first day on the Bosphorus four newsboys tried to sell me Turkish papers; three separate individuals stopped me to inquire the way, and registered astonishment when I could only play the deaf-mute. When I strolled into the mosque at the Stamboul end of the Galata Bridge, that first Friday afternoon, shoes in hand, not the flicker of a Moslem eyelid indicated that the throng of worshipers suspected I was not one of them. I attract far more attention in a New York synagogue, though I am sure I look no more Turkish than Jewish.

For the muezzin still chants from Turkish minarets, at dawn, noon, sunset, bedtime—and, during Ramazan, before dawn—reminding the faithful that prayer is better than sleep, than business or pleasure, that there is no god but God and that Mohammed is his prophet. Five times a day the pious Turk prays, no matter where he is, and does his best to wash hands, feet, mouth, nostrils, and behind the ears beforehand; Moslems despise Christians for not thus preparing for worship. Even in impious Constantinople swarms of men go to the mosques on Friday, and many say their prayers in however public a place. But there is far less outdoor praying in Turkey to-day than in the Arab countries, and a Christian tendency to hide religious fervor and skimp the cleansing rites.

In Constantinople women go to the mosques as freely as men, though in the rest of the country they are rarely seen in public places of worship, and a woman in a mosque is a strange sight in most of the world of Islam. Whether or not this implies that they are also admitted to heaven, in spite of the Koran, is not clear. Women in the latest European garb check their shoes at the door, or carry them, without in the least disturbing the services. More than that, even foreigners and non-Moslems seem to be as welcome as in a church. My idea of a mosque, from past experience, was a place where I ran the risk of being mobbed at sight. I stood at the door of that big one facing the Galata Bridge for some time, watching men's hats and the shoes of both sexes being checked. I had wondered why many men wore rubbers in so dry a town and season, until I found nearly half the male worshipers were checking these instead of their shoes, the requirement seeming merely to be that the dust of the street shall not be brought in where many sit on the floor. Some men wore their hats inside, fez fashion, but one and all either checked or carried their outer footwear. Queer that the same custom prevails in the matter of shoes on both the western and the eastern edges of Asia—Europe here, to to sure; it is hard to realize that one is in Europe when in Stamboul.

At length I slipped off my own shoes and, preferring not to risk detection of what I still mistook for a reason not to enter, by checking them, walked in carrying them in one hand, and saw no sign whatever of being recognized, or at least of being resented, as a non-Moslem. Checking was quite unnecessary anyway, it turned out; wooden troughs for shoes ran the whole length of the vast interior. Behind me there entered an army officer in best uniform and many medals, accompanied by a woman in full Parisian garb, down to flesh-colored stockings. Both had checked their shoes at the door, he his leather puttees also, and the woman looked doubly incongruous in such a place in what might easily have been mistaken for bare legs. No seats, though there are plenty of chairs elsewhere in Turkey. Squatting, shoes off, old style, remains in conservative religious doings, though disappearing in all other matters; and who knows when Kemal will order chairs and forbid the undignified custom of walking barefoot or in stocking-feet in public places? Flocks of crow-black women, squatting more or less together on one side of the crowded half-acre of mat- or rug-covered floor space, but not one of them was veiled. Probably as many women as men. Most of the male worshipers squatted also; some strolled about or stood still, fiddling with their beads. A negro, the only negro I have ever seen in Turkey, except the eunuchs, was kneeling in a window embrasure, rocking back and forth over his Koran. The one man in the old-style Turkish dress was doing likewise.

Church bells, almost unknown now in the rest of Turkey, still make the welkin ring—whatever that means—in Constantinople, or at least in Pera, as if they were defying the Moslems. Personally I like the muezzin better; at least, if he has a good voice. Certainly I prefer the minaret chant—especially the chorus of two or three resonant male voices—to the uproarious jangling of Catholic or Greek Orthodox bells; and a Friday afternoon in one of the beautiful old djami of Stamboul is my idea of worship; St. Sophia, for instance, that was a church for a thousand years and has been a mosque for five hundred, its interior even now so beautiful that photography merely incenses its tramp-garbed caretakers without achieving a hint of the marvelous colors and delightful artistry. I am for complete quiet and communion with whatever it is—one's self, one's conscience, or a higher being—rather than any communal caterwauling. That also has its place, but rather as a recreation or an amusement than as worship. Again I was reminded that a mosque is superior to a church, at least to a Greek or an Armenian church, with its shrieking ikons, as an unillustrated article or story is superior to one badly illustrated.

It is always pleasant to leave the chronic nervosity of Pera and wander across the bridge to Stamboul, so calm, so very Turk. Human turnstiles in long faded-khaki coats *without pockets,* standing at close intervals, with barely room to step between them, across the broad sidewalks at each end, gather a piaster or half-cent from every one who crosses the famous old bridge over the Golden Horn. A change booth at each of the four corners; only professional beggars, government officials, and diplomats in their own automobiles pass free. You and I pay even when we pass in a street car, receiving a little white ticket from the conductor in addition to a colored one for the fare itself.

No longer the Constantinople of yore. Yet who or what can ever rob of her birthright of beauty that matchless, inimitable mosque-topped city throned on her seven hills, with the waters of the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn flashing in the sunshine at her feet? Where else is there a sight to vie with that superb row of world-famous structures dominating the Stamboul sky-line, crouching over the lesser domes of their dependent outbuildings like panthers over their cubs, emphasized by the exclamation-points of their slender, perfectly proportioned minarets? Only by demolishing her mosques can Constantinople be demoted from a place among the queen cities of the world; and that even Mustafa Kemal will hardly dare to do.

Except for its mosques the ancient Queen of the Bosphorus had seemed almost commonplace on that first Friday. But Constantinople, especially Turkish Stamboul, grows on you, the longer you stay, the better you know it. Stamboul: almost a ruin; little of interest at the first visit except the distant mosque-crowded view of it; an atmosphere of decayed gentility. It is said there were once three hundred mosques on that side of the Golden Horn; if so, certainly many of them are gone now. Heaps of stones still testify to some of them; fires have laid waste large sections; wide open spaces; plenty of room for the real-estate man, if he could overcome the superstition that forbids rebuilding where there has once been a fire.

Dusty and hilly and countrified even in the heart of the old city; goats, sometimes cattle, grazing about ruins and graves, most of the headstones with the knob which shows that a man is buried beneath, all of them testifying to the Turkish custom of paying no attention to the dead after planting them. Chickens, ducks, sheep, of course; almost anything except pigs; gardens, wild flowers, shacks thrown together into homes. Conservative and old-fashioned, open and slow and easy-going and satisfied to take life as Kismet hands it out, compared with hectic, aggressive Galata and Pera. Yet a walled city, like a veiled woman, is attractive for its mystery; it loses something when the veil is raised.

Constantinople's Grand Bazaar is a department-store of hundreds of individual owners, containing the greatest collection of crooks outside a penal institution, and little of interest to those who have seen the souks from Damascus to the Bosphorus. Full of pests in the form of commission-hunters knowing more or less of several European languages. Petty shopkeepers squat all day, all through life, among their wares, yet are too lazy to learn some foreign tongue and no longer be dependent on these grafting commissionaires. Perhaps the labor union will not let them do both talking and selling; even as our plumbers cannot drive a nail. The "guides" who hang about the Grand Bazaar quickly call the police if any one without a license, even a Turkish or a foreign friend, attempts to conduct or interpret for a visitor. It is not so much losing a fee for piloting some simple tourist about that they resent as the loss of the fifteen per cent commission on all his purchases. No foreigner can stop to look at anything, to take a photograph, cannot even stroll through the rather commonplace covered markets, without being attacked by these nuisances. One at a time, however; the first pirate to board you has complete rights to you until you dump him overboard, but then comes another, and still another, to the complete exhaustion of patience; and with our capitulations gone, homicide, however justifiable, is a serious matter.

Cisterns, museums, palaces, the hippodrome—old Stamboul is, as you know, filled with regular tourist stuff. All kinds of presents to Abdul Hamid of malodorous memory, from foreign rulers, governments, ambassadors, from every one except the ordinary people who paid for them, lie in state in the age-discolored Top Kapu Serail. A very primitive piano—if not indeed the first piano it claims to be; diamonds in crowns, in scepters, in all sorts of settings. The contrast between this old palace and the gleaming new-style Dolma Batché with its filled-in garden, over across the Bosphorus, shows the gradual change from Asiatic to European of the rulers of Turkey, a change now almost consummated. A recent appraisal of the jewels left by the sultans sets their value at $25,000,000, which the Angora Government may use as guarantee of a loan to stabilize the Turkish pound; at three or four times its present exchange, says optimistic Kemal. The jewels will not be sold, however, will not even leave Turkey; therein does a sovereign nation have its advantages over the rank and file of us in dealing with the pawnbroker.

But jewels aside, the shortest way to Abdul Hamid's heart, or to the organ that replaces it in such as he, was to bring him a virgin: Circassian, Greek, Armenian, French, Turkish; anything would do, evidently, so long as it was young and plump—nay, even the plumpness could be provided after delivery. Men picked up promising girls on the street with a freedom which even our own great cities have never attained. Christian and Jewish girls howled and kicked, made a great to-do, if it was possible; Moslems, both daughter and parents, considered it a great honor. The average stock in the sultanic storehouse was six hundred women, with rare exceptions unspotted maidens; dozens of women lived in what are little better than cells, in a wing of Top Kapu Serail, as if life were made so uncomfortable for them that they were only too glad to give up and get into the royal quarters.

Abdul Hamid simply could not endure life without a virgin a night, though he was far from being the brawny sheik of the desert who must also have a sheep a day. If she conceived and bore, she became a wife, and remained a prisoner in the royal harem all her life, without ever again being visited by her lord and master. Those who did not conceive on the wedding night (which was seldom repeated) were handed out to pashas and other men whom the sultan wished to honor or bribe; or they were simply carted away out of his sight.

All but the first four Ottoman sultans of Turkey were degenerates; they were not real Turks, because they were the sons of concubines from everywhere, anywhere; for that matter, neither is the present ruler of Turkey, nor are the Turks themselves. You cannot habitually steal women, generation after generation, and keep your race pure. Mongols to begin with, the Turks of to-day are as far from that in blood as old Abdul Hamid was from Othman, the first emperor. And looking back upon those virgin-nightly days, when any pretty girl straying in the streets of Constantinople, straying almost anywhere within the empire now justifiably disrupted, might be stolen, we realize that, after all, Turkey is a vastly better land now than when you and I were young; that Kemal, for all his faults, is a magnificent improvement on the human putrescence in which the sultanic line petered out.

Stamboul by night? Well, there is that beer-garden, with huge parasols over its iron tables by day, down on Seraglio Point, on the roofed stage of which women almost as nude as in our most popular Broadway shows hop about unconcernedly; where an American negro in full evening dress was holding forth, no one but a stray fellow-countryman at the open-air tables understanding his weak-kneed jokes, but all very easily enduring his buck-and-wing dancing. The few cents' admission to the Seraglio Point park inclosure is well worth the price, however, for it includes the privilege of gazing upon that barbed-wire-protected statue in bronze of the Gazi, in dinner jacket (with cuffed trousers), the shoulders of a vaudeville strong-man, and the attitude of a football coach admonishing a weakening team toward the end of the fourth quarter with the score tied; a Gazi staring fiercely away across the blue mouth of the Bosphorus at Anatolia, Asiatic Turkey, all the Turkey that is left now, except the little slice of land on which he symbolically turns his broad bronze back, as if he also felt, as another Turk put it, "Bah, you may have Constantinople and what you have left us in Europe, and welcome!"

The half-ruined old walls, fringed with what were once deep moats and studded with massive broken towers, surrounding Stamboul on the outer harbor and the land sides, stretch away along undulating ground, past forgotten graveyards within and without, past fields of waist-high artichokes, rich truck-gardens that are constantly being watered from wells by perpetually circumambulating blindfolded animals. A curious form of hoisting water-wheel, that in use all about the city of several names which we call Constantinople: double wheels in most cases, notched like cog-wheels, the smaller one some distance from the other and joined to it by a rough log axle, the slightly larger drawing up an endless string of dripping buckets, or more often of tin boxes irregularly alternating with artistic old clay jars, all more or less broken. Around and around these wells some unseeing beast marches hour after hour, usually in the shade of a tree or two, but unable, like the factory worker, to know at what moment the boss may catch him at it if he ventures to idle for a moment.

One should take time for Constantinople; weeks of interesting wandering all about it. On along the walls, for instance, past Top Kapu Gate, to Ayoub, with its delightful old cemetery like a hanging garden shaded by cypresses and its memories of the erstwhile resident we know as Pierre Loti. Across the Golden Horn, by rowboat or one of the little steamers perpetually plying up and down it from the Galata Bridge, and on to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," hardly fit to drink, for all the name, yet in bucolic surroundings far from the iniquities of cities. Home by way of Chichli and the tramway, back in Pera again, perhaps out to Matchka suburb, now becoming the new residential section, with its model apartment-house adjoining a field of wheat, and a broad vista over the Bosphorus and beyond.

Friday and Sunday excursions out to the four summer-home islands in the Sea of Marmora, ending in Prinkipo, with a glimpse of barren Oxia, the dog-eat-dog island, on the way. The Sea of Marmora is not so called because it resembles marble, as a bright tourist supposed, but takes its name from one of its islands where marble has been quarried since ancient times, for the building of Byzantium, Stamboul, Constantinople. Prinkipo is as nice as Nice, or even nicer, since it has no automobiles, but only carriages and riding animals and shanks' mare. Here hotels dare mention their names in European letters, and the sturdy imagination can fancy itself back in Europe at last.

Constantinople is, as far as I know, the only city in two continents. It is as easy to get to Scutari as to Staten Island, and as cheap. "Côte d'Europe à Côte d'Asie," runs one of the few European signs along Galata Bridge; fare from continent to continent, a nickel. Some of the ferries go to Caraquey, the new suburb of Scutari; some to Haider Pasha and the Anatolian, the Berlin-to-Bagdad, railway. Back among the hills of Scutari, life is dull, slow, and peaceful, yet within easy reach of the excitements of Pera or the calmer entertainments of Stamboul. Clapboarded, unpainted buildings again, weather-blackened, with flowers in whitewashed oil tins, chickens, air, sunshine. Scutari's tram line was built before the war; but the thirty or more cars that were destined to run on it stand still crated, rotting away, Turkish fashion, with the power-house that was to run them, behind the American Girls' School on its delightful site along a wooded hill in the outskirts.

I walked on up the Bosphorus. Flocks of small birds skim close along its surface all the way to the Black Sea. Twenty miles in length, they say (certainly much more than that on foot), by two wide in its narrowest place, and an average depth of ninety feet. Like the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus is reputed to have been formed by a sinking of the earth's surface, but there is no way for the geologically untrained wanderer to prove it to-day. What matters all this, anyway? The waters are deep blue, the hills lush green, the ancient castles weathered to delightful hues, and now and then, even in these Bolshevik days, a steamer or a tanker plods its way along between the continents. Repairs in progress at Anatolia Hissar, that ancient castle-tower erected in 1452 by Mohammed II—no eighteen dollars a day for stone-masons then—who is responsible also for the fortifications of Rumelie Hissar, below Robert College opposite, built that he might stretch a chain between them across the narrowest part of the Bosphorus. Can it be that the Gazi has plans that include the use of these old fortifications, still in almost perfect preservation?

When you are weary of walking, of dust and trenchant sunshine and stony going, there are the little Turkish steamers constantly plying up and down the ancient waterway, with stations never far apart. On past unpainted wooden towns nestling at the foot of green hills, grassy slopes; that bucolic quiet the traveler so often longs for and so seldom attains. Unless, mayhap, as to-day, the boat is suddenly overwhelmed by excited Turkish school-children and their shepherd-like teachers, returning from flower-hunting in the hills. On the European shore, where the famous strait turns at right angles toward the east, Therapia, once filled with life and, when there were capitulations to be guarded, the fleets of foreign nations, or with Allies dreaming of making the Bosphorus a free international waterway, is dull and languid now, with summer rents enviably low in the rambling old weather-painted houses. On to Kovak at the opening of the Black Sea; but no farther, for here ends the foreigner's privilege of movement without police permission; a broad blue-black wind-swept watery mystery beyond, with dreams of Bulgaria, Rumania, mighty Russia, and . . . but even the most vagabondish of us cannot go everywhere.

It was my privilege one damp June evening to attend a Moslem family ceremony in a high-class Turkish home. My host was the son of a former "adjutant" of Abdul Hamid, his dwelling a huge house, rambling rather than high, in a great garden pitching down to the beautiful blue waters of the Bosphorus, and just across the street from the former sultan's palaces (some of them now schools of the municipality, which rents the best buildings to the Italian Monte Carlo company). In the old days his mother often scurried across the street to gossip with the women of the sultanic harem; and they had been refused permission to raise their home from three to four stories, because then it would look over into the harem grounds.

My host's wife met us in the street not far from the gate, unveiled, dressed in European fashion, and returned my greeting at our introduction much as an over-modest or bashful American woman might. But I was warned that once within the grounds I should not see her or any other of the Moslem women of the household. Inside the gate the small son came to greet his father in that delightful Turkish manner of small children, kissing the father's right hand and touching his own forehead with it. We sat in the garden for a time, until the other guests arrived. The first was a man dressed in perfect Broadway style, even to horn glasses, shirt-colored collar, and the Charlie Chaplin mustache now favored by city men in Turkey. The second was a lawyer, who could not have been outwardly distinguished from a Columbia professor. The third wore the old-fashioned robes and the squat brown fez wound with a white turban that are permitted licensed hodjas and iman of the new Turkey.

Porcelain stoves from Germany or Austria, much in vogue in the best Constantinople dwellings, heated the house. The reminiscing host and I sat down, still shod, in upholstered chairs. The other guests slipped off their shoes and squatted on big blue-velvet cushions covering divans in the ornately yet artistically furnished parlor. They lighted cigarettes; then all three arose to perform the Moslem rites of ablution, removing their socks and the old-fashioned one his turban. They washed carefully in silver-looking basins provided by our host—hands, feet, mouth, nostrils, and behind the ears—then resumed turban and socks and returned to the divans.

Yet even in the face of that ceremony, not until they opened their mouths to chant Koranic texts could one believe that the two in European dress were also Mohammedan priests, reputed the two best religious vocalists in Turkey. The fact that they did not question the propriety of inviting an unbeliever to such an observance as was about to be performed is obvious proof of the new order in Turkey. Only the old-fashioned hodja seemed a bit put out by my presence; but as he was the least of them, little attention was given to his prejudices.

Hafiz Emin Effendi, Iman of Laleli Djami (mosque), was the conservative in robe and turban. He of the horn glasses and the near-mustache was Hafiz Saledin Bey, Iman of Sultan Selim Djami and librarian of the national library; and the lawyer was also Professor Hafiz Kemal Bey, chief muezzin of Suleimani (that famous hill-crowning mosque of Stamboul whose builder added a seventh minaret to the

Mosque of the Prophet in Mecca that he might have six here), head of the Moslem theological school, chief preacher in the old Fatih mosque, and a great authority on Turkish and European law to boot. In short, especially the two of them in European dress were men of parts and high standing in Constantinople. I trust I have missed none of their titles, honors, or emoluments. The price of their services this evening, by the way, though they were friends of the host and had the appearance of merely honored guests, ran into high figures.

"Hafiz," as you may know, is a Moslem title roughly corresponding to our "Reverend"; "Effendi" or "Bey," always used after the name and more or less equal to our "Mr.," is commonly given to any man in a white collar who can write his own name. More exactly, a man is called an "effendi" if he can read and write and dress above the common laborer class; "bey" if he is somewhat more educated or higher in the social scale. As it is no less essential in Turkey than in Germany that every one have a handle to his name, the Turks use "Ah" as a title when speaking to the illiterate man of the masses; it means something like our "Chief" or "Boss." "Pasha" is now only a military title in Turkey. "Hanoum" takes the place of "Mrs." among the higher classes; women of the masses have not yet reached the dignity of a title. One of the three guests was also a "Hadji," having been on a haj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, and therefore entitled to wear the green turban. In the Near East at least "Hadji" is not only a title of honor and respect but sometimes of half-ridicule; like our "Deacon" among certain classes, and "Colonel" in some parts of the country, it depends on the man himself which significance is given to the honorary distinction.

The three entered into long Koranic chants, hymns after the Turkish fashion, and finally a long recital, largely in chorus, telling the story of the birth of Mohammed, all of us rising to our feet when the point came of his being born. While the voices at least of the two famous vocalists were such as most operatic stages might have coveted, they were not used in Western fashion. Long-windedness seemed to be of chief importance. During all the ceremony the sound of women weeping behind the screen which hid the feminine part of the family was heard whenever the "music" left an auditory loophole. The whole ceremony was in memory of two brothers of my host, Turkish officers who had both been killed by one shell during the war; the widowed mother still wept, though this was the tenth anniversary of her misfortune, and the other women of the household were in duty bound to join her.

Only one who had given his life's attention to gustatory matters could adequately describe the meal to which we men sat down about ten o'clock. Suffice it to say that it was of many courses, with frequent reminiscences of French cooking, though with plenty of evidence of Turkish originality also, as elaborate as the feasts provided honored guests by Chinese generals or governors of provinces, and so enticing at this late hour that only strong will-power made it possible to desist while there was yet hope of rising to the feet unaided. The women of course ate elsewhere; not a glimpse of them had I had since entering the establishment. Yet female domestics served us—Armenian girls, much preferred as servants in Turkey because they do not veil and can freely show themselves to men. In Turkish families where swank is in vogue, these servants are called by the French title "madame." It is difficult to get a Turkish female servant if there is a man in the house, even now, after the proscribing of the veil out of doors. Well-to-do families take in girls as semi-servants, virtually adopting them and in a way treating them as members of the family, paying them nothing but their keep, but giving them a dowry and marrying them off when they are grown up.

Except for the ceremony, there was nothing different about the evening's intercourse from an evening with any well-bred family of continental Europe. Midnight had passed when the host stepped to the telephone to call taxis, and the famous vocalists got into their hats, overcoats, and rubbers. Professor Kemal invited me to meet him at five o'clock two mornings later, at the foot of the eastern minaret of Fatih mosque, for the Friday ceremony of Curban Bairam, at which he was to preach the sermon. He warned me that I must be prepared to recognize him in robes and turban, and not to expect him to look as I then saw him, and that the change would be little short of startling.

But alas! a diplomatic friend of China days showed me the night life of Constantinople so thoroughly next evening that three had struck before I pressed the button at my hotel door, and the porter failed to obey orders to wake me at four—possibly out of fear of personal injury. The tramway was unusually Turkish that morning, too, so that the sun was already distinctly in evidence when I reached Fatih, one of the most beautiful of the dozen mosques that rise in artistic heaps on every hilltop of Stamboul, beautifying an otherwise commonplace sky-line. Fatih's famous morning ceremony was over, the throngs gone, nothing whatever of an animate nature, in robes or otherwise, at the foot of the eastern minaret, and the mosque itself was closed. Queerly enough, most of Constantinople's mosques are closed on the Moslem Sabbath, except at service-time, though they are usually wide open on other days.

In the great stone-paved and somewhat grass-grown yard, shaded here and there by a magnificent old tree, there were, however, animation and sights of interest. On that Friday, June 10, the principal day of Curban (Sacrifice) Bairam, the head of every Moslem Turkish family is expected to sacrifice a ram in memory of Isaac's eleventh-hour escape from the hands of his pious father, Abraham. It seems there are two Bairams; that the other, following the month-long daytime fast of Ramazan, with which I had collided in Egypt, is merely the "Candy Bairam," when children go to kiss and raise to the forehead the right hand of their surviving grandfathers and in return get candy and those other things that grandfathers give the world over. Then, seventy-one days later, comes this more serious Bairam.

For days flocks of sheep, especially rams with horns, had been holding up tram cars and automobiles everywhere in town. Their thick wool daubed with splashes of color, usually red, as a mark of ownership, they were shepherded through the myriad dangers of urban life by bronze-faced, photography-fearing men carrying long staves ending in a crook and wearing or lugging great dull-white felt cape-cloaks reaching to their ankles and so thick, so similar to the felt of the tent-houses of the nomad Mongols, that they stood alone, like suits of armor, when leaned against a tree in the Fatih yard as the sun got high enough to make them burdensome. For days one had seen everywhere that deceiving sight of the Moslem world—sheep following men about like pets, or tied before shop doors, feeding on dainties—deceiving because, quite unlike Mary's lamb of classical memory, these trusting creatures were all condemned to have their throats cut that Friday morning.

There were still huddled groups of sheep here and there in the great Fatih mosque yard. But the time for purchasing was now drawing to a close, and bargaining went swiftly, for Turkey, so that the flocks were rapidly being depleted to scrawny or hornless animals which the shepherds had no doubt driven to town on an off chance. I saw a fair-sized ram bought for seventeen Turkish pounds (say $8.85); and whenever one was purchased, a hamal tied its four feet together, hoisted it to his back, and trudged away toward the home of the buyer, who usually tramped at his heels, to make sure of no losing substitution during the delivery. For several days past hamals ridden by plump, contented-looking fat-tailed rams, like Sinbad by the Old Man of the Sea, had been plodding all over town; this Friday morning one saw little else of an animate nature.

Sometimes the purchaser was a boy of ten or twelve, very businesslike in his bargaining and stiff with the seriousness of his rôle as head of the family. But in not a few cases even adult family heads were advised by female companions in their choice and the price to be paid, both for the animal itself and for transporting it to the home—ample evidence of a sad deterioration in male Turkish character under the nefarious Kemalist influence. Rich people sometimes sacrifice a camel instead; but this of course is mere nouveau-riche swank, since there is no Biblical testimony of any camel offering itself in place of Isaac, nor an iota of evidence that Father Abraham would have considered one a proper substitute. Besides, one must eat at least a part of the meat of the sacrifice, and camel's flesh . . . But the sacrifice of a camel is expensive, proof of wealth, hence of course justifiable; and many in Constantinople are not so rich now as before the war—though, to be sure, some are richer. Most good Moslem families sacrifice a sheep, preferably a ram, if they can afford it; the poorer ones content themselves with a rooster, some with nothing at all, which is as far from the Biblical picture of the scene on Mt. Moriah as the substitution of a camel. And the sacrifice must be made by the head of the family himself, though he may hire a butcher to help out if he doubts his ability to do the job alone. Where a small boy rules the family, he may have a substitute. My host of two evenings before had invited me to attend this ceremony also; but Constantinople had other sights to offer, and I had seen the sacrifices at Kaiserie.

Curban Bairam used to be officially and publicly celebrated in Turkey; now, with Kemal soft-pedaling religious activities, it takes place in the homes, in private. Yet, though there were no official formalities at all this year, unless I was misinformed, the Government seemed to take its part; for there were cannon enough fired during the several days of Bairam, especially in the night and, above all, just before dawn, to suggest a naval battle or a new drive on the Western front. During those days all government offices were closed—nay, even palaces and museums and other tourist attractions—shopkeepers rarely peered out through their shutters, and business languished even for Turkey. All who could afford it went on journeys to their old homes, or to Constantinople; in short, the week greatly resembled the Chinese New Year. Schools had been closed on the preceding Monday, and final examinations for the last classes of each category were to begin on June 19, two Sundays later. A fortnight's rest before a final examination is, I submit, a very good idea; what you remember after two weeks of holiday is better learned than what you remember at once.

The third day of Bairam was as dead as Sunday—which it happened to be. People still sleeping off the feast, as we do our Thanksgiving and Christmas. Boats to everywhere from the lower side of Galata Bridge; smaller ones on the other side, touching every here and there up to where the Golden Horn runs out of navigable width and depth. A Sunday excursion to Brusa, in Anatolia, across the Sea of Marmora, where the Turkish Empire started, was advertised. It was a disciplined, unimpulsive, almost wholly Turkish crowd, pointedly ignoring the uninvited (nay, then why the announcement in French in the newspapers?) unbeliever; some European-mannered men, ruder fellows who did not deign to remove their caps even at table, talking in whispers, if at all, at meals. Mudania the port, and a funny little narrow-gauge railway with open soft-coal-showered cars, through a rich green country quite unlike the treeless, dusty, stony interior of this Asiatic land. Babies' hammocks beneath the trees; peasants of both sexes leisurely improving their fields; India bulls of cream color and water-buffaloes of the hue of elephants.

Brusa, the cradle of Turkey, fourth of the cities still left to Kemal, sprawls in a bright green valley of trees, wheat, orchards, up against a high mountain range. Mongol Turks used to come yearly and feed their flocks on the Euphrates; later they stayed all winter, and at length gave their relatives, the Seljuks, help in war, and were given Brusa and vicinity as a reward. The quiet of mosque yards, that famous blue-tile masterpiece among them; many mammoth old trees, of which Brusa has more than her share. On the other hand, a woman in golden high-heeled slippers tottering along the cobbles behind a man in tuxedo, with a white vest, very solemn, in the hot sun of early afternoon. Cherries enough to satisfy all the urchins of New York, cherries as big as plums a drug on the market, at prices to bring reminiscent tears to the eyes at home again. How the farmer's troubles would be solved if his products could be trained to come in all the year round, as in the tropics! I ate cherries everywhere, even along the street, spitting out the seeds and scandalizing ladies in golden slippers and men in early afternoon dinner jackets with white vests. The Turk of the white-collar class is painfully formal.

A summer festival was raging in a park in the outskirts at the foot of the green range, crowds, dust hopelessly beyond reach of photography; among the countless booths and shops and lion-voiced venders and popular amusements of this amateur Coney Island were two cables, attached to one of the many big trees and to the ground some twenty yards away, down which people slid on a wheel with hand-holds, small children in baskets. Women everywhere, but mainly in serried ranks in shaded spots above the common dusty level, and nearly all veiled.

On my first journey to Constantinople we had passed on the port or European side, in the early morning, Gallipoli lighthouse, reminder of the ill-pondered campaign. Entered the Dardanelles a stone's throw from where thirty-five thousand British troops were squandered in a foolish attempt to drive the Turks back into their own country instead of into the sea. A great monument topping the ridge behind the lighthouse, old forts full of large holes, a big European cemetery in a hollow near the water, a smaller Turkish one higher up. Our genial purser had spent months there, with other youngsters, fighting mock battles in the spare time between the real ones.

The town of Gallipoli (Turkish, Kallipolis, from the Greek for "beautiful town," though this is misnaming with a vengeance) is farther up the peninsula on the European side. It has the further distinction of being the first town in Europe to fall to the Moslems, having been taken by Suleiman in 1357. Great flocks of gulls; already those eddies of small birds that skim along the water from the Ægean to the Black Sea. The Dardanelles are commanded by a fortress erected in 1470 by energetic Mohammed II; now merely a dozen mounds and a huge old castle on the hill behind the town. Here is where Xerxes built his bridge of boats; only fourteen hundred and seventy-five yards from Europe to Asia, the shortest distance between the continents. A little farther on, Chanak Kalesi, also called Dardanos, a large town on the Asiatic side; a smaller one in Europe, each with huge, queer old Turkish forts, flying the red flag with star and crescent, like the boats that brought us a pilot, the doctor, finally the passport officials; the latter police officers speaking French, strangely enough, looking very European with their white faces and their gray uniforms with red facings. Stamped our passports, so that those of us who were to enter the country again must have another visa; stayed with us all the way to Constantinople.

Thirty-seven miles long, the Dardanelles, or Hellespont, with a five-miles-an-hour current into the Mediterranean, as also from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic. The British stayed in Chanak Kalesi long after the war, though ordered out by the Turks; their chief retaliation for the catastrophe of Gallipoli. Still a little farther on, the second narrowest place between the continents—fifteen hundred and eighty-five yards of smooth water. Here Byron swam the Hellespont in 1810: no swim at all these days; American girls from the Woman's College often swim the Bosphorus, which is wider. Shows what publicity will do for you, particularly if your private life makes you worthy of the front page. Sometime during the morning we passed the Plains of Troy, but no signs of a city to-day, no Helen in sight, and too barren, treeless, stony a country to be worth fighting over without any such incentive.

CHAPTER XXIII

A LAST GLANCE BACKWARD

IT was with regret that I left Constantinople about the middle of June. Not only because one might with pleasure and gain wander in and about the famous old city indefinitely, but had I been able to remain another month I should have seen that gala day on which the Gazi himself came there for the first time since virtually fleeing from the ancient city eight years before, when it was filled with allied troops and adherents of the sultans. He was to spend his first summer, in his new incarnation, west of the Bosphorus.

The former capital, which for centuries dominated the Ottoman realm like a sultan's favorite, had long been in disgrace with Turkey's new rulers. Kemal and his colleagues considered her the center of reactionary opposition, of anti-Kemalist propaganda and sentiment, the hiding-place of all the malcontents hostile to the republican form of government, of all the faithful disciples of Mohammed who despise the newfangled ways of the infidel, all those who consider the Gazi himself an atheistic upstart. Since his departure he had rarely overlooked a chance to humble the proud old Sultana of the Bosphorus. From the bucolic capital in the heart of Anatolia he issued decree after decree for the humiliation of the great city whose capture was the crowning achievement of his relentless progress. To add insult to injury, he taxed poor old Byzantium ruthlessly for the building of his new capital. He had left it, to all appearances, to wither and die. By the end of 1926 Constantinople seemed to be definitely abandoned, even though foreign ambassadors refused to go to Angora.

It was a bitter experience for the old sultanic favorite. In addition to her Kemal-perpetrated woes she had her full crop of natural troubles during the more than ten years of fighting that began with Turkey's war with Italy in 1911 and ended (for the time at least) with the expulsion of the Greeks in 1922. This succession of mainly losing battles played havoc with Constantinople's commerce; and now, while her trade lies stagnant, she looks apprehensively at the rise of other Turkish trading posts. Smyrna, burned almost to the ground during the Greek retreat, has already recovered a large part of her commercial importance, seems able to endure even the assaults of repeated earthquakes; and places like Mersina, or Samsun on the Black Sea, bid fair to diminish still further Constantinople's hitherto undisputed supremacy among Turkish ports. Though she still had seventy per cent of the imports into Turkey in 1926 (perhaps because foreign exporters do not attend current-event lectures), Smyrna and Mersina divided most of the exports. Particularly Smyrna, the natural exit from Anatolia, Asiatic Turkey—about all that is left of Turkey since she came so perilously near forfeiting her existence as a nation for guessing on the wrong side in the late world-wide misunderstanding—pours out tobacco, figs, raisins, carpets, opium, licorice in a way to suggest that she will recapture her prewar prosperity long before Constantinople gets out of the doldrums. Why ship goods to and from Asia by way of a port in Europe? Kemal no doubt long since asked himself. The ports of Asia Minor, more Turkish in population and spirit, more accessible from the interior, more easily defended, deserve better of me than cocky, European-minded Stamboul.

The old capital shrank to little more than half her former size; many of her warehouses are empty. Now that not only the Allied war-ships are gone but much of the merchant marine also, the magnificent harbor is a sad sight to those who knew it in other days; only a few ships ride at anchor outside the Golden Horn, where formerly the clustered smoke-stacks and masts of ships of all nations resembled a forest rising from the sea. One reason, perhaps the main reason, for this decline was the Bolshevik upheaval. Sitting astride Russia's only outlet from the Black Sea, Constantinople had a strangle hold on the vast exports of grain, oil, lumber, and other commodities from southern Russia, and drew rich profits from this golden stream. With Russia's foreign trade almost paralyzed, the princess among the middlemen of Russian commerce with the Western world is drinking a double cup of misfortune.

Oh well, at least there is one gain. The only smoke to cloud her beauty rises from the steamers, none from the city itself—much as the minarets stabbing the sky-line of Stamboul resemble, in certain lights, factory chimneys. Though in time, perhaps, Kemal will make her a smoky city also.

The proudest beauty can eventually be brought to her knees. Gradually the attitude of the former capital changed. As the die-hard imperialists, who at first took the removal to Angora as a mere gesture or threat, lost hope of the Government's returning to the Bosphorus, Constantinople too adopted some of the Kemal, the Gazi complex. The proud old city evidently decided that the man who had abolished the caliphate, had banished without a second thought the spiritual head of the Moslem world and in a way assumed his attributes, was not likely to back down before the tantrums of a former favorite; and by the summer of 1927 the time seemed ripe for the Gazi to revisit Angora's rival.

Anxious now to win the favor of one she had long considered an enemy, eager to convince him that she was no longer the hotbed of anti-Kemalists; resigned to the fact that, though in the main she would rather like to see him hanged in return for what he had taken from her, the prospects were good that the Pomak of the wicked blue eyes would be in a position to make her jump through his hoops for some time to come, Constantinople capitulated. She made complete obeisance, rivaled our cities contending for the national convention of one of the major political parties in a presidential year, in her strenuous efforts to induce the national-hero president to honor her with his presence during the months when the soft airs of the Bosphorus are more pleasant than the hot, dry atmosphere of riverless Angora.

The Gazi had already been won over before I left Turkey. The ornate Dolma Batché palace on the Pera waterfront was being given the last touches of rejuvenation when, thanks to an official appointment made through our obliging legation, I was shown through it by a high priest of flunkyism who both trod and spoke his fluent French as if he were in the presence of all the sultans and caliphs who had preceded this coming sultan-caliph masquerading under the title of president.

Nothing conceivable to the halting Turkish imagination was left undone to make the Gazi's arrival the most brilliant event in the long, colorful history of Constantinople. Every town along the way from Angora was decorated to the limit of endurance. The sheep that died were beyond computation. The Gazi left his train at Ismid and continued to Constantinople in the great white yacht built for the former sultan; steamed up the Bosphorus with many thousands watching in awe, in thankfulness that he had been good enough to come back at last to the repentant city he had deserted. The harbor was as gaily decorated and as respectfully noisy as its depleted state made possible; and as he disembarked at the Bosphorus steps of Dolma Batché, his welcome was on a plane with the triumphal entries of a long line of emperors. To many of the people of Constantinople it was not merely Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic, who had come, but the Gazi, the liberator, the conqueror, with all the sacredness of the abolished caliphate thrown in. The adoration showered upon him was the antithesis of his departure eight years before. For one thing, not an Oriental costume splashed the multitude with color now; not a fez was in sight; unveiled women everywhere; Stamboul of a decade ago would not have recognized itself to-day.

Constantinople officially spent ten million lira, more than half that many dollars, on the reception of the Gazi, on decking herself out in his honor and in providing a great banquet, at which champagne flowed freely, for the evening of his arrival. Colored electric lights transformed the old city; there were huge triumphal arches on the Galata Bridge and Galata Tower; it would be tiresome to enumerate the official testimonials of delight which the coming of the dictator evoked in the ancient city. All this was paid for by taxes arbitrarily levied on every one from whom a contribution could be wrung; one to a million lira each, according to what the police could extract. But what was contributed to and spent by the Government was nothing compared with what the populace squandered. That principal hotel for foreigners in the Grande Rue de Pera, which cannot afford to announce itself in a European language, spent thirty-five hundred lira on decorations and other signs of joy. Greeks and other Christians, eager to stand well with the dictator, or at least with the police and officials in their district, spent perhaps more per capita than the Turks. Electric bulbs of all colors sold for their weight in gold; when those in Turkey were exhausted, airplanes brought from Italy, from Rumania, the stocks of bulbs to be found there. The electric-light company expected its year's business to be fifty per cent higher because of the light it furnished on that brief occasion.

In short, no Cæsar returning to Rome from a successful campaign ever received a more uproarious welcome than this dictator-president who dresses like a Broadway theatrical director. Though the Gazi suppressed all old forms of greeting a ruler, and carried through his reception with the brusqueness and despatch of an English general, even the least Kemalist papers gave him the homage of a long line of sultans, used such phrases as "under his august guidance the Turk has become republican in his soul"—which has not even the virtue of being a truthful statement.

Let those who wish conclude that all this enthusiasm was genuine, is evidence of a nation-wide gratitude, that the apparently universal adoration bestowed upon the national hero indicates that "the last step in welding together the Turkish nation has been accomplished." There are ample proofs that it was not the spontaneous celebration that greets a Lindbergh arriving in a city many times more able than impoverished Constantinople to squander its substance in celebration. It is difficult not to show delight at the arrival of a supreme ruler when his almost equally ruthless police step into your shop and suggest with a threatening gesture how much you appear to be able to contribute to the celebration, and go out with no more thanks than a knowing hint that they hope you will also decorate your shop and home.

Whatever premeditated political purpose it had, the return of the Gazi to the city he had so often chastised was a piece of fireworks of sufficient brilliance to make the rest of the world look again at the Turk and take a new inventory of him. A plot to dynamite his train when he returned to Angora in October may have been merely another bid for foreign attention or a means of getting rid of men not wanted. A band said to have confessed that they came from the Greek island of Samos, not far off the coast of Turkey, for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon the man who drove nearly two million Greeks out of the Anatolia in which they had lived for generations, and for the wholesale executions after the anti-Kemal plot in Smyrna the year before, were captured by the Turkish Army and were to be tried in Stamboul. The plot is alleged to have been instigated by the hundred and fifty (government figures, and for once extremely conservative) anti-Kemalists scattered about Europe. It may all be true; or the men may merely have been "framed" for not paying what the police demanded.

Not long after his return to Angora the Gazi won the world's endurance record in public speaking, giving in four days before the National Assembly an account of the rise of the Turkish Republic and what it expects to accomplish in the near future, a speech of something like four hundred thousand words, or four times the length of the average modern novel! This long-winded feat was partly in the nature of a publicity stunt, still another means of making the world sit up and take notice of the new Turkey, and particularly of its new ruler; in another way it had sound basis in reason, for in a land of few newspapers, where eighty per cent of the population cannot read even those, where the movie is merely an entertainment from foreign lands, there is hardly any other way of reaching the ear of the masses. The radio? Well, yes, there are a few receiving sets in Turkey, and a broadcasting station in Stamboul. But the Gazi was showing his usual perpicacity in telling the world about it in his own voice, the dictatorial booming of which during the present decade has no doubt developed it beyond any danger of injury by a mere four-day oration.

The radio in Turkey, by the way, is a monopoly held by a limited company (a form of organization only recently allowed) made up of three court favorites, a Turkish bank, and the Government. The daily program broadcasted from the upper story of the main post-office in Stamboul, usually from seventeen to twenty-three o'clock, includes a little Kemalized news, a broken hour or two of European music, as much jazz as tortures those so foolish as to own or live within sound of a receiving set in our own dear land, and three or four "concerts turcs," the auditory agony of which makes jazz seem almost a relief by comparison. Fortunately the powerful Moscow station, giving good music and bum propaganda (or what the Bolsheviki call "the latest world news from the Russian point of view") in Russian, French, German, and English, is inclined to drown out Constantinople; and one would be almost willing to have the world at large air-converted to the sad Russian brand of general felicity rather than long endure the dreadful noises masquerading under the name of music in the Turkish vocabulary.

Before the radio monopoly was granted, there was no charge for permission to own a receiving set—except several months' time, because the police had to investigate you completely, back to your remote ancestors, and then turn the whole affair over to the tender mercies of Angora. Now there is a yearly license fee, which you merely hand to the dealer, along with the price of the set (or as many sets as you can endure), and less than a month later, fast work indeed for Turkey, along comes the permit without which, in theory, no set may be bought, sold, or assembled. One fourth of the price goes directly from the dealer to the monopolists; then there is the high ad-valorem customs duty, plus a duty according to weight, based not only on the cost abroad but on the freight, insurance, hamalage, wharfage, and all other expenses of importing, such as is assessed on most goods entering Turkey.

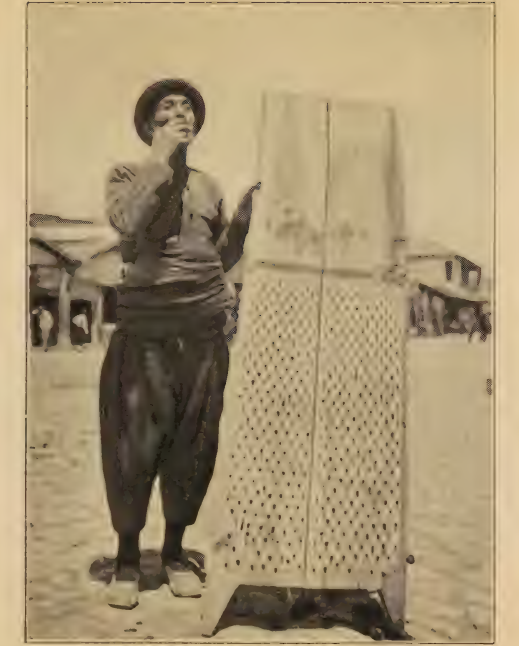
Not very dangerous to tune in before you get the license, they say; though if some official catches you at it and decides that your new plaything would look well in his own house, you may have the pleasure of buying a new set as well as waiting a few weeks to pay the fine likely to be imposed upon you. Foreigners, by the way, cannot have an outside aërial; but so far nothing has been said about their having an inside one. Oversight, or clever design, making dire punishment possible whenever the Government feels like coming down upon foolish foreigners for the unauthorized possession of what can easily be called an instrument for spies and traitors? It would serve them right for wanting to listen in on Constantinople or Moscow instead of making more profitable use of their evenings.

In the good old days favorites of the sultan were given the right to gather taxes—and to keep a large proportion of the collections. Now a more up-to-date plan takes care of deserving Kemalists. Nearly everything of importance is in the hands of a monopoly, in theory a government monopoly, in practice a concession to a favored individual or two.

Tobacco, oil, matches, salt, sugar, liquor, fishing . . . I have not the prodigious memory necessary to mention offhand all the things that have become monopolies; that is, virtually the personal property of some member of the tight little clique surrounding Kemal. Suffice it to mention that there is even a bathing monopoly, and that it is unlawful and more or less dangerous to one's liberty and financial standing to jump into the Bosphorus or the seas it connects (no fun even by the middle of June, anyway) without using an authorized bath-house and thereby contributing to the friend of Kemal who holds the privilege.

There is a hamal monopoly. In olden days those public porters of Turkey who wander about under the round straw-and-leather support on which they carry loads that would break any back except their own or that of a Chinese coolie, could make their modest fortune and go home (most of them are said to be Kurds) and spend their last days in ease. Now while those who hire them pay three times what they did formerly, the hamals are lucky to get enough to keep body and soul together; for the profits of their laborious calling go to a politician whose only interest in either hamals or hamalage is the privilege they give him of riding about in a Lincoln or two and gazing disdainfully upon porters toiling back and forth across town under atrocious loads.

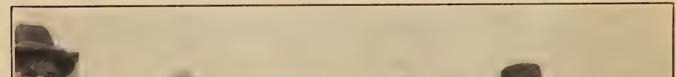
If the monopolies were well run they could be an advantage, at least a means of eliminating the middleman; always a praiseworthy accomplishment. But the monopolists are politicians who know nothing of business, and care less; and even if the Government itself takes over the monopoly, its officials, being as ignorant and scornful of mere business as most military men, and too proud or egotistical to ask for or take advice, make childish mistakes. Monopolies are so badly run that the necessities of life they cover sometimes almost



A Turkish threshing-sledge, studded with flints

In Turkey small boys with saddle-bags will carry your purchases home from market for a pittance

Turkish wagons are gaily painted



Turks—now that the fez is abolished

disappear. For a long time after it was monopolized no one could get enough sugar. The existence of the tobacco monopoly (and those who know from European experience what monopoly tobacco is will realize the wisdom of swearing off the weed while in Turkey) makes it unlawful to bring in, sell, buy, or manufacture anything, even tissue-paper, which might be used in rolling your own. A woman was ruined for life by the fine imposed upon her when a large package of cigarette papers "planted" there by an enemy was discovered in her house. The ways of the tobacco monopoly are such that on the one hand independent tobacco companies cannot compete, and are withdrawing from the country, and on the other hand peasants are pulling up their tobacco plants and growing barley, so that the stuff is getting steadily worse and higher in price.

In an unusual burst of intelligence the Government let in agricultural implements free of duty, and tractors snorting their way across fertile plains became familiar sights in several parts of the country. But alas! no sooner did some bright deputy discover that tractors cannot run without gasoline than he asked for, and was granted, a monopoly on oil, on which he proceeded to set his own price. So the ox has come into his own again. According to foreigners in business there (and certainly it is not all sour grapes), monopolies will be the death of Turkey commercially.

Looking back upon it, there is nothing strange in the fact that the first picture I snapped in Turkey shows the ubiquitous tax-collector engaged in his nefarious calling, which includes the frequent quizzing of harassed shopkeepers. He wore a uniform, as becomes the representative of a military government (of ten cabinet members eight are soldiers by profession, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs is a doctor who was an officer during the war), and he sat at the edge of a stall, in a chair provided by the courteous proprietor, bent over a ledger as voluminous as those in which the goings and comings and stayings of foreigners are interred, glancing up from time to time to make a mental inventory of the cheap wares that crowded the poor little shop.

The new Government of Turkey failed, not long ago, to pay some English company according to contract, with the result that it now has to pay cash for nearly everything from an outside source. This is no doubt as it should be, and lucky for Turkish posterity, who will not have to pay, several times over, loans that would otherwise be floated, and spent, by the Kemalists. But it is correspondingly hard on living Turks; for all the money the Government requires must be gathered here and now in the form of taxes.

Even foreign missionaries pay a high income tax on their salaries, or on some amount arbitrarily set if they have no fixed salary. They pay an "educational" tax, a road and a railway tax (for building highways and railroads); there is a tax even on flint or gasoline cigarette-lighters. Four per cent of the wages of every servant or employee, even your cook's fifteen Turkish pounds a month, must be paid to the Government, by the employer, as an income tax; then ten percent of that tax is added as a surtax. But the servant himself must also pay ten percent of any tax paid for him. There is a sales tax on everything (formerly anything offered for sale had to bear stamps, which meant a large presale outlay by merchants), which by the time it reaches the customer averages at least ten percent. Twenty percent is added to all hotel and restaurant bills—ten for the Government and ten for service—though tip-seekers still line up in the old familiar way, and the porter, the concierge, and others will inform you in an ingratiating, then in a menacing manner that they do not get any part of this obligatory gratuity. Service is naturally poorer, too, where servants get their tips anyway.

Policemen spend much of their time chasing peddlers of a few meager wares, to see whether or not they have permits; confiscate both wares and peddler if he has none. The Near East Relief pays an ad-valorem tax on all cloth imported for refugee or orphan Armenians, whether for wear or for the making of embroideries, also thirty-five piasters a kilogram for thick and a hundred and thirty-five for thin cloth so used, then an export duty on the finished goods; though, to be sure, all this is nothing compared with the sixty to one hundred percent import duty paid on those embroideries when they enter the United States. The mughtar, or elected official of municipalities and communities (in theory there is local rule still in the vilayets and communes; in practice all officials of any importance are appointed by Angora. One hundred percent of such appointments are by political pull; the rest for merit), is responsible for the streets, lights, water (if any), and the like, and he also can name the taxes he collects. There is a watchman tax, even though you are robbed nightly. The American School at Tarsus paid a water tax of five pounds every three months, though from a donkey-driver it could have purchased for half that all the water it uses.

Yet, high as the taxes are, it is not so much the amount the Government demands as the arbitrary way they are assessed, which troubles Turks and foreign residents alike. Turkey has no expert accountants or similar evidences of businesslike temperament. An official is always dropping in to announce some new tax or a new levy on an old one, saying, "You ought to be able to pay about so much." The property-tax man comes in, looks wise, and guesses —often idiotically; the government agent comes along and says, "This building could probably rent for so much," and the Government demands twelve percent of that amount if the building is of brick, ten percent if it is made of wood. "If only we ever knew where we stand," sighed the representative in Constantinople of a large American corporation, "we could endure all the rest of our troubles."

It has been hard to do business in Turkey since the loss of the capitulations; endless annoyance and red tape. One might imagine foreign business houses were purposely hindered, in keeping with Kemal's ardent motto, "Turkey for the Turks"—or for the Kemalists; outwardly at least the words are now synonymous. But the trouble is largely lack of management, system, business experience or ability. Then, too, it is as difficult to get the Government to accept taxes as it is to pay fines. Being military-minded, all officials are given to "passing the buck," lest it be their heads that fall under the Gazi's stern eye, their necks to test his busy rope. If the arbitrarily set tax should happen to be too low, and Kemal or some of his entourage heard of it, the man who accepted it would have much explaining to do.

The Constantinople representative of an American tobacco company which has decided it is no longer possible to do business in Turkey, because of monopolies, taxes, and arbitrary or ignorant officials, had to unpack four times the second-hand office furniture that was to be sent to the branch office in Greece. The fourth time it was because the Government had to make a survey to decide the just price of the company's printed stationery, telegraph blanks, and the like, so that the proper export tax could be assessed on them; and the end was not yet. At last accounts the manager was still praying for some one to accept whatever the Government demanded and let it go at that, before he died of inactivity in his company's service.

The overtaxed have to find some way out, and bribery is the most convenient loophole. Companies combine, on the surface, so that they will have to pay only one income tax. The Turk is trying the anomaly of running his government without graft; yet graft is perhaps as common as in the old sultanic days, the old game of fleecing the masses just as active on the whole under Kemal as under Abdul Hamid. There are many patriots, but salaries of the official rank and file are low and temptation is often too strong; not to mention centuries of example and custom. Not only customs men but tax-assessors will come to you and offer to fix things up for a minor consideration; a hundred-lira bribe will often cut a six thousand lira tax in two. There are notable exceptions among both taxers and taxed; but business houses are almost forced to resort to bribery and corruption in order to compete with their bribing rivals.

There is an underground saying in Turkey that most of the deserving Kemalists, the favorite deputies, the clique about the uncrowned throne, have, with or without the connivance of the Gazi, done so many crooked things that they would not dare turn against him if they wished. For instance, repatriated Turks, those impoverished fellows driven home, mainly from what is now Greece, by the exchange-of-populations clause of the Lausanne Treaty, pay taxes on properties which the government records show them to have received in requital for what they left behind, while influential officials occupy such Greek or Armenian or other confiscated properties. If the returned Turks do not pay the taxes, the Government will sell the property officially belonging to them; if they do pay them, they do not know whether or not they will ever get possession of what they have legally but not actually received.

A government lawyer started to buy some abandoned real estate in a certain Turkish city. Those next door called attention to new laws which gave them the first right to buy. But the local authorities said they would not dare to antagonize, by refusing or curbing him, a man who stood so well with the national Government. On the other hand, an engineer engaged in building the new railway through Kaiserie went without water for his garden, even though he pays for it, rather than have people say he gets it because he is a government employee. But he was born and brought up in British-ruled Cyprus.

Though it is only indirectly pertinent to the present discussion, a recent episode over which foreign (and no doubt Turkish) residents were still sniggering is near enough the same subject to be worthy of mention. A wealthy American well known for the sums he has given to foreign charities was told there was no better way of helping the young men of Turkey than by giving to the Ojax, which was described to him as virtually a Turkish Y.M.C.A. He (or his personal representative) came and saw and was conquered. According to some, the philanthropist offered the Ojax $1,000,000, and paid $250,000 on the spot. At any rate, it is common credence that he then and there wrote a check for $46,000 and took as a receipt a slip of paper penciled by one of the deputies handling the deal.

"You may be sure," say the foreign residents, "that the Gazi and his clique had a fine liquor party on that forty-six thousand, during which they probably laughed themselves sick at the simplicity of ghiaur millionaires. For the Ojax, far from being even remotely akin to the Y.M.C.A., is the personal propaganda bureau of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, alias the Gazi."

Yet . . . last August the Turkish Minister of Marine signed a contract with a French company for the repair of the former *Goeben* in the harbor of Ismid, according to which, in the good old sultanic style, he was to get five percent of the amount agreed upon. He and thirteen others were arrested, and were to be secretly tried for treason (if, indeed, they are not hanged already), and the Ministry of Marine was abolished. (Another slap at Constantinople?) Does any one recall having heard that our own Navy Department or even that of the Interior is in danger of being abolished? After all, they do some things well in Turkey.

Sometimes it is the Government itself which seems to be grafting. An Englishman who formerly transshipped cargoes at Constantinople, including those of the Government, was forced to rent his lighters to the port monopoly, and is now penniless, still waiting to be paid for the use of his barges. A Greek owned the Tunnel Building, beneath which the subway from Pera to Galata runs, as well as a fine home and other property. Politicians manufactured a smuggling charge against him and took everything he owned. To-day the Tunnel Building under government management is paying little of what it did formerly. Another confiscated building was put up for sale by the Government, which set the minimum price at 140,000 Turkish pounds. An American company offered 100,000. The Government refused—and later sold the building to a deputy for 5000! Now the same American company is paying the deputy 10,000 pounds a year rental.

Until Kemal appeared on the scene, business in Constantinople was controlled by the non-Turkish elements of the population. Among these, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews acquired commercial supremacy centuries ago and kept it through all the vicissitudes of Turkish history, reaping a prestige and an experience in mercantile affairs which seemed to make their position impregnable for all time. French, Italian, Russian, German, English, and American business men did well also, because their special rights, thanks to the capitulations wrung from reluctant sultans by European powers, included not only the privilege in their commercial dealings of taking their complaints, or complaints against them, to non-Turkish courts specially created for the benefit of Turkey's foreign residents, but partial immunity from Turkish taxation. Moreover, like the Arabs of to-day, the Turks ignored business as beneath them, as fit only for such lowly dogs as unbelievers. They confined themselves to administering the affairs of empire in peace and to fighting its battles in war, and left the effete matter of buying and selling to the despised ghiaurs unfortunately within their gates.

But now a tremendous change has come over the business world of Turkey. Not only is the Government itself going into business on a considerable scale, but Kemal is doing everything possible, according to his lights, to get the Turks themselves to go into business. By drastic decrees he has ruthlessly abolished all special commercial privileges hitherto enjoyed by foreign merchants in Turkey, many of whom have been forced to leave; and many others, despairing of being able to do business under the new conditions, have departed of their own accord. The Government of Turkey dangles all sorts of inducements to tempt its own people to fill the places of the departed. It is pointed out to the Turks that henceforth they, instead of foreigners, will be the specially privileged class; that the main obstacles on the road to profits will be thrown in the way, not of true believers, but of the infidels with whom it was formerly so hard to compete. To the same end Kemal has abolished hundreds of official jobs, many of them gilded sinecures running back into the dimness of history, and thrown their incumbents out into the street with no visible means of support; he has discharged thousands of former government employees who have grown fat in their country's service, and left them little choice but to venture into the Turk-untried field of business. But most of them are so chary of this unknown calling that they prefer to retire to modest dwellings and live humbly on the more or less ill-gotten gains of bygone days. Though they have long been petty shopkeepers, the Turks avoid going into business on the larger scale; they have no pioneering initiative, fear to risk what little they have in the hope of making more. Meanwhile, new officials increase overnight, hungry fellows eager for the trough, who will in their turn no doubt wax rich, and perhaps be given a Kemalist push toward a business career.

A few get the new idea; so for the first time in history the Turks are seriously turning their attention to business. But they lack experience, they do not know the ropes; and they are untrustworthy. Those who should know contend that the Turk's business sense is so poorly developed that the final result will be commercial disaster. Others believe that with the elimination of many shrewd merchants of the old régime things were really improved, that Constantinople may be shrunken in population but that it is now enjoying a more normal, healthful growth. They remind us that, even in the hands of experienced foreigners, post-war business there was in a critical stage long before Turkey became a republic, and that it is largely the profound economic depression due to several causes, including the drastic shrinking of the country, which gives business in Constantinople just now such a melancholy aspect.

There has been much pro-Turk, or at least pro-Kemal, propaganda since Turkey changed the form of her government. Kemal and his entourage know enough of Western psychology to realize the appeal of the romantic to the world at large, and our newspapers have been flooded for several years past with reports of the completely Europeanized condition of the Turkey of to-day, of the striking character of her new ruler. Therefore many do not know that although Turkey is in name and in theory a republic, it is in fact nothing of the sort; rather is it a kind of private estate, the government as strictly personal, as arbitrarily Kemalist, as if the idea of the governed having a voice in their governing were still a mirage on the far horizon. Swiss and Italian codes have, to be sure, replaced the old Koranic law; but whenever the decision one way or the other is of any personal interest to the man who commands Turkey to-day, the court procedure, if any, is from opening to judgment anything but European. Besides, the Turk's experiences as an administrator are with quite a different type of government than what the present one is trying to be; and only the over-optimistic expect laws adopted en masse from alien sources to work at once as well as in the lands of their origin.

In theory the president is elected every four years, by and from among the deputies, themselves in theory chosen by the people. That continental system quite suited Kemal; and, having adopted it, he proceeded to make the most of it. Few American readers, probably, caught the unconscious humor in a recent report from Turkey: "President Mustafa Kemal Pasha [it is hard to get accustomed again to the formal yet familiar way in which the outside world refers to "the Gazi"] gave a triumphant message of thanks to the nation, which has just elected to the National Assembly the 316 deputies he himself picked. Only one dissenting vote was cast throughout the land."

To the recent traveler in Turkey the only surprising note in the despatch is that lone dissenting vote. Kemal and his associates, you may be sure, were little short of astounded at it; and for those of us slightly more familiar with the new Turkey than the rank and file of readers it is easy to picture that lone dissenter taking to the tall timber with all the speed that modern garb makes possible. Only the foolhardy cast dissenting votes against a man who does not hesitate to hang deputies or honored old officials for disagreeing with his point of view, Kurds for declining to lay off their sacred head-dress, or newspaper men who forget themselves to the extent of questioning the doings of the Government.

Those avid for the truth should give anything but unquestioning acceptance to the daily news from Turkey, whether official or mere newspaper reports. For Kemal-ruled Turkey has nothing resembling a free press. Censorship there is as tight as in Europe in wartime, and the manufacture of "news" out of whole cloth is almost as common, if somewhat less expert. Such as they are, the newspapers of Turkey are as rubber-stamp-like as the National Assembly. A bright young Turk educated in an American university bade fair to become a real force in his native land, until he was warned to stop writing under his own name or publishing his own newspaper, and not to have much to say about the Government in anything he might write for others. As the Gazi does not hesitate to hang far more important persons than a mere foreign-educated editor, the man can make only discreet and veiled references to the silly new laws (and most silly some of them are, ridiculous regulations, often quite insane, thanks largely to lack of governing experience) and other things which in most countries would be front-page news, frequently to the great advantage of the governed, if not to the Government itself.

Later our newspapers reported, again without the lifting of any eyebrow, that the National Assembly had met (in October) and once more elected Mustafa Kemal President of the Turkish Republic. As a matter of fact, Turkey is in the grip of the most insidious of all contemporary dictatorships, because it is the most hypocritically masked. In Russia the dictatorship is in the name of communism, in Italy and Spain it is frankly in behalf of the anti-democratic nationalists, while in Turkey it pretends to be in the name of democracy, hides itself behind democratic forms and verbiage. That, say anti-Kemalist Turks outside the country, is because Turkey's military dictator wishes to have power without responsibility, to be able in his turn to "pass the buck" if mistakes are laid at his personal door. So he has a sham assembly on hand to vote and act unanimously in accordance with his personal desires.

To obtain such unanimity Kemal had his assembly, in 1925, pass into the hands of revolutionary tribunals the right of life and death over all persons in Turkey, trampling even upon parliamentary immunity. These tribunals hanged without compunction and without even a side glance at the codes borrowed from Europe those members of the National Assembly who did not agree with Kemal's plans for the Westernization of Turkey, or with his conception of the degree of his personal grandeur. Those tribunals are now dissolved, for lack of material to work on; but nothing would be easier than to establish them again if the people began to forget the exemplary hangings that have brought all the fourteen million into line.

Oh well, it is hard work to run a government, even with experience and the best intentions, as many a non-voting critic of politicians and their ways does not realize. Add to the universal difficulties that the Turks are unbusinesslike, without system, tact, or diplomacy, have all the faults and virtues of the soldier, and it may be that under the circumstances the new régime has not done so badly, after all. Some predict that the present dictatorship will last as long as Kemal lives, and no longer. Others believe that, the present Government of Turkey being a closed corporation of a score or so of Kemalists, these would carry on even if and when Kemal drinks himself to death.

A word concerning our own recent relations with Turkey might not be amiss. In 1914 the Turkish Government, then in the hands of the "new Turks," abrogated, along with those of all other nations, our capitulary rights in Turkey. They did not attempt to negotiate new treaties; they simply repudiated the existing ones. Those, you may remember, were the days when treaties were, at least in the eyes of Turkey's principal ally and tutor, mere scraps of paper.

We protested; we have continued to protest, at least passively, to this day—or almost to this day. We are still without either an answer to our protests or a new treaty to take the place of the old one Turkey calmly dropped into the waste-basket. We never exchanged a declaration of war with Turkey, but in 1917 the Turkish Government severed diplomatic relations with us. In 1919, at the second Lausanne Conference, a treaty was drawn up between Turkey and the countries on the Allied side, which we were asked to sign and ratify, along with the other powers involved. In August of that year an American admiral, who, by virtue of his command of the American naval detachment in the eastern Mediterranean, had been in charge of our interests in Constantinople, was made our High Commissioner to Turkey, and continued in that capacity until May, 1927.

In 1926, after lying dormant for years, the Lausanne Treaty was favorably reported to our Senate. Strangely enough, the forces for ratification were led by the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Three principal reasons were given by the opponents of ratification: failure to fulfil the "Wilson award to Armenia"; absence of guarantees for the protection of Americans, of Christian and other non-Moslem minorities, in Turkey, and failure to provide for recognition by Turkey of the American nationality of former Turkish subjects. Those in favor of ratification must have known that the "new" Turkey of Mustafa Kemal destroyed a million inoffensive men, women, and children, and made refugees of nearly two million more. They undoubtedly knew that when in 1920 the President of the United States defined, at the invitation of the Allied Supreme Council, the boundary between Turkey and Armenia, the dictator-tyrant of the "new" Turkey refused to put that award into effect. They knew that in conspiracy with the Bolshevik Government Kemal made an unprovoked attack upon the Armenian Republic for which we in a way stood sponsor, refusing the proffered mediation of our President and of Brazil, so that to-day the Armenian Republic has in effect ceased to exist, its territory being divided between Turkey and the Union of Soviet Republics. They knew, or should have known, that American passports in the hands of former residents of Turkey are still treated as worthless scraps of paper.

In fact, their leader admitted and deplored all these facts; he granted that to ratify the treaty would be not only to whitewash the repudiation of the former one, without our ever having received so much as an apology for its scrapping, but that it would be virtually a ratification of "methods and acts abhorrent to all who love righteousness and justice," and a slap in the face for the Armenians. But his attitude amounted to the statement that "while this is by no means the treaty we should have with the Turks, it is the best we can get from them at this time."

Just why we are in a position to accept crumbs of favor from a decadent people, with a vastly shrunken territory and an absolute dictator masquerading under the name of president, is hard to understand. Surely we can rub along without a treaty with Turkey, at least as easily as Turkey can get along without a treaty with us! Even if there are some oil concessions on Turkish soil that we must grab in a hurry, our commercial relations with that country are but an infinitesimal part of our foreign trade.

Early in 1927 our Senate refused, behind closed doors, to ratify the Lausanne Treaty. But it is still on the waiting-list. Therefore it behooves Americans to look closely at this "new" Turkey and the man who is virtually its government. That there has been improvement, no one denies; it would hardly be possible for any intelligent people to remain in the state of the Turks under the sultans. But certainly none of the three principal reasons cited by the opponents to ratification have been in any way removed. In the business world, when one firm has broken a contract with another, it is conceivable that the injured party might still have confidence enough in the other, under a new board of directors, to accept a new contract without ever having received satisfaction for the breaking of the old. But is the new Turkish Government really so different from the old that we can afford to accept whatever, in the high-handedness of its absolute dictator, it chooses to offer us? Has there been that complete transformation which would make justifiable our extending to the Turks the right hand of fellowship and forgiveness?

Meanwhile the admiral, leaving behind him pæans of praise from the Turks themselves, has brought us a signed "agreement" between the Kemal government and our State Department, which reëstablishes full diplomatic relations between the two countries without the blessing of our Senate. This left-handed treaty or temporary agreement (which is renewable by the same methods) is virtually the Lausanne Treaty itself. On the strength of it we have sent a new ambassador to Constantinople, and a new Turkish ambassador—who, by the way, is not without his share in past tyrannies—graces the diplomatic corps in Washington.

I hasten to deny any constitutional learning; I am not interested in politics, except as they affect the happiness of the man in the street or out in the wide open spaces; I am always merely an amused observer on the sidelines. But to the man outside peering in, this putting in force over the heads of the Senate of a treaty which it has already refused to ratify looks very much like another entering wedge between the Senate and its constitutional right and duty to pass upon agreements with foreign powers, another sign of the growing tendency of the executive power to undermine the Senate in a way not contemplated by the framers of our Constitution, just as our undeclared war against Nicaragua (to cite only one of several examples) seems an executive flouting of the Congressional power to declare war.

Threshing on the outskirts of Adrianople

Adrianople, depopulated frontier city of Turkey's remaining crumb of Europe

CHAPTER XXIV

ON INTO EUROPE

TO be convinced that the unbusinesslike, systemless Turks cannot be expected to run a government efficiently, you have only to take a train, or try to take one, from any large town. Be it at Angora, at Haidar Pasha, where the railways of Anatolia connect with the ferry across the Bosphorus, or at the station in Stamboul, whence trains ply to all parts of Europe, the scene is much the same. Two surging mobs, one about the single police officer who is trying to register all travelers, writing down in a great ledger a long history of every passenger, while an assistant gives out slips authorizing the holder to join the other surging mob about a tiny ticket window behind which one man languidly struggles to do his Turkish best. That man cannot sell tickets until the train is in—for fear it might not get there, I suppose. He is in no evident hurry to sell them even when it is in, or where he graces a terminal station whence trains set out. Queer, by the way, that Stamboul should be the starting-place of the trains to Vienna, Berlin, Paris; Pera and Galata are so much more European.

Fighting for the police blessing and a ticket at the Stamboul station is an experience not soon forgotten. A constantly struggling Turkish mob in which you are packed against sweaty, apparently never washed men, the smell of feet overpowering. Women get no special consideration, so that one of them who innocently comes there under the optimistic impression that to take a train in Turkey is as simple as in the United States will be grievously disillusioned. A policeman tries intermittently to establish some order; but there are so many favorites, and his idea of keeping order is so Turkish, that his presence is less helpful than his absence would be. Men thrust money—the dirty, ragged pound notes of present-day Turkey—past your face; and do not for a moment think that you can decline to take part in this ungentle proceeding, for the train will calmly go on without you, as it does without many would-be passengers time and again. You cannot board it without a ticket, nor get a ticket without the slip showing that the police are satisfied with your right to travel; and any Turkish train will go blithely on its way half-empty, with a shrieking throng still clamoring about the wicket. The Turks' military scorn of mere business would not permit them to deign to try to fill all the seats by establishing a little order or by having sufficient help to attend to all comers. Some one has said of the Chinese that they still wear the pigtail on their minds, though most of them have shaved it off their heads. In almost as great a degree is it true that the Turk still mentally wears the fez.

Men as well as women and children weep, some of them aloud, as they separate at the platform gates. Perhaps those departing are deportees, leaving forever their ancestral home. But the men on the train are soon gay and playful again; so perhaps it was all put on, like a lover leaving the mistress he is glad to be rid of; hard to judge these races of eastern Europe, so much more volatile than we are.

A last ride along the old sea-wall of Stamboul, inside: this, not the crossing of the Bosphorus, is the real farewell to Asia. The entire Turkish Republic is only as large as California and New Mexico; Rumelia, or Turkey in Europe, once huge, is to-day about the size of Massachusetts. Yet it takes all day to get across it; a rolling country, much richer than Anatolia, of many wheat-fields, ripe and cutting now, of hay in mounds, though evidently of not many inhabitants. One machine reaper as against many hand-reapers and threshing-sledges. A row of Don Quijote windmills on a ridge, their very narrow blades leisurely turning. Lush and green compared with Asia Minor; the people not so ragged and patched as in the real Turkey.

In our third-class car, Balkanites in semi-native costumes, saddle-bags or grain sacks as luggage. More difficult to break in upon these sophisticated passengers on an international train, even in the democratic class; they act as if they were afraid they might say something that would get them into trouble before they are safely out of Turkey; speechless and aloof as Englishmen; resent any one but themselves in the compartment; glum silence all that day, while the train crawls along, jouncing on each rail joint. Endless stops at characterless stations, where unwashed boys sell some sort of colored drink or plain and unboiled water. A dining-car somewhere along our length, for the aristocrats of travel in the higher classes; but also half-hour halts at stations with restaurants at lunch- and dinner-time.

Toward sunset the train breaks in two at Kuleli Burgas, or Pythion, where Greek police in gray replace the khaki-clad Turkish guards, though some of these go on with us to Adrianople. Our part of the train races through Greek territory, in spite of a flat wheel, as if afraid of being caught there after dark. The Lausanne Treaty does not permit it to stop at the few little Greek stations along the way. A rich land now, with thatched towns, much enlarged by new suburbs of tiled and whitewashed houses of refugee Greeks grown up about them. Good stock in the fields; men with guns along the line—frontier guards or merely hunters? Many of those solemn stork-like birds one sees standing knee-deep in the fields all the way from Egypt to Greece.

People more picturesque than in Turkey; countrymen in embroidered baggy breeches stuck into their socks, and huge red sashes. Women who wear their faces openly, not as something to be ashamed of, daring to throw a friendly glance at us. A Greek priest in full, bearded canonicals, watching his parishioners toiling for him at a brick-kiln. Suddenly a man in a fez—perhaps a Turk, since those who chose were allowed to stay in eastern Thrace; and Kemal cannot order hats here. All along the train passengers who probably had not seen a fez in nearly two years thrust their capped heads out at the windows and shout jovially at him, he solemnly saluting in return.

The beautiful mass of a mosque appears ahead, and at last we dare to stop, at a station which seems to be called Kara-agatch. Here the Greek police leave us, those of Turkey again assert themselves, and we bump a few miles over a branch line through fertile fields along a tree-shaded road, to fetch up at last at the tiny station of Adrianople itself, an island in a huge mob of Turks of both sexes, in holiday garb (for it is Friday), and some queer old carriages ready to carry us across a humped stone bridge to a queerer place masquerading as a hotel.

Bad luck again: though I had purposely left Constantinople on Friday, in order to be able to get a travel permit next day, which would have been impossible on the Moslem Sabbath, I had reckoned without another element. For it appears that at least half the population of Adrianople now are Jews, all of whom shut up shop on Saturdays; and with the rest of their fellow-townsmen loafing, the Turks themselves find it hard to work. Hence Adrianople was a "ville morte" indeed, for Greeks and Armenians and all other Christians were chased out during the war or its exchange-of-populations aftermath. In 1920 it claimed 110,000 inhabitants; the latest census credits it with 39,000. Scores of big two-story houses stand empty and half ruined; a huge Greek church glassless and boarded up, inside a stone-walled yard horseman-high with weeds. A dead town, grown up to weeds and thistles; only Jews and Moslems left—and pork chops naturally more than a luxury in its little Chinese-rice-shop-like restaurants. Prices very low; its people have lost so much vigor they do not even try to cheat a foreigner. An excellent example of what the opposite policy to "Boost Our Town" can do.

Yet I am not so sure that killing off or driving out half or three fourths of a population is entirely without its advantages. Think what fine places Broadway and Fifth Avenue would be, how easy to get tickets to theaters and opera, under those circumstances! Provided, of course, that we could ourselves choose those to be exiled. A grass-grown placidity about Adrianople that is pleasing.

Not far out of town, half an hour's walk away, a vast series of substantial barracks, building after two-story building, each surely a furlong in length, completely abandoned. Left so when the Greeks were ordered by the Allies to hand Adrianople back to the Turks. Barracks that would easily house a division of cavalry; endless stalls in the lower stories; cannon-ball pavements before the doors; Greek signs here and there; roofs and walls still good, yet of no use except to give shade, during the noonday nap, to peasant men and women and their donkeys. Destruction is the Turk's chief avocation, yet he has not had the energy to break all the window-panes in the abandoned houses in Adrianople, to ruin the long series of huge barracks left by his most hated enemy. Nor did the Greeks tear out all the woodwork and ruin the buildings before they left, as the Turks would undoubtedly have done if conditions had been reversed. Window-glass rare in the acres of barracks, but this is probably due to the vandal Turks themselves.

Wheat-fields all about; bucolic and peaceful as the grain-waving fields of Waterloo. Though it was Saturday, and half the population of Adrianople was celebrating its Sabbath, most of the others languishing over their hubble-bubbles in the shade, the Moslem peasants were busy with their sedentary, ox-paced sledge threshing. Wars may be fought, and lost or won, but the demand for bread goes on forever.

Adrianople has one of the most striking mosques in Turkey, its artistic four-minaret bulk topping the town, dominating it from all directions, marking its situation from afar off. Some smaller mosques; one large and some small synagogues. The Jews have been here for nearly six hundred years, yet they call their neighbors Turks and themselves Hebrews or Israelites, and still speak the language they brought with them six centuries ago. It is not perfect Spanish now; they have forgotten many words, and substitute for them French, Italian, Turkish, some Hebrew perhaps; so that their Spanish is like the German of Milwaukee or of the Pennsylvania "Dutch." The well educated seem to speak a fairly pure Castilian still, though they give queer sounds to some of the letters. I felt like a deaf man suddenly restored to hearing, with Spanish all about me; but alas! deafness was soon to shut down again as I moved on into Greece.

Getting out of Turkey is even worse than getting into it. One must hunt up police headquarters, find the right room in it without spoken or written assistance. Several foreigners were hanging timidly about the door; Turks also. I marched boldly in, as behooves the citizen of a democracy. The official knew French; nay, he was even willing to speak it, without a sign of resentment; was, indeed, courtesy itself. But I must have an eleven-piaster stamp. No, none were sold here; I must chase myself back up to the market street for it. Fortunately that was not far. But suppose the stamp shop had been kept by a Jew? It would have been closed, and no permit to-day, no departure to-morrow. Or if it had been run by a Sunday-keeping Greek—but no, of course that could not be. Then a long personal history in one ledger, adorned with my likeness; to another effendi not wholly ignorant of French for another complete biography in another huge ledger, similarly embellished with the work of a slanderous photographer. No, indeed, the yard or more of tissue-paper bearing the illegible account of my Turkish travels might not be kept as a souvenir—perhaps the Gazi would need it when he papered his next palace-bungalow. Instead, one more of the too few pages of my passport covered with Turkish hieroglyphics and the imprint of a mighty rubber stamp. Ten piasters for a stamp to stick on the passport, "and whatever you care to give for the Red Crescent"—not the Red Cross, naturally, in Turkey. Something in the effendi's voice or manner tells you that you had better subscribe something to Turkish hospitals if you want to get out of the country without further trouble. Then, luckily, the "director" who must add a scratch or two is in.

In a dusty, uneven street down below the only building worth seeing in Adrianople, her four-minaret mosque, a company of Turkish recruits is doing its best to march in unison, to hold its rifles at a similar angle. Camera barely unslung, however, before a mighty chorus of bellowing rises, from a dozen non-coms, from a pair of officers lagging in the rear. No importance; one can easily get along without another soldier picture. But why these fierce Turkish bellows, this unsheathing of swords until the camera is back in its cover? For the most Moslem of Turks no longer has any objection to being photographed; rather the contrary. I wondered in vain—until I was reminded long afterward that, by the terms of the Treaty of Lausanne, Adrianople is a neutral zone, where armed forces are forbidden.

The wise traveler goes direct from Constantinople to Greece. For once in Adrianople, that uninteresting frontier town now in an extreme corner of Turkey's chip of European territory, there is no feasible way of getting out except by staying up all night. The single daily train comes down out of Bulgaria at three in the morning; you must be at the other station (Kara-agatch), miles from the town, an hour before that; it is not safe to trust to the "hotel" people to wake you or to the carriage you may arrange for beforehand to get you there.

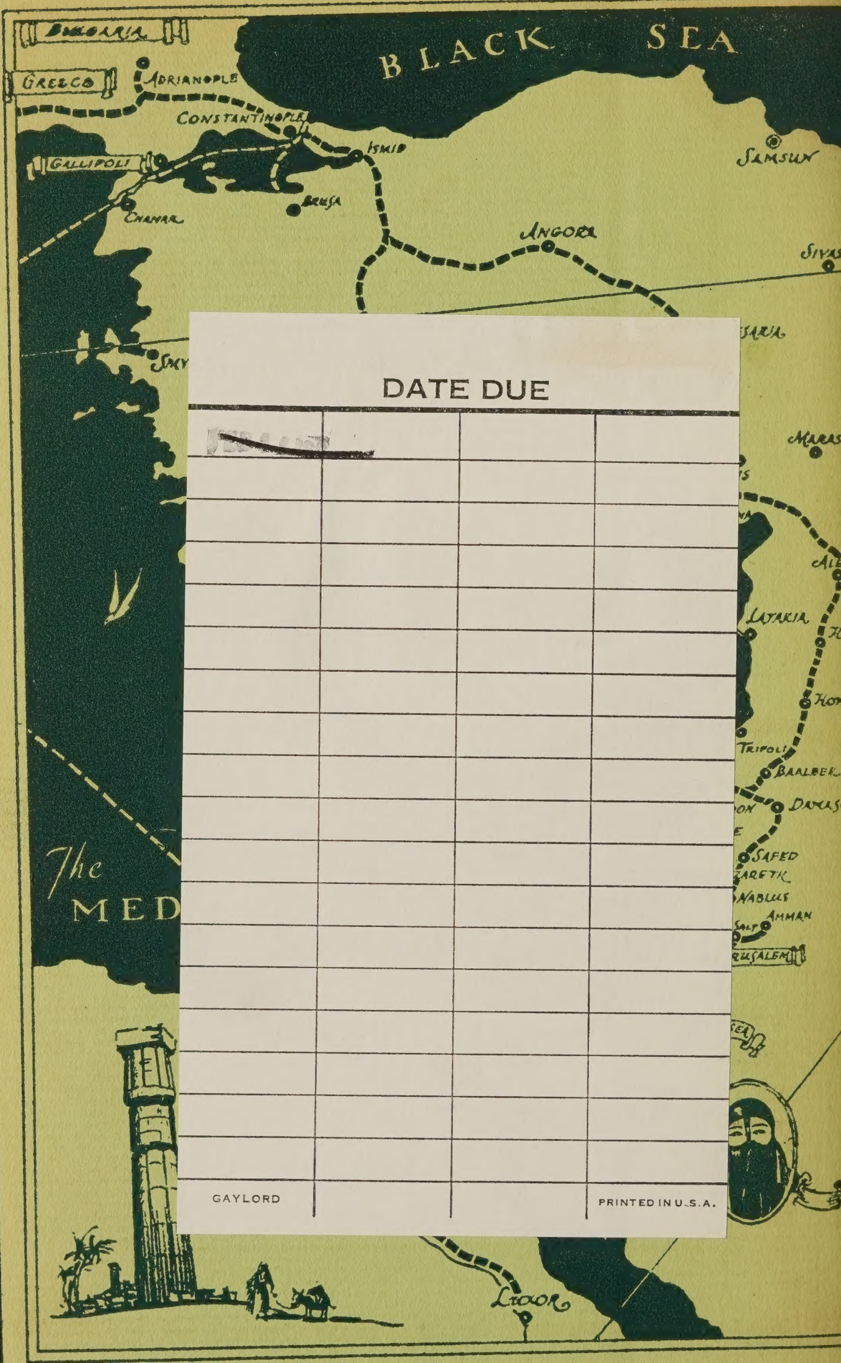
But at least there are the movies. In Turkey these never begin until after ten, and I am no night-hawk, unfortunately. So with a very few exceptions in Constantinople, the only night I patronized them in Kemal's realm was when I had to stay up all night anyway, to get out of the country. The Saturday-evening promenade on the two crossing main streets of Adrianople showed only a few women without bare bobbed hair and modern dress. Perhaps all were Jews. Jewish girls dressed and bobbed in New York style; some rather pretty; attractive women compared with the Turks; though a Turkish woman can be darned good-looking. The obviously Moslem men mingling in the crowd were slow-moving as a freight-train compared with the sprightly Jews. Many blonds, some with bright-red hair. Pleasant people; or is it merely in contrast with the surly Turks? Dead as

Adrianople is, few of them look unprosperous and all are well dressed, though there are not many signs of paying business in the more than half-abandoned town. Sabbath best, perhaps; to-morrow, when the shops all open again, one might not carry off the same impression.

Outdoor movies in a treeless, dust-floored garden, with drinks served at little iron tables surrounded with iron chairs. The Jews seem to get on well with the Turks; and if you think they have forgotten, watch the picture of the Spanish inquisition on the outdoor screen start them to telling one another, mostly in impure Spanish, some of the more educated in excellent French, what their forefathers suffered from it.

The carriage that had agreed to pick me up after the movie, out well past midnight, was not there; so for once it was lucky I had my belongings in a knapsack I could lug in case of necessity. Moonlight, too, as I walked for an hour or more through the silent night along a well-paved road to the junction station; to lie on the baggage counter another hour; to spend still another trying to get an interview with the two policemen who came at two and did nothing but smoke cigarettes until the train came in at three. Then the ledger history all over again and still another page of my passport defaced! The man who must do much traveling should petition our State Department to improve the handy new passport still further by giving it the thickness of "Who's Who," and adding a chain and padlock by which it can be irrevocably kept in the possession of its owner.

The police know you must look them up before you can depart, so they leave the finding to you; and ticket-sellers are elusive persons in all these countries of the eastern Mediterranean. Finally the two policemen put me carefully into a miserable, hard, cattle-car-like third-class coach, a frozen box-car with at least four flat wheels; a Greek policeman in snappy blue-gray uniform at once took my passport away from me again—and kept it, he or one like him, until the following midnight. At last the train from down out of Bulgaria crawled away, spent two bitter hours creeping to the first town (I mean station, for there is nothing at Pythion to merit the name of town) in Greece. At a way-station a Greek smelling of bad liquor glanced into my knapsack, frisked me unceremoniously, pulling a few crumbs of tobacco and two matches from one of my pockets and tossing them out the window, but overlooked what might have interested him in the tiny suitcase in which I carried my cameras. The usual result of all this examination business is that they miss the main point. Pythion was a miserable, almost foodless place, and the train on into Yunnan (or Yunnan-istan), as the Turks call Greece, was not due until fourteen blazing Sunday hours later, but at least I was out of Turkey at last.


BULGARIA
GREECE
ADRIANOPLE
CONSTANTINOPLE
BLACK SEA
ISMID
SAMSUN
GALLIPOLI
BRUSA
CHANAK
ANGORA
SIVAS
SMY
SARIA
MARAS
ALE
LATAKIA
HOM
TRIPOLI
BAALBEK
DAMAS
SAFED
ARETH
NABLUS
AMMAN
SALT
RUSALEM
The
MED
LUXOR

DATE DUE

~~FEB [illegible]~~

GAYLORD
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Eng. by GEORGE ANNAND ~ A.D. 1928
BATUM
CASPIAN SEA
NORTH
KARS
TREBIZOND
ERZERUM
LAKE VAN
VAN
BITLIS
LAKE of URUMIAH
DIARBEKIR
The FRINGE of the MOSLEM WORLD
BROKEN LINE [thus ▬ ▬ ▬] INDICATES ROUTE FOLLOWED by H. FRANCK

DS49 .F82
The fringe of the Moslem world;
Princeton Theological Seminary–Speer Library
1 1012 00032 7546